

AMAZING MYSTERY 10¢ FUNNIES

NO. 23
AUG.



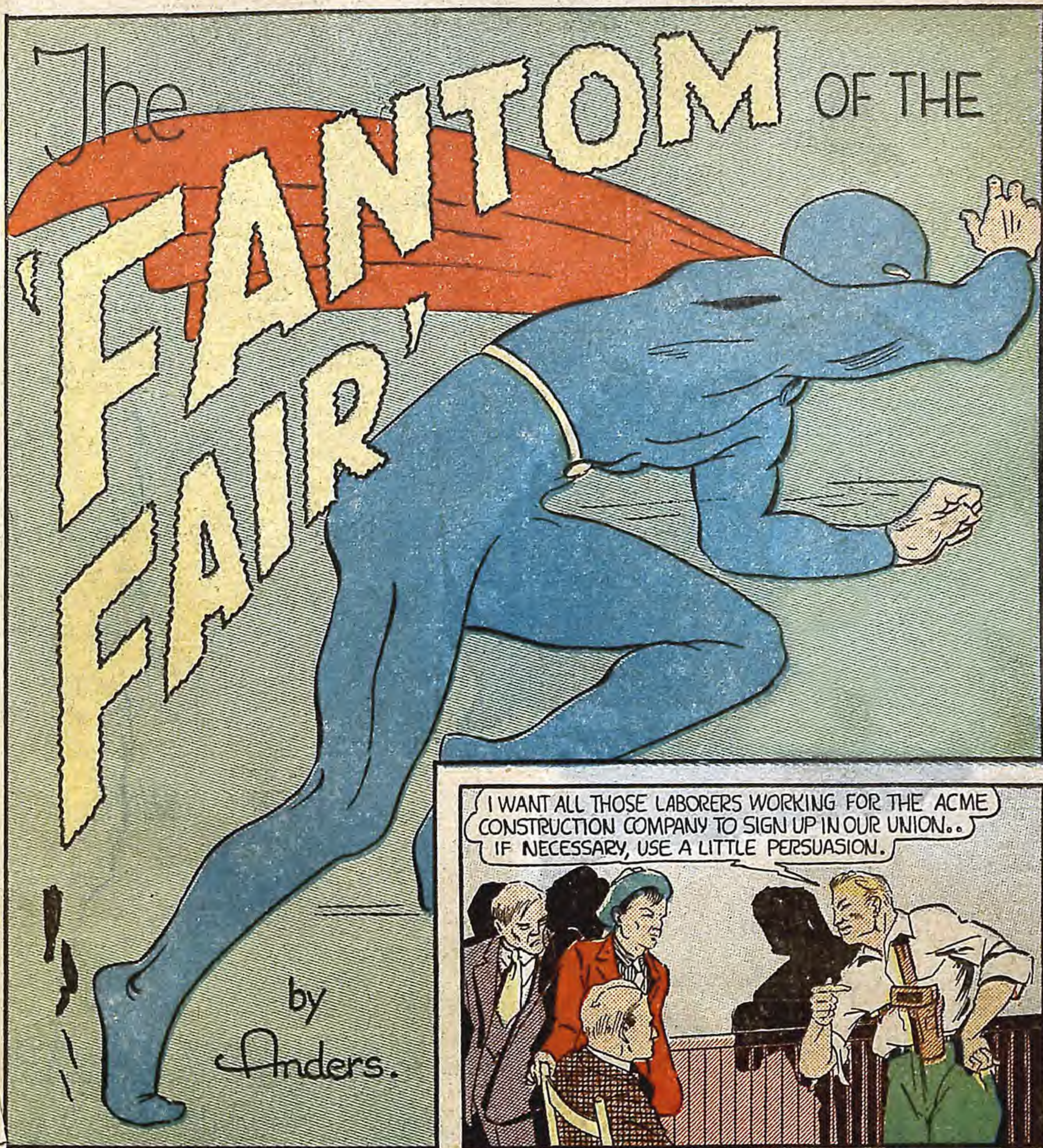
EXCITING! INC-
ORPORATED, THE PHAN-
TOM'S LEAP INTO
THIN AIR SAVES
THE LIFE OF THE
FOREMAN!

PHANTOM OF THE FAIR
SPACE PATROL
SPEED CENTAUR
INNER CIRCLE
FANTASY HLE
LARRY KANE
JOHN LINTON

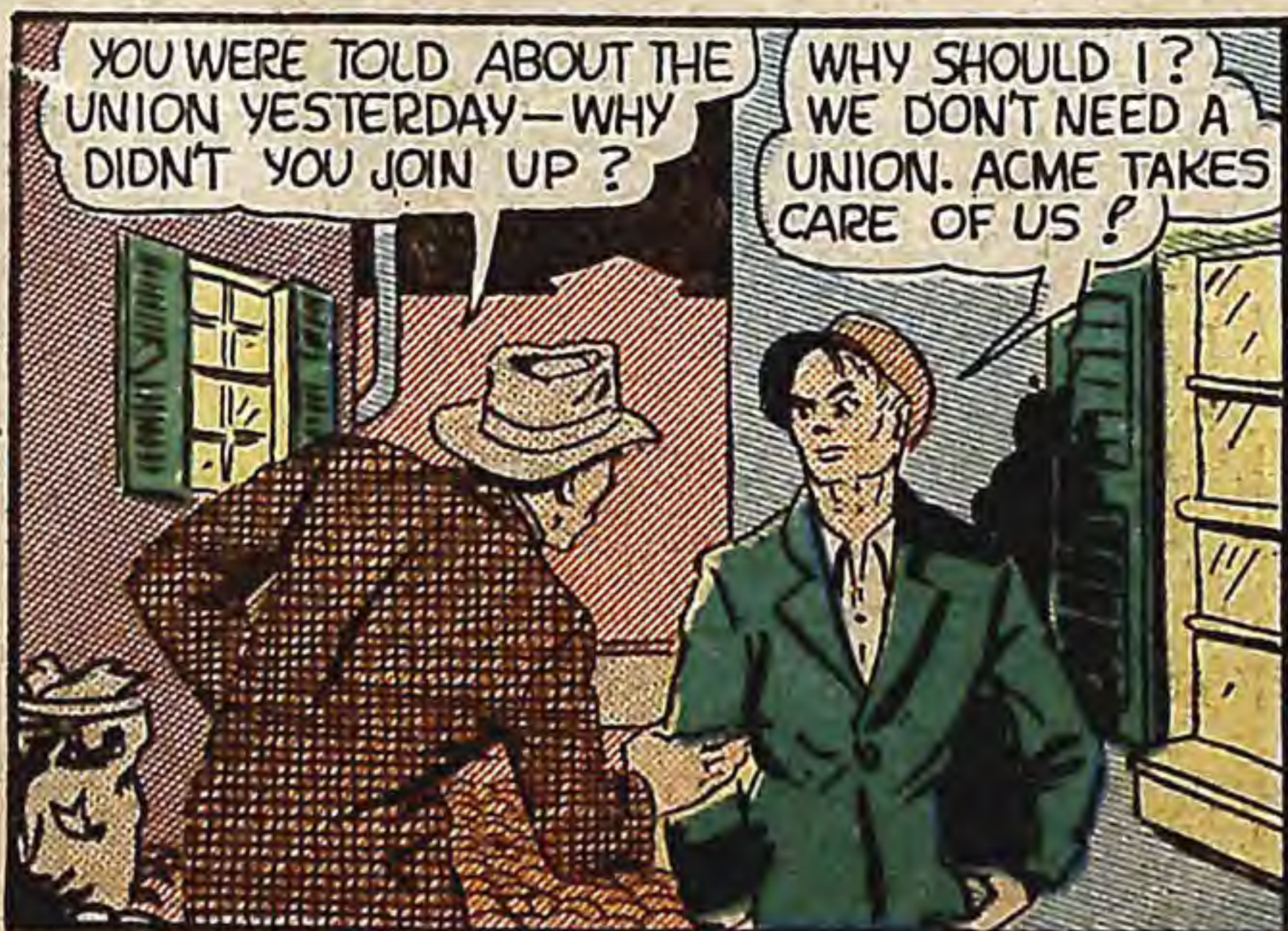
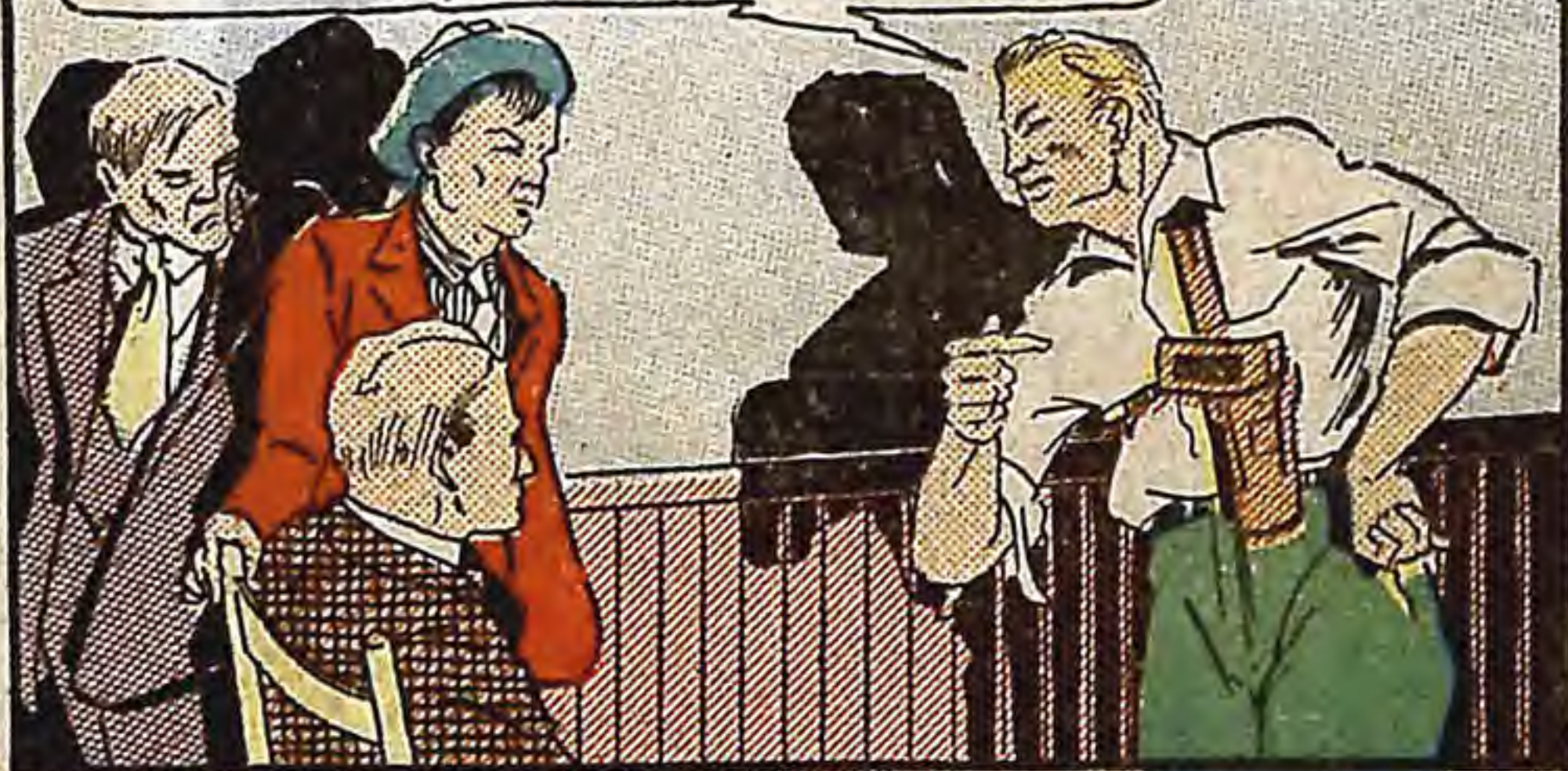
BIG CONTEST!!

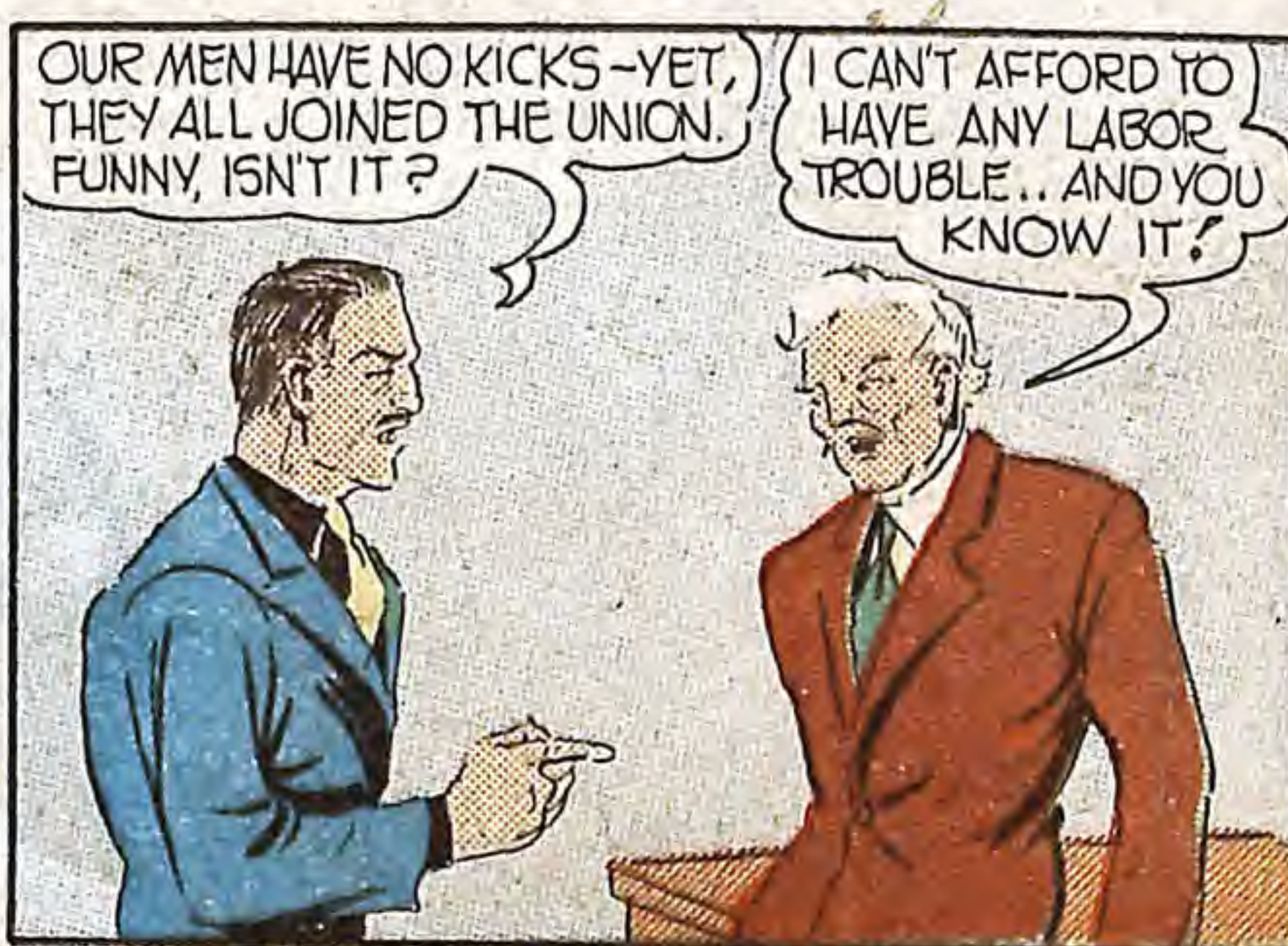
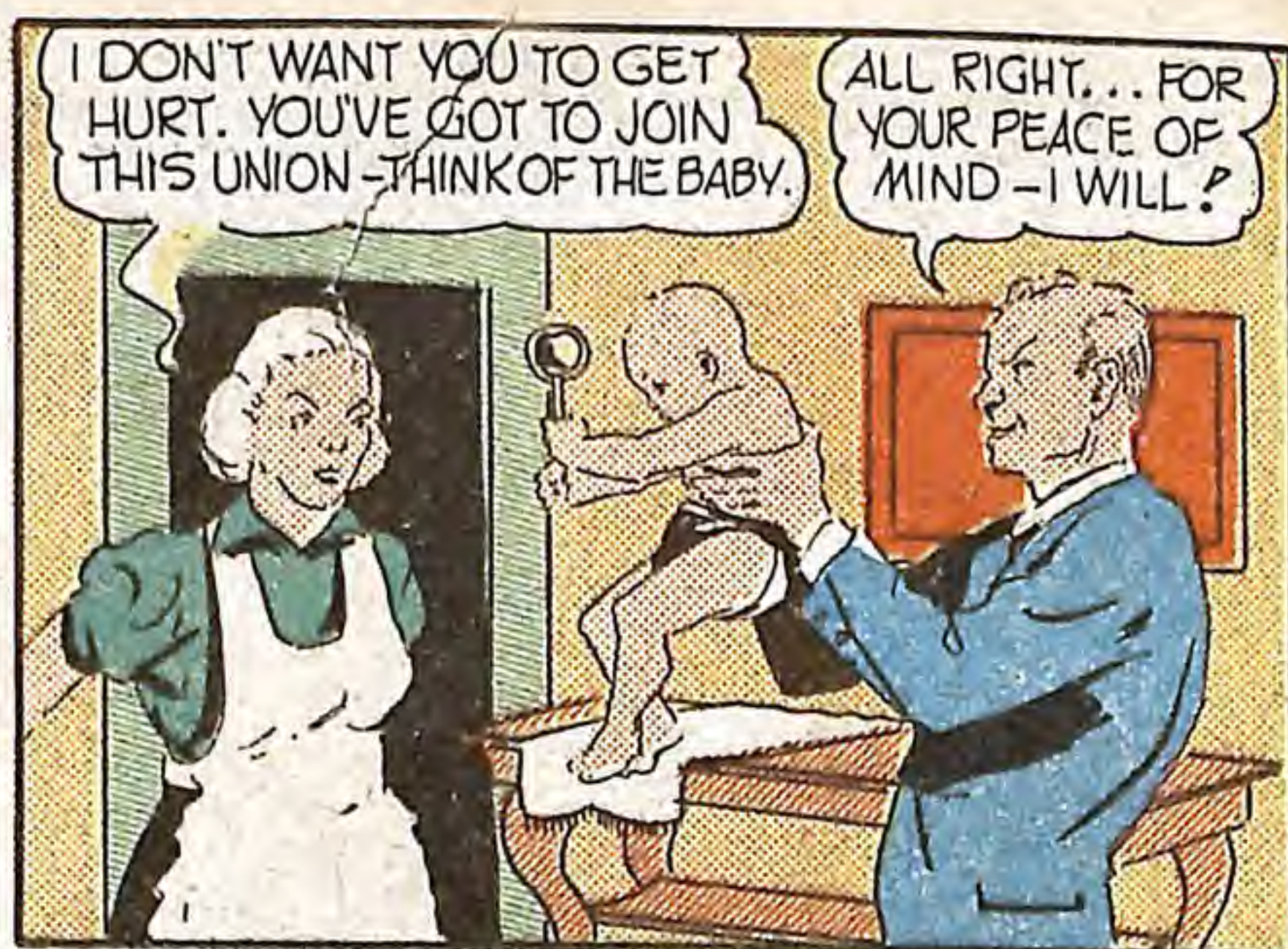
G. F. K. 1940

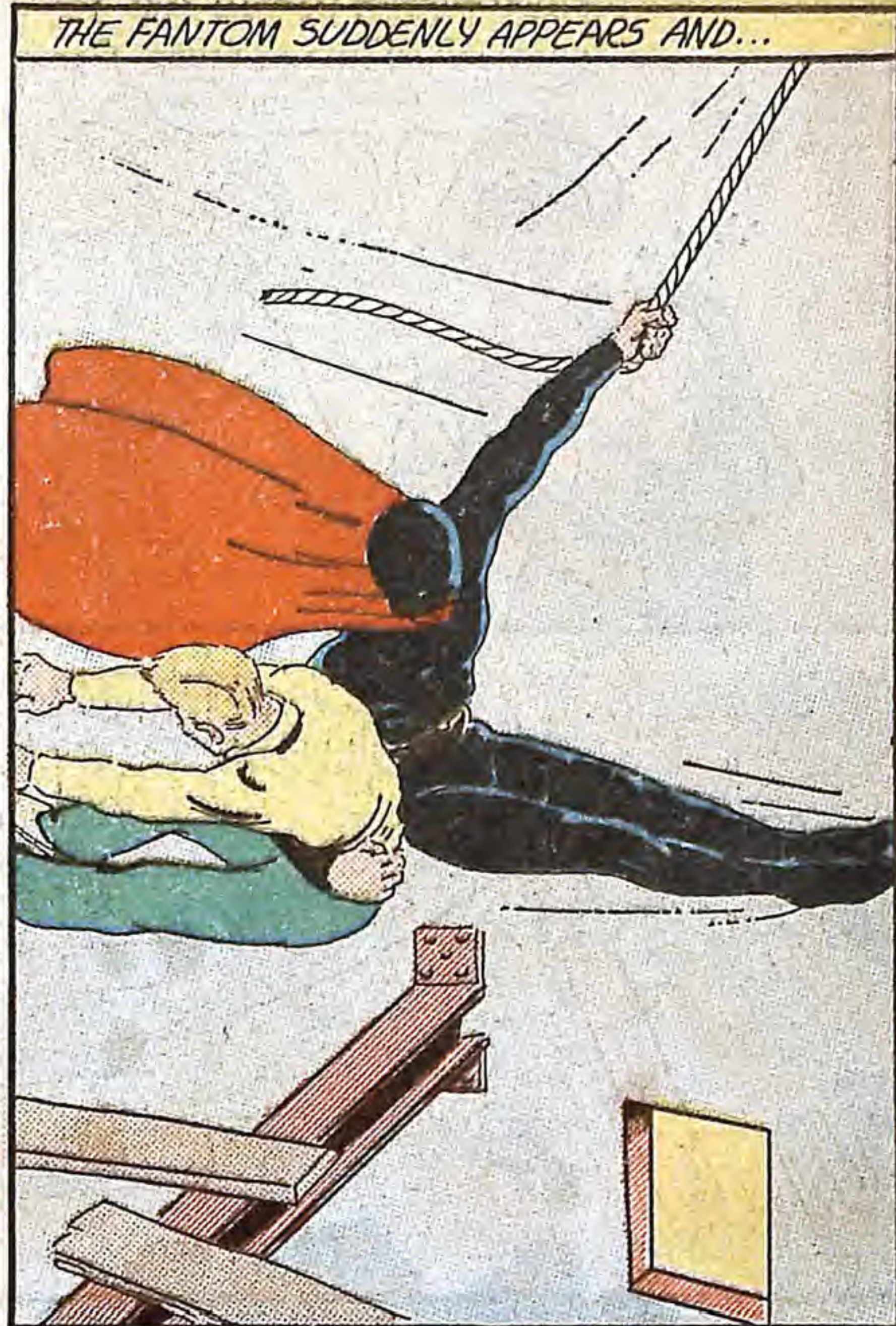
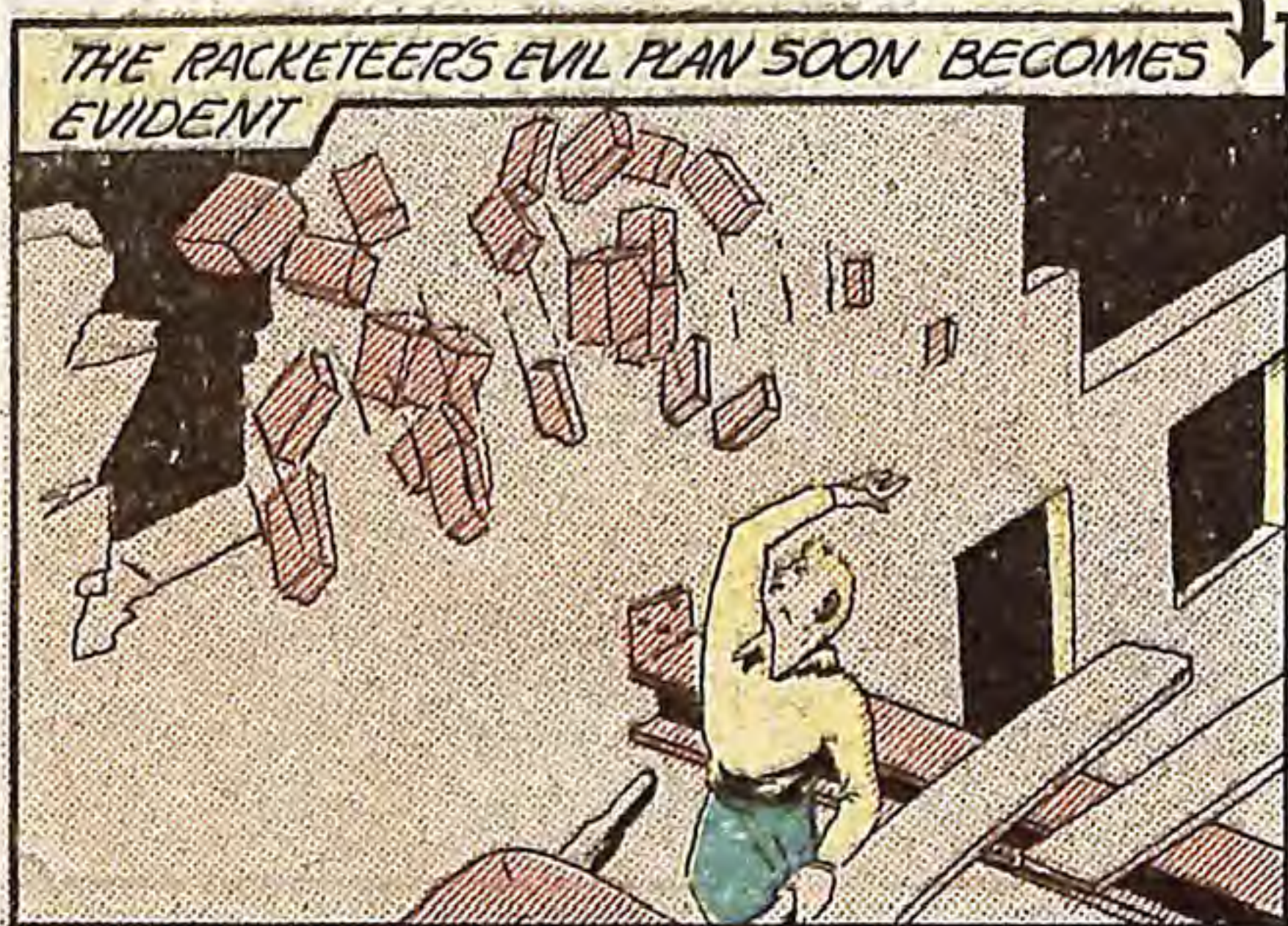
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



I WANT ALL THOSE LABORERS WORKING FOR THE ACME CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TO SIGN UP IN OUR UNION.. IF NECESSARY, USE A LITTLE PERSUASION.

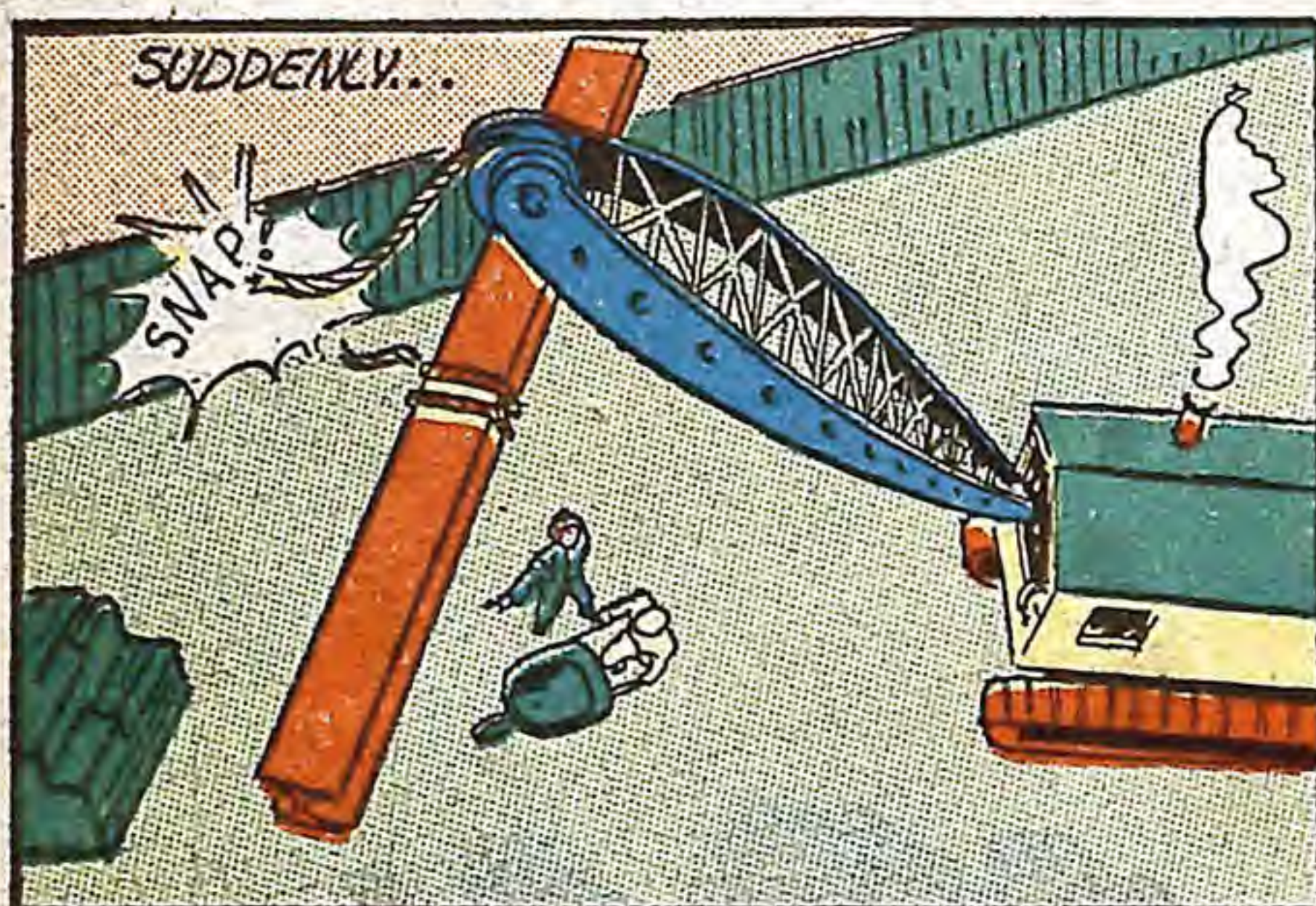
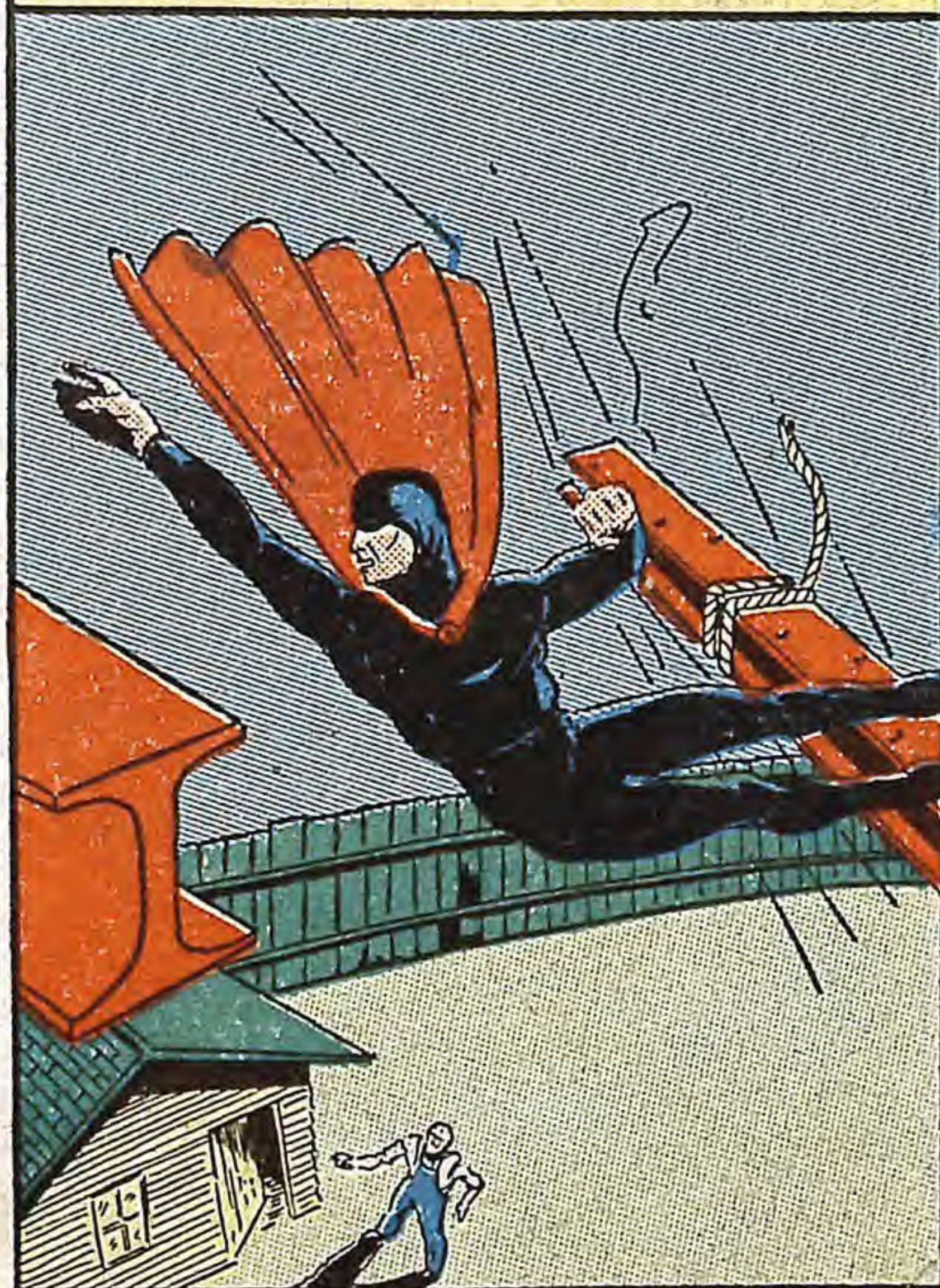


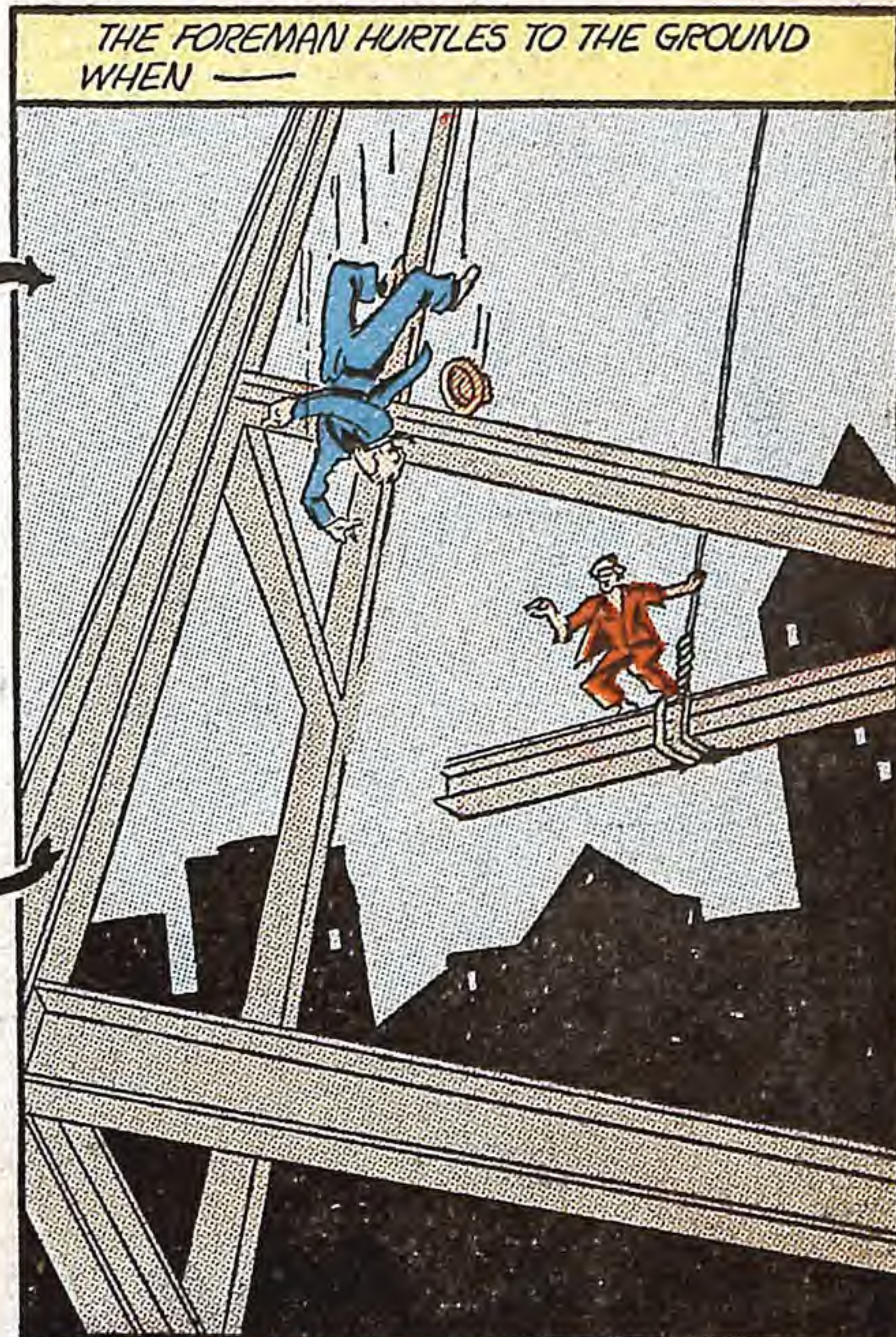
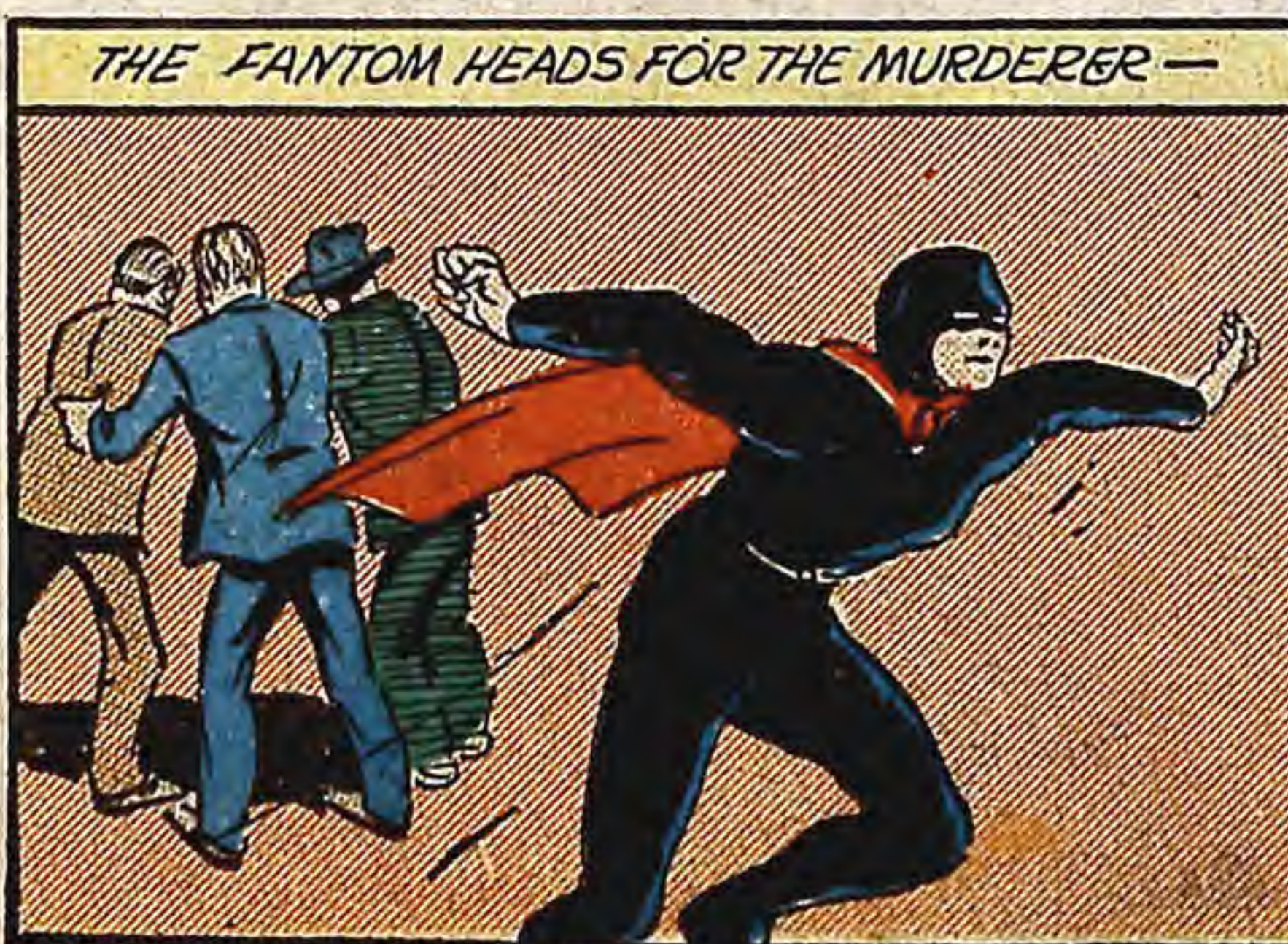
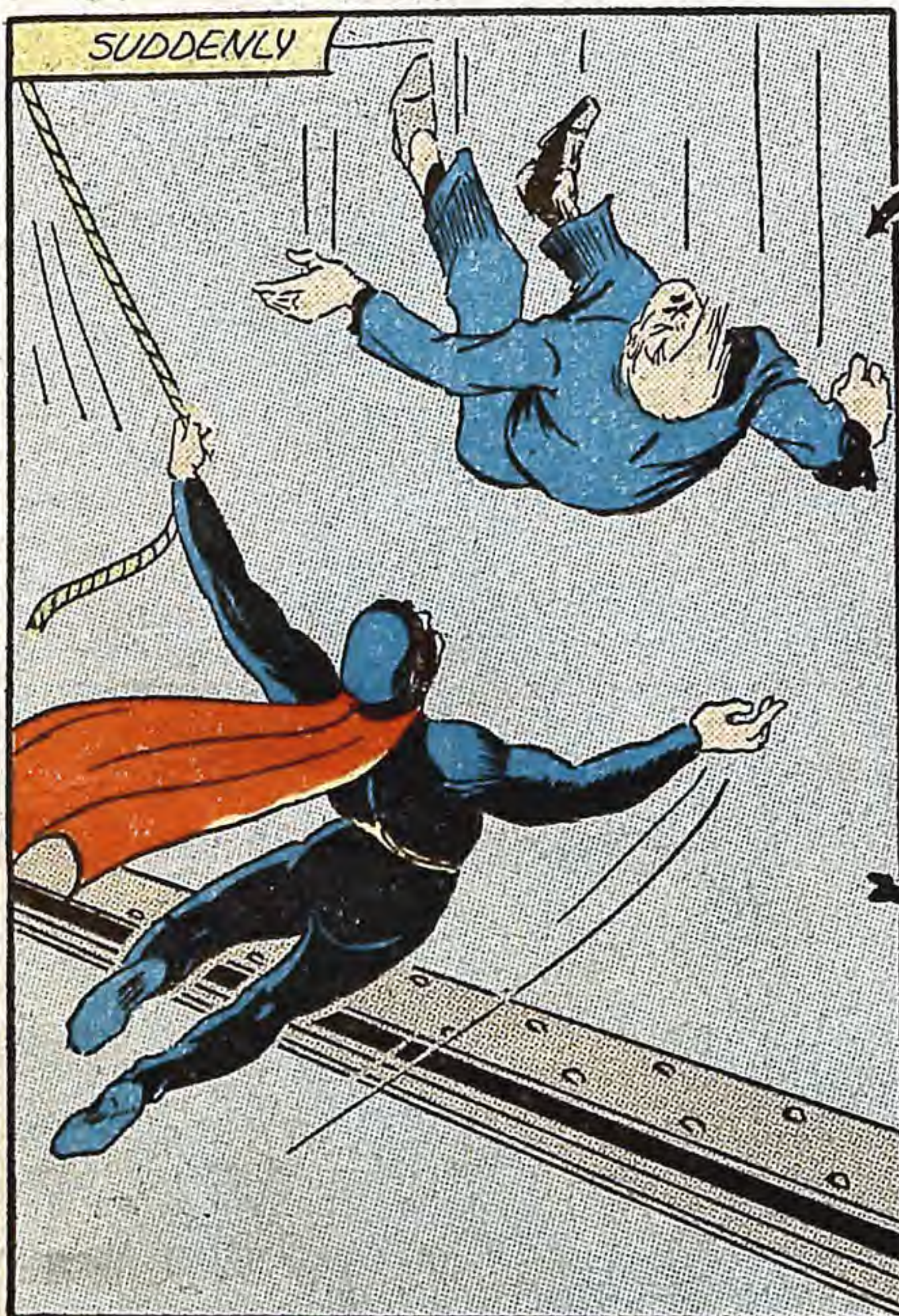
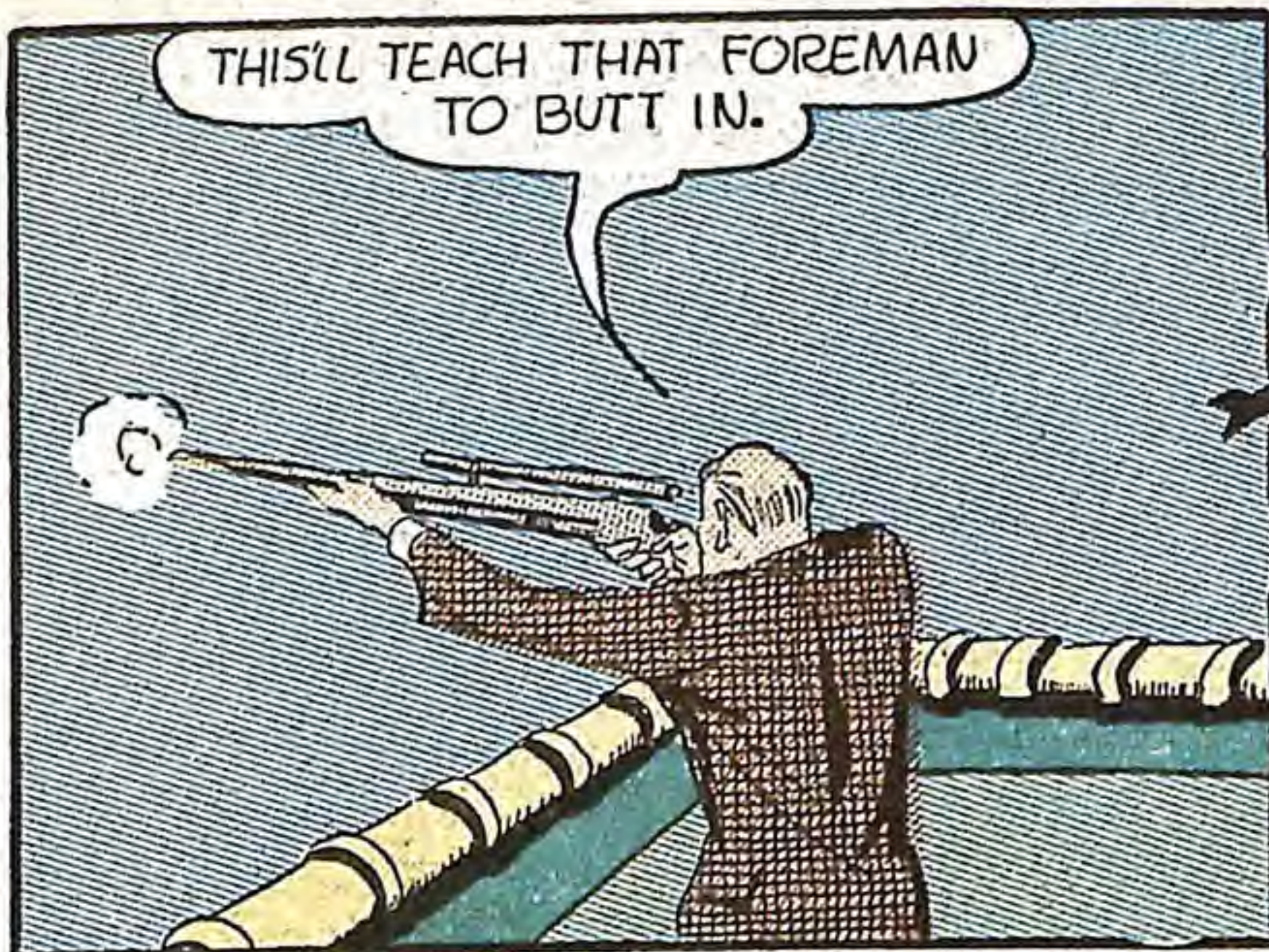


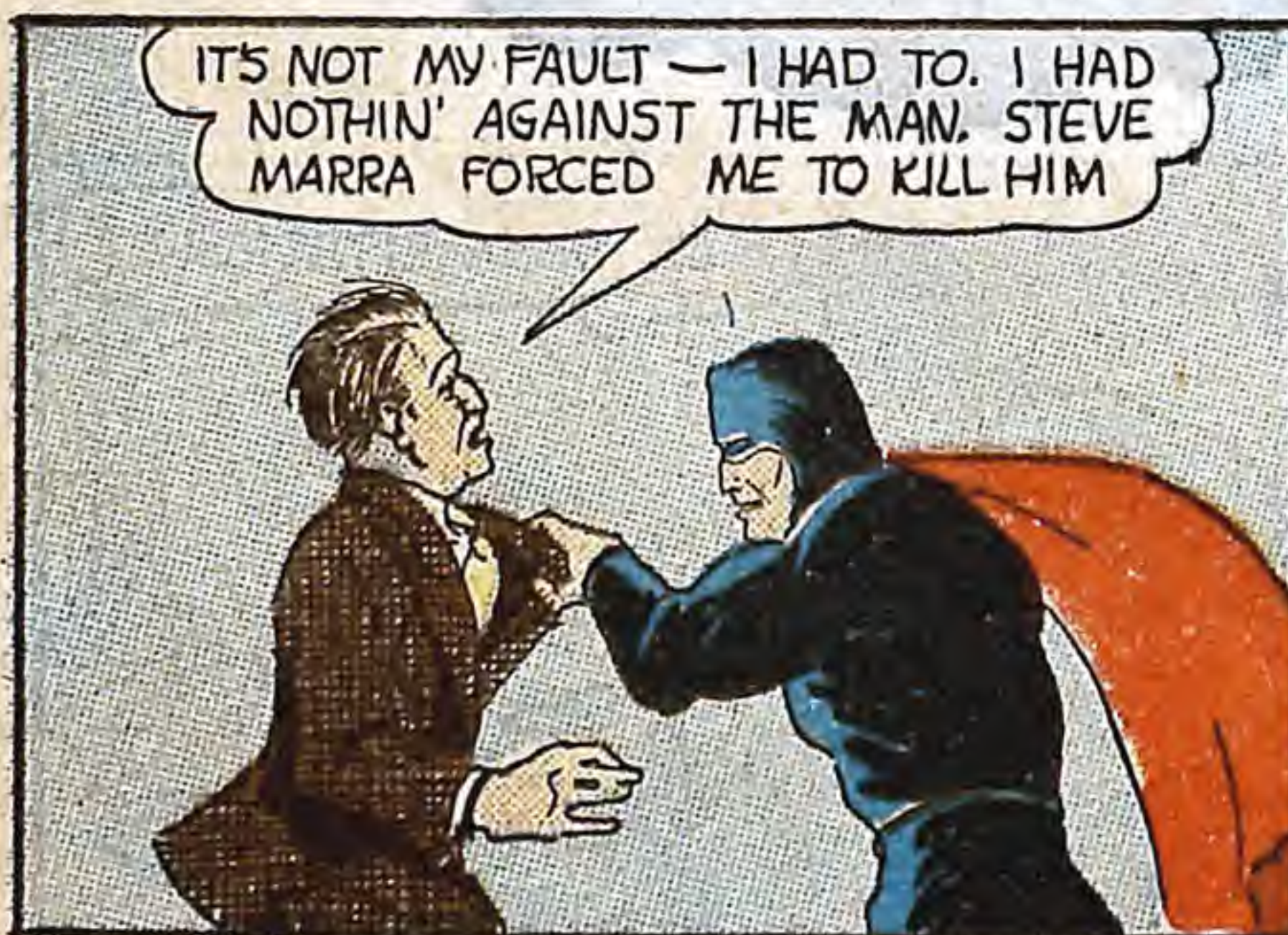




WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, THE FANTOM CHANGES THE COURSE OF THE FALLING BEAM, AND GRASPS A GIRDER, STOPPING HIS FALL.







— TO STEVE MARRA'S HIDEOUT.



THE FANTOM LEAPS INTO A GROUP OF STEVE MARRA'S HENCHMEN.



FROM THE FAR END OF THE LONG ROOM ONE OF MARRA'S MEN POINTS A REVOLVER AT THE FANTOM



SUDDENLY THE FANTOM LEAPS FOR THE CHANDELIER.



— AND

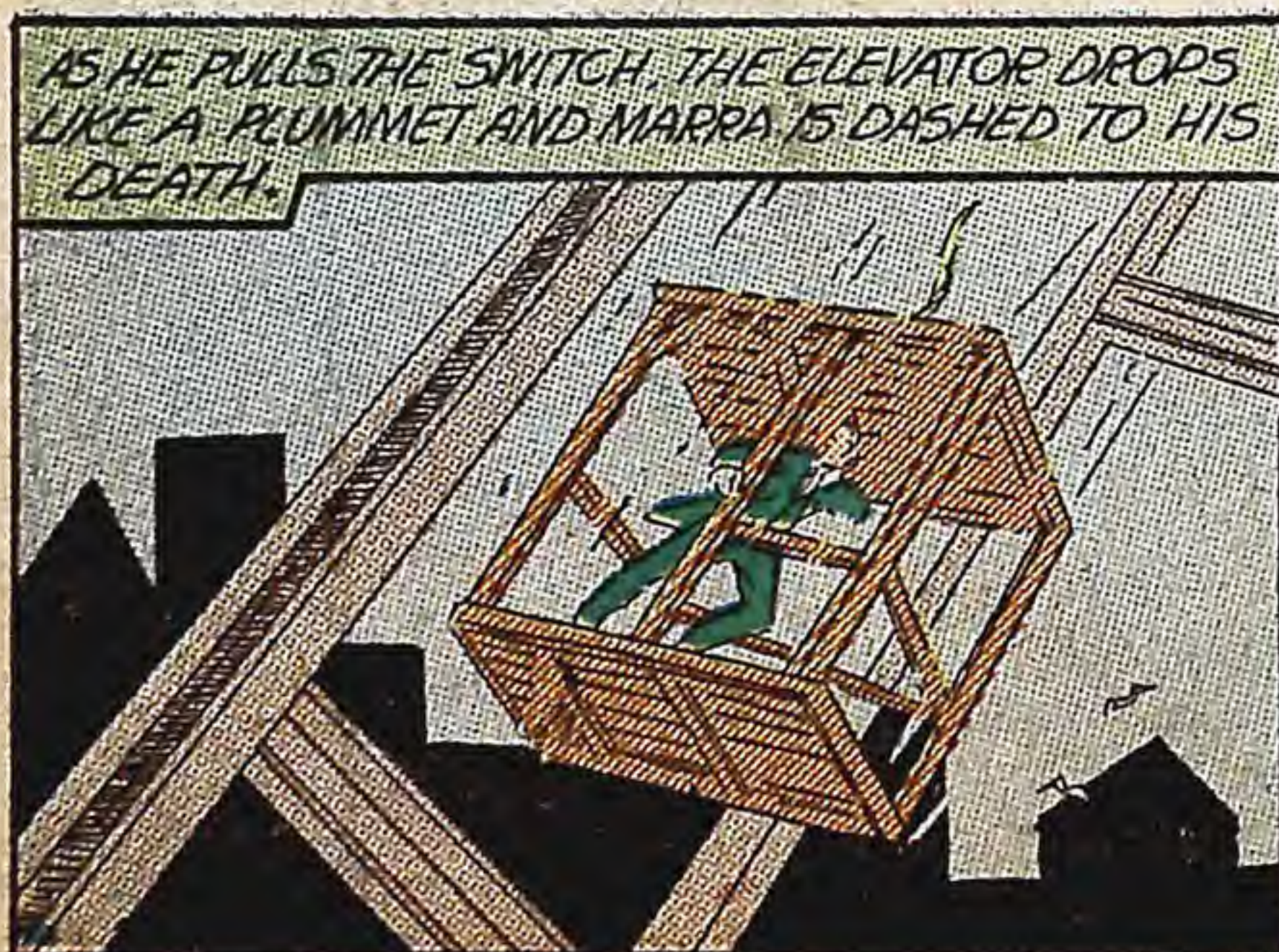
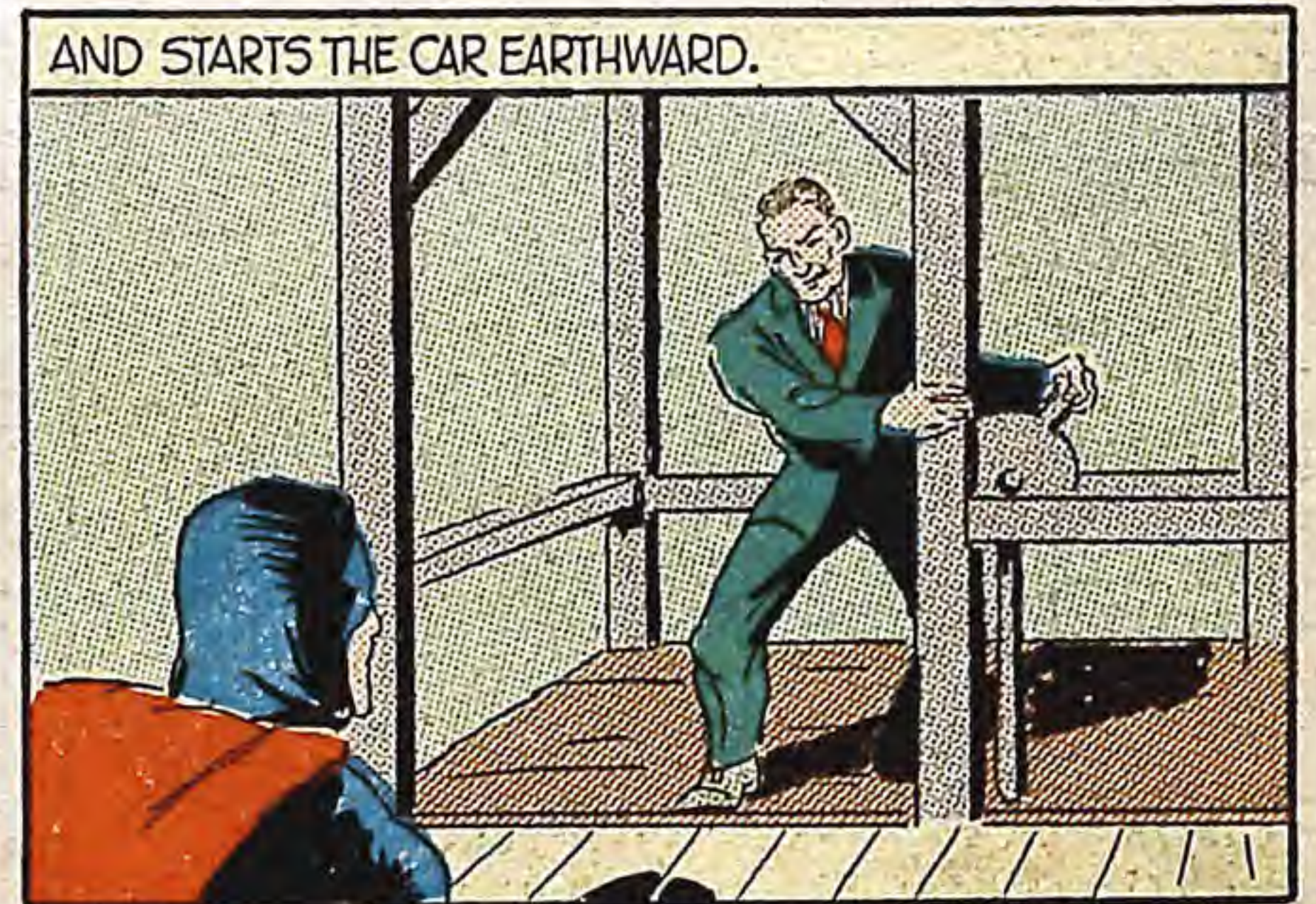
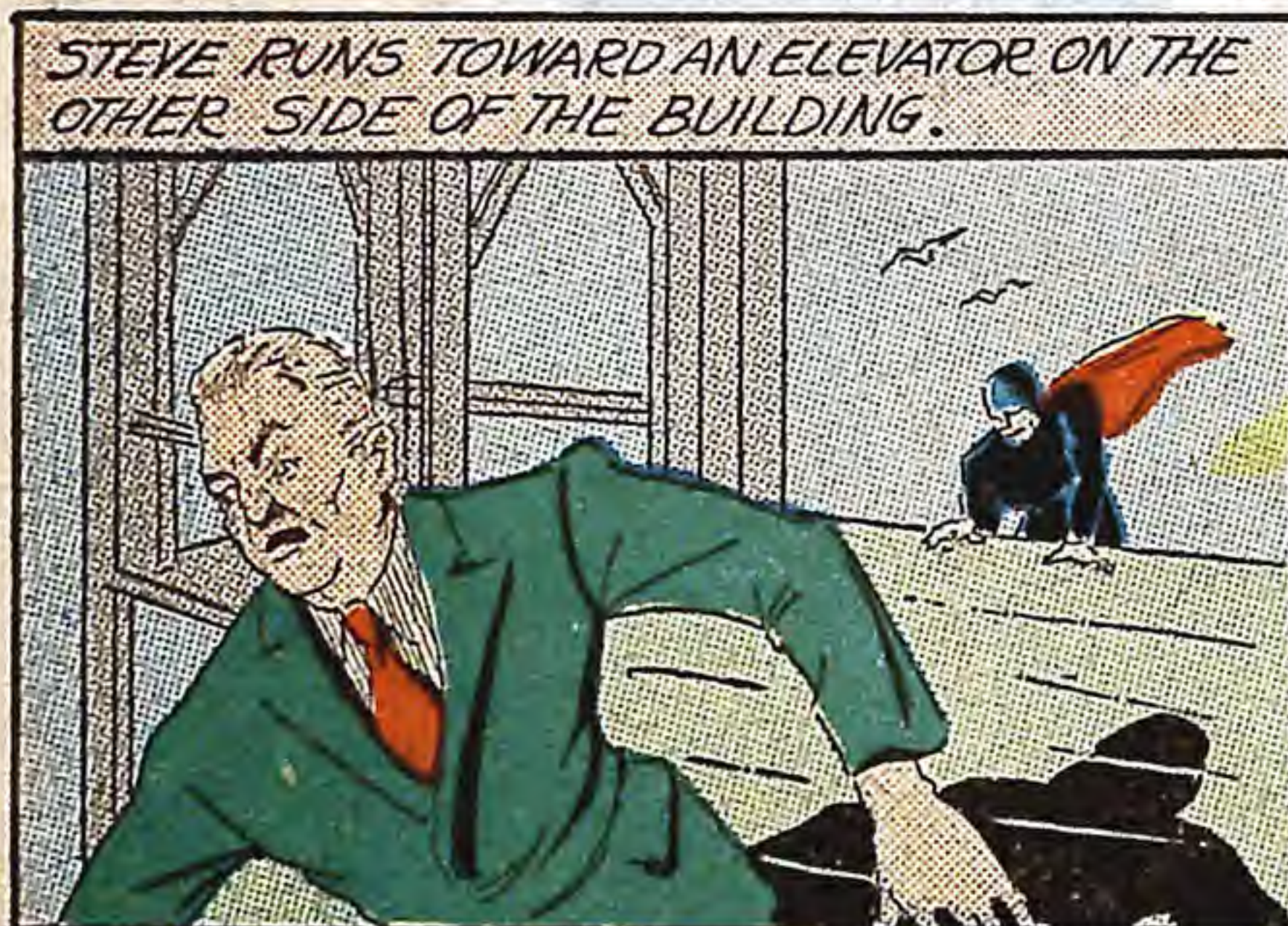
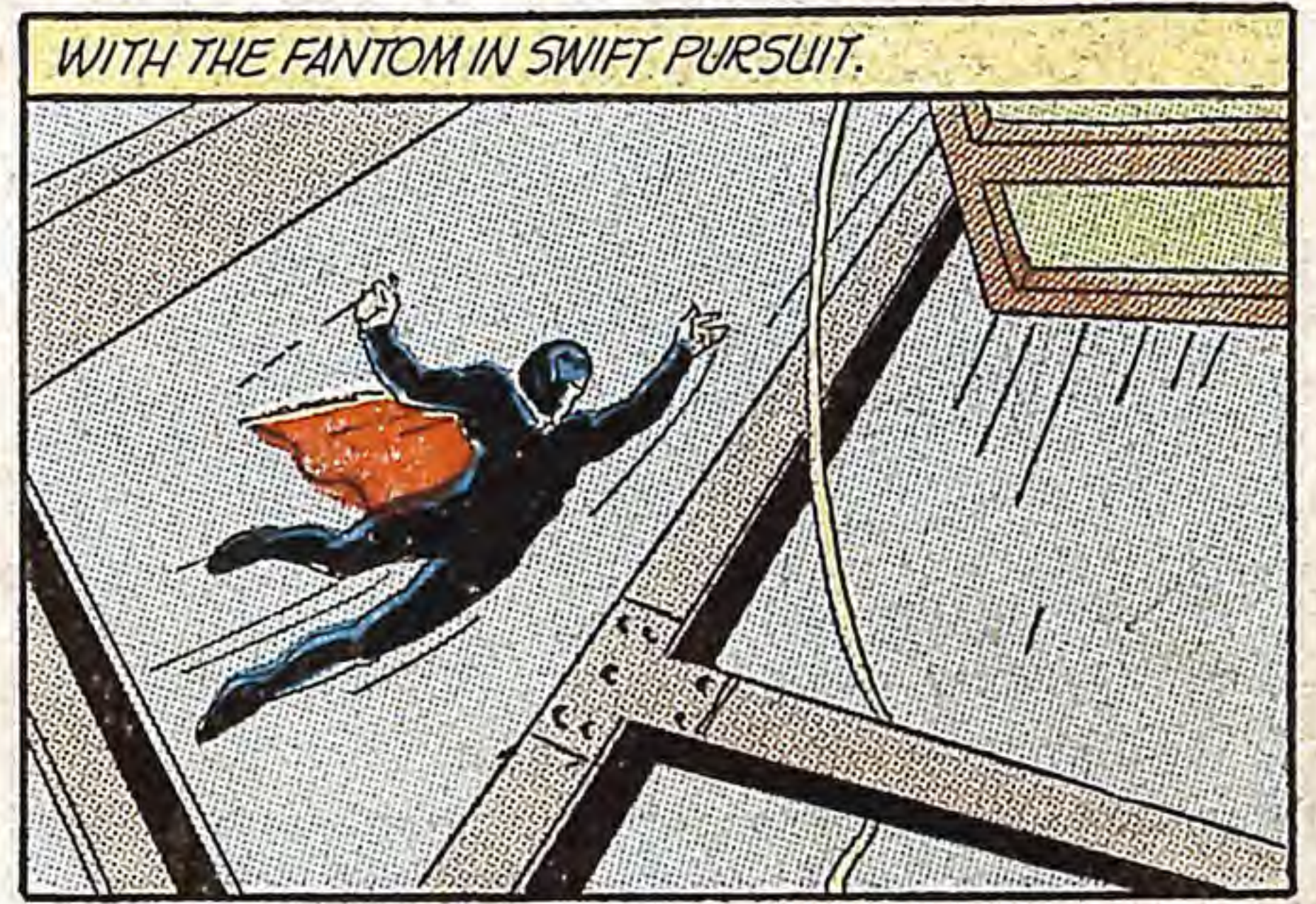


(YOUR POP GUN WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!
WHERE'S STEVE MARRA?)



HE'S - HE'S - AT --- ACME'S
NEW BUILDING?

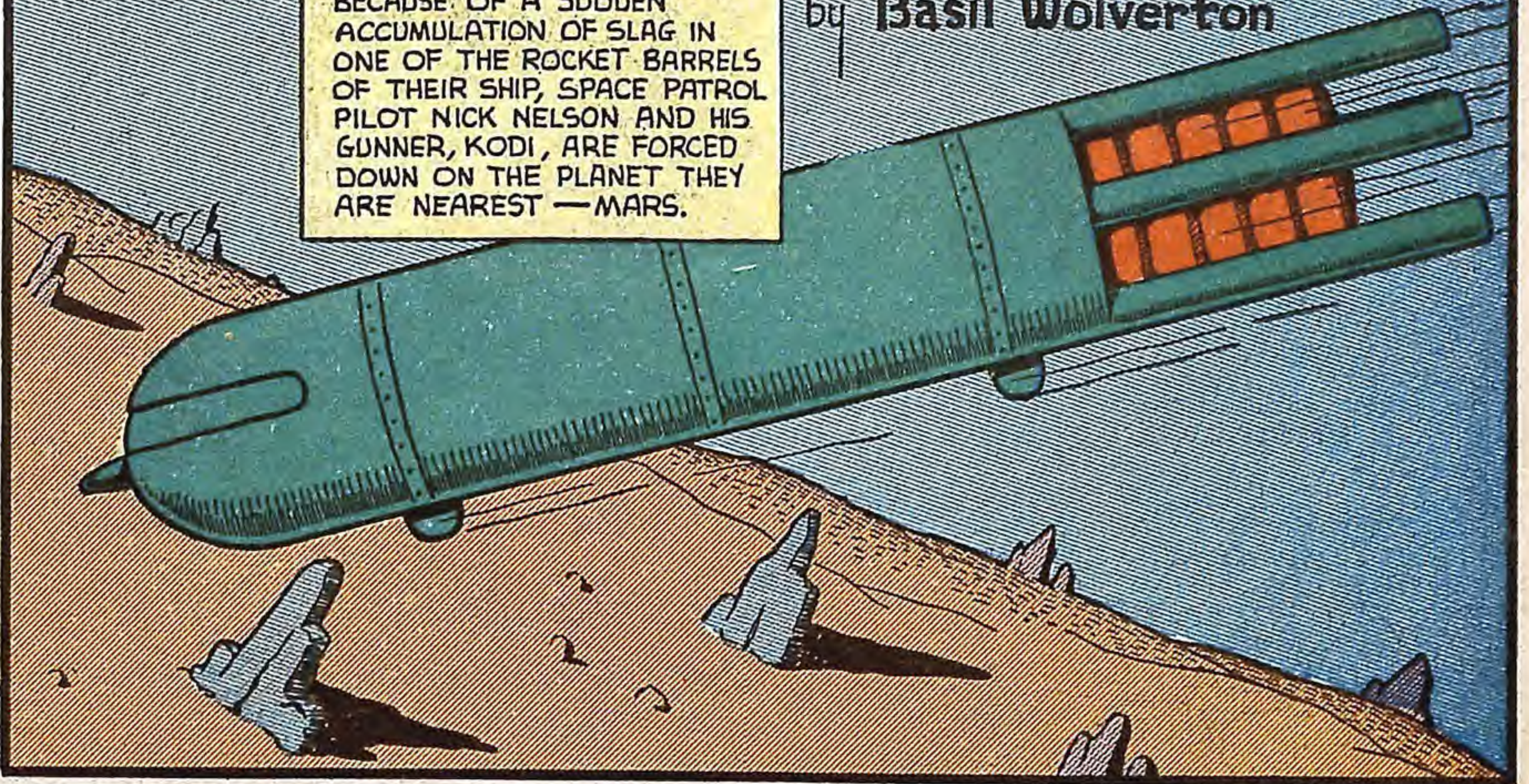




Space Patrol

BECAUSE OF A SUDDEN ACCUMULATION OF SLAG IN ONE OF THE ROCKET BARRELS OF THEIR SHIP, SPACE PATROL PILOT NICK NELSON AND HIS GUNNER, KODI, ARE FORCED DOWN ON THE PLANET THEY ARE NEAREST — MARS.

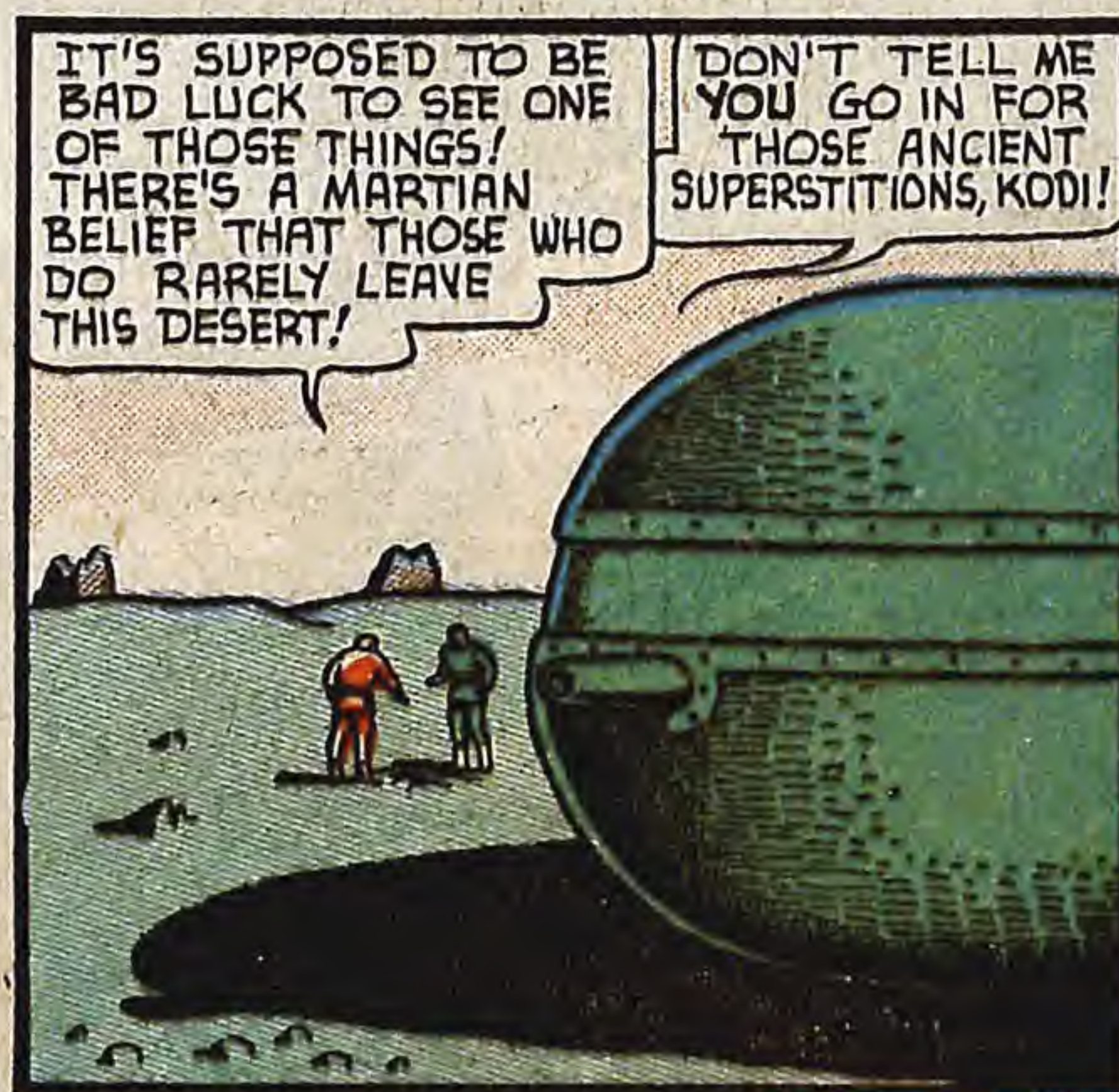
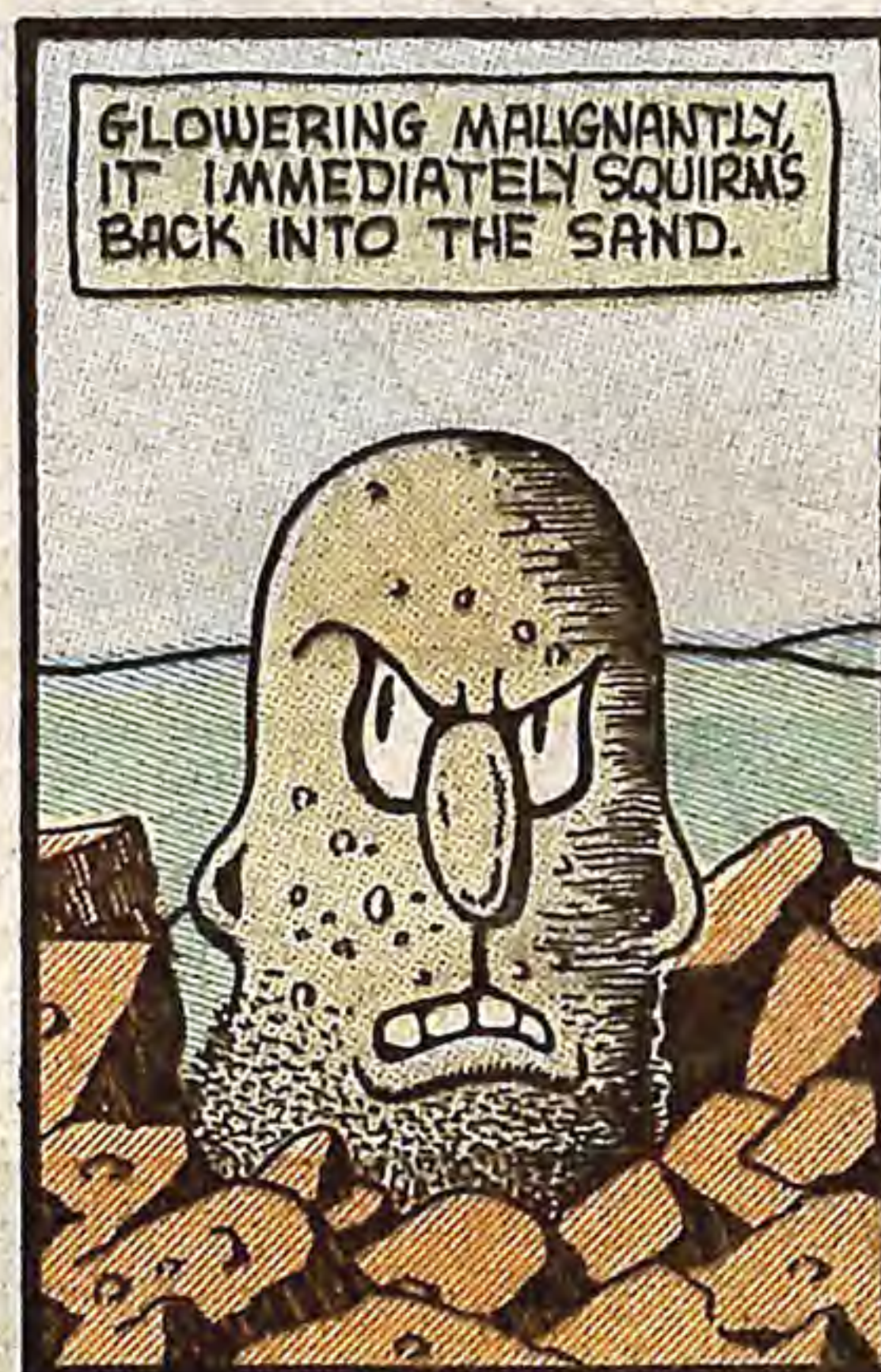
by Basil Wolverton



IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK ON MY OLD HOME PLANET, NICK, BUT I DON'T CARE FOR THIS DESERT! BENEATH IT LIE THE ANCIENT CITIES OF MARS! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WERE BURIED ALIVE WHEN THE GREAT SAND STORMS CAME! IT'S LIKE A HUGE GRAVEYARD! SORT OF GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

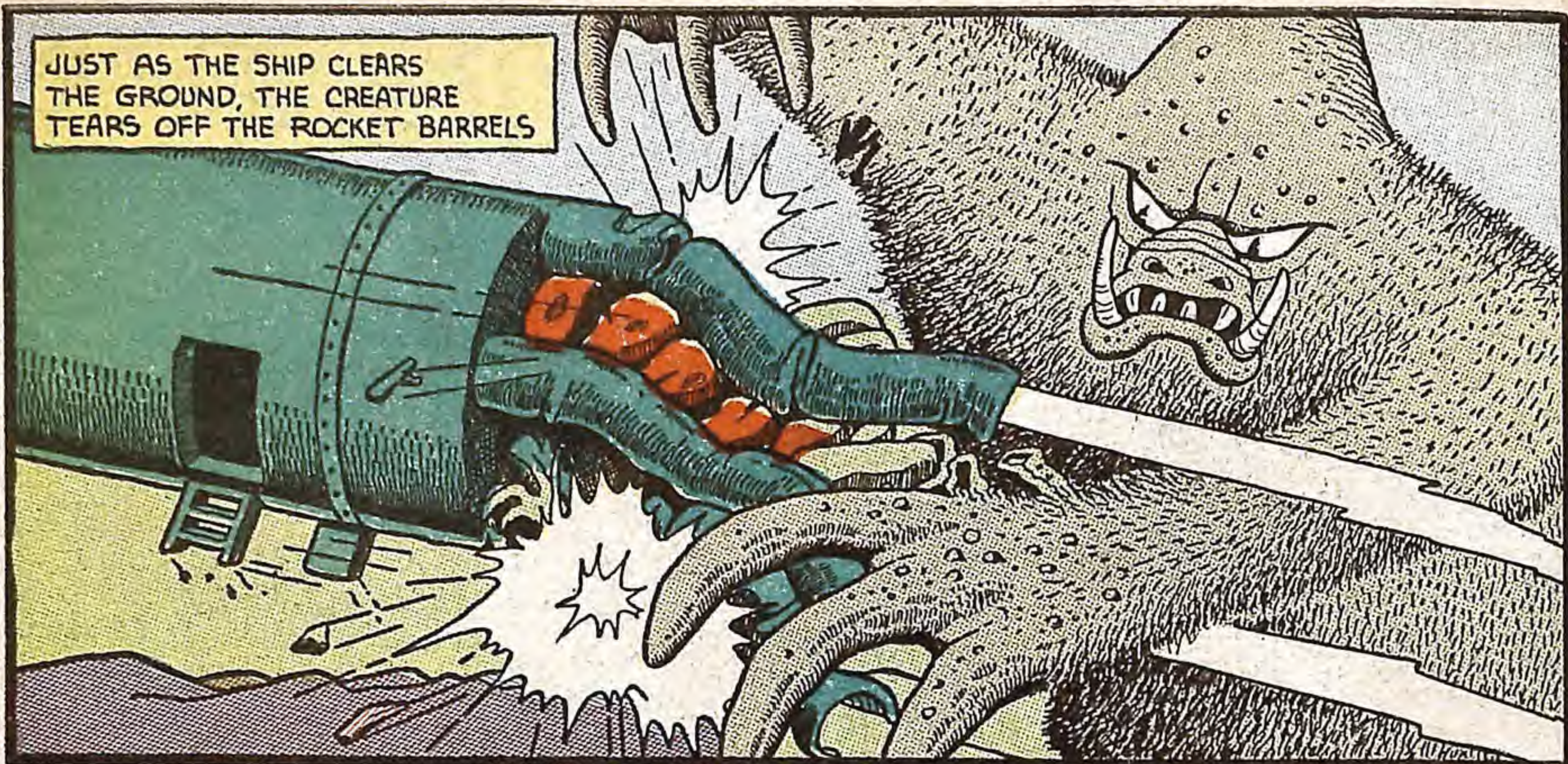
TRY AND NOT HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN DURING THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES, KODI! THAT'S AS LONG AS IT'LL TAKE US TO CLEAN OUT THIS BARREL!





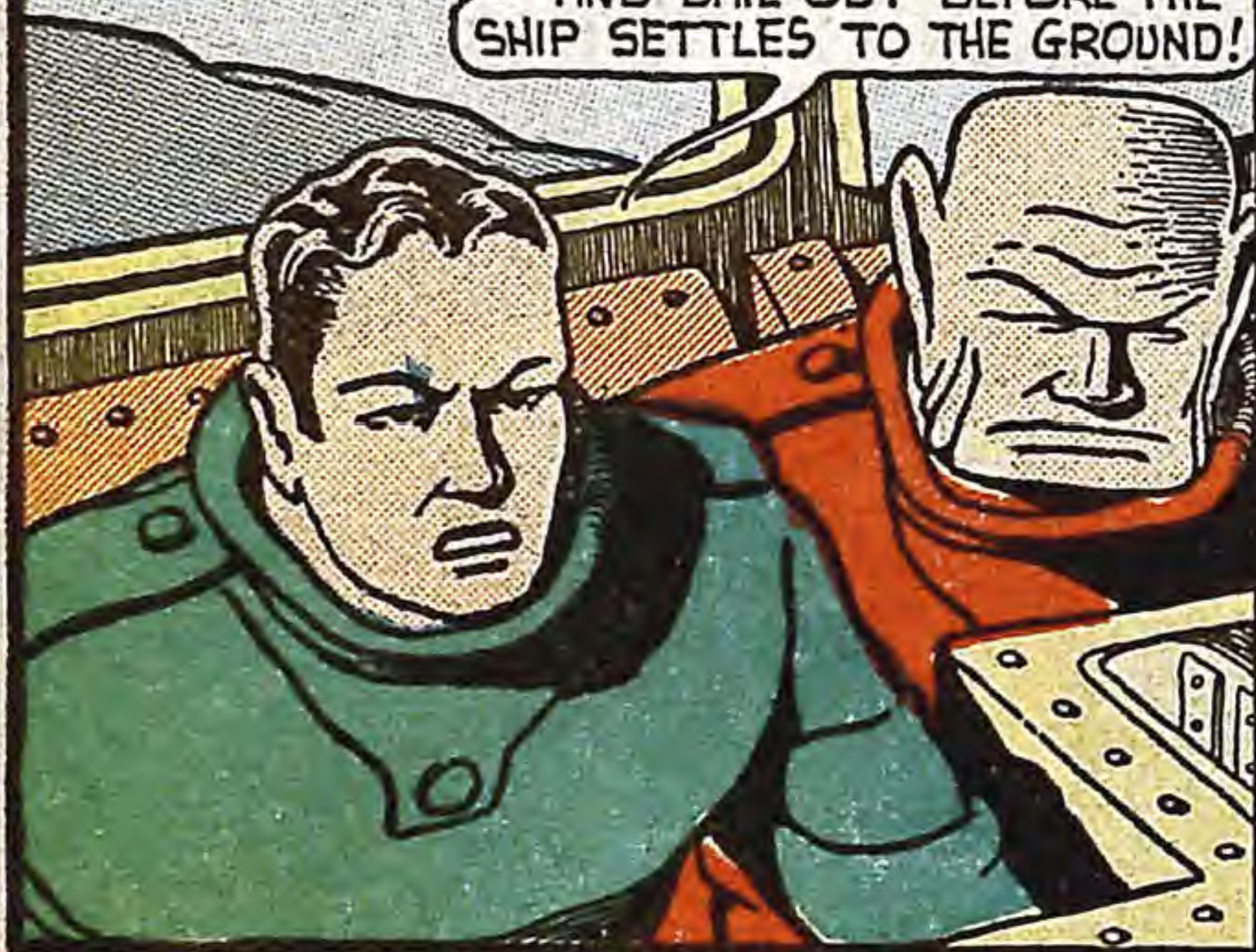


JUST AS THE SHIP CLEARS
THE GROUND, THE CREATURE
TEARS OFF THE ROCKET BARRELS

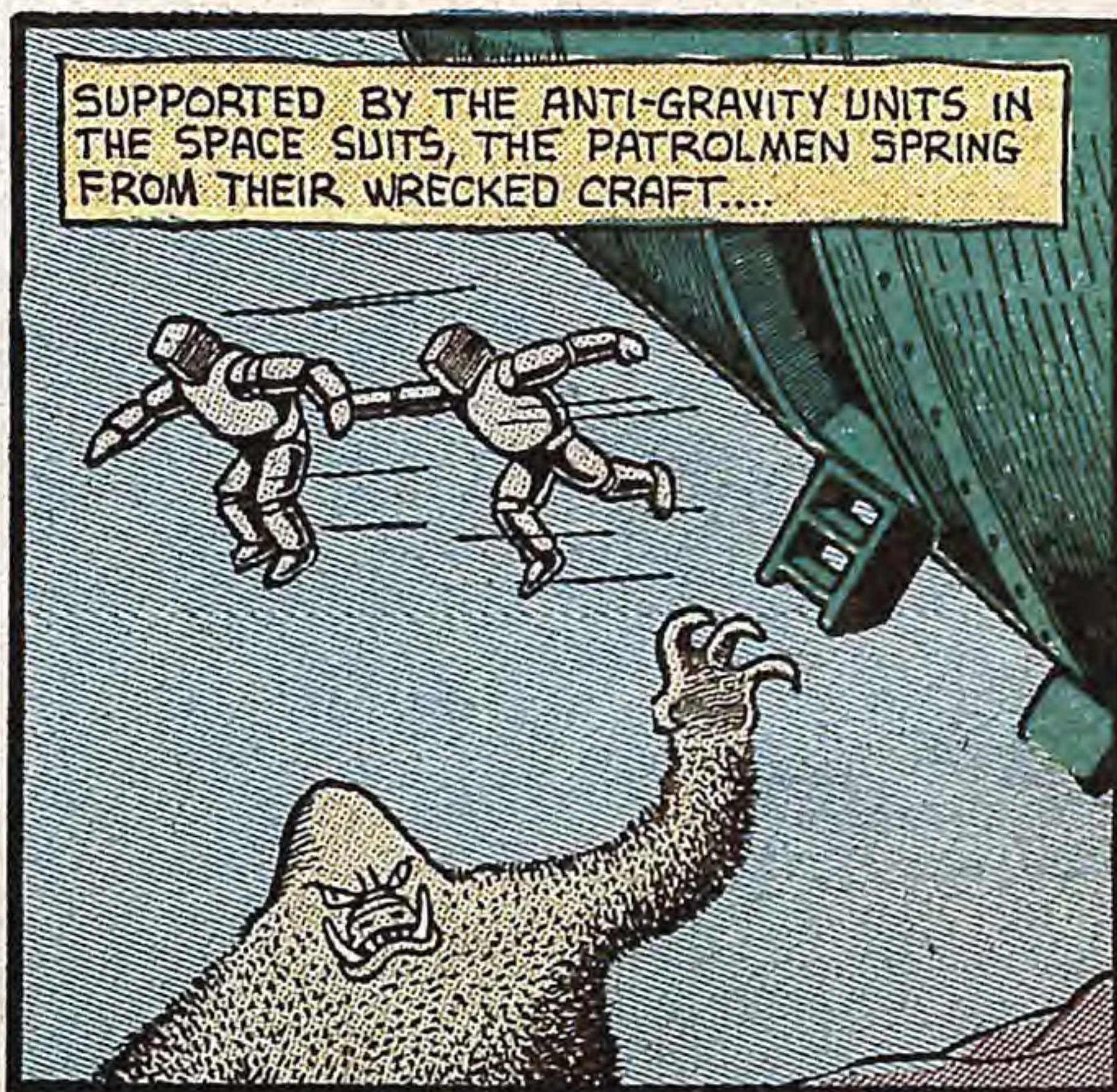


NICK AND KODI,
UP FORWARD,
ARE UNHARMED.

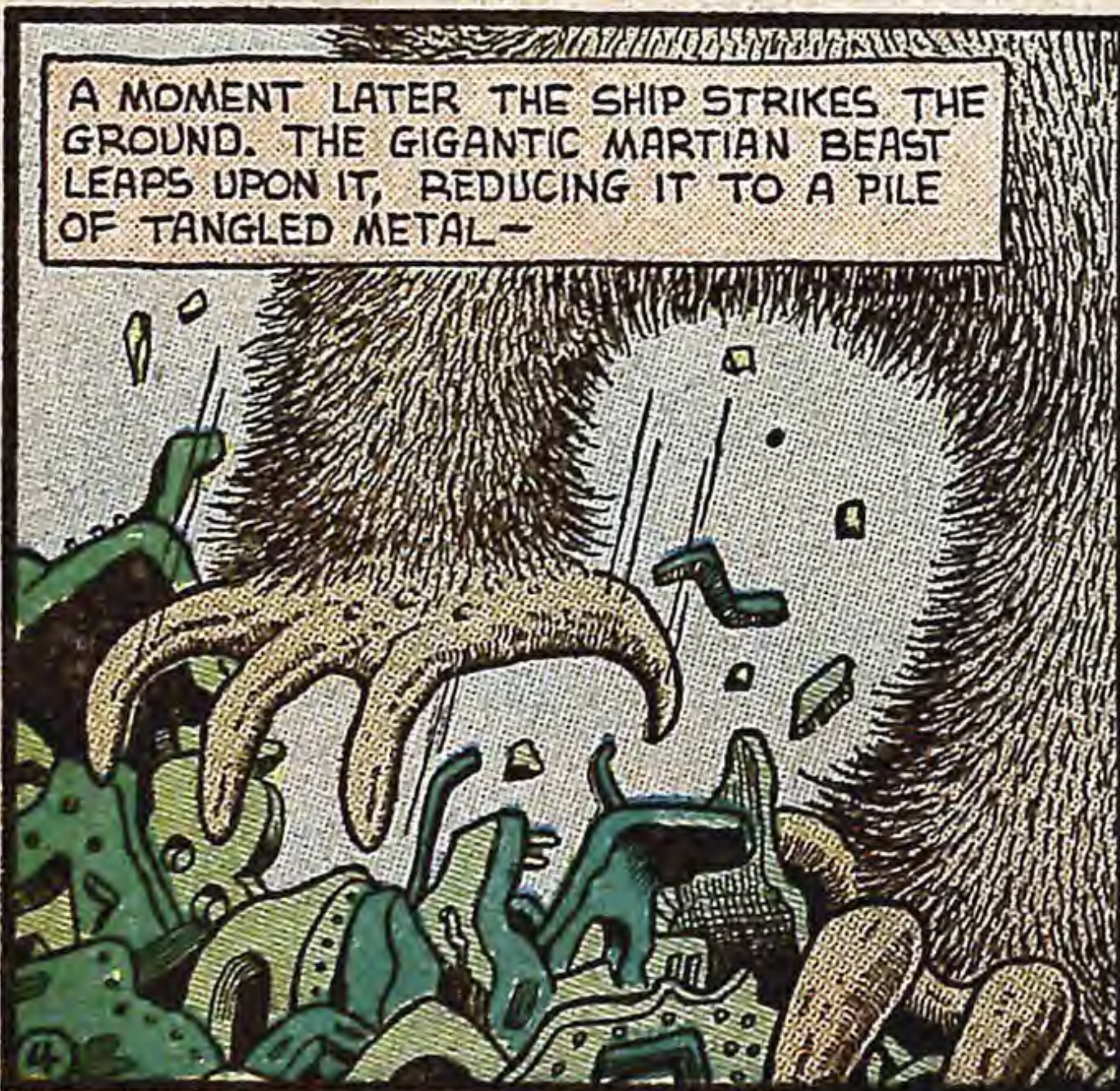
THE ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT
IS CRIPPLED, TOO! OUR
ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET
INTO OUR SPACE SUITS
AND BAIL OUT BEFORE THE
SHIP SETTLES TO THE GROUND!



SUPPORTED BY THE ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS IN
THE SPACE SUITS, THE PATROLMEN SPRING
FROM THEIR WRECKED CRAFT....



A MOMENT LATER THE SHIP STRIKES THE
GROUND. THE GIGANTIC MARTIAN BEAST
LEAPS UPON IT, REDUCING IT TO A PILE
OF TANGLED METAL—

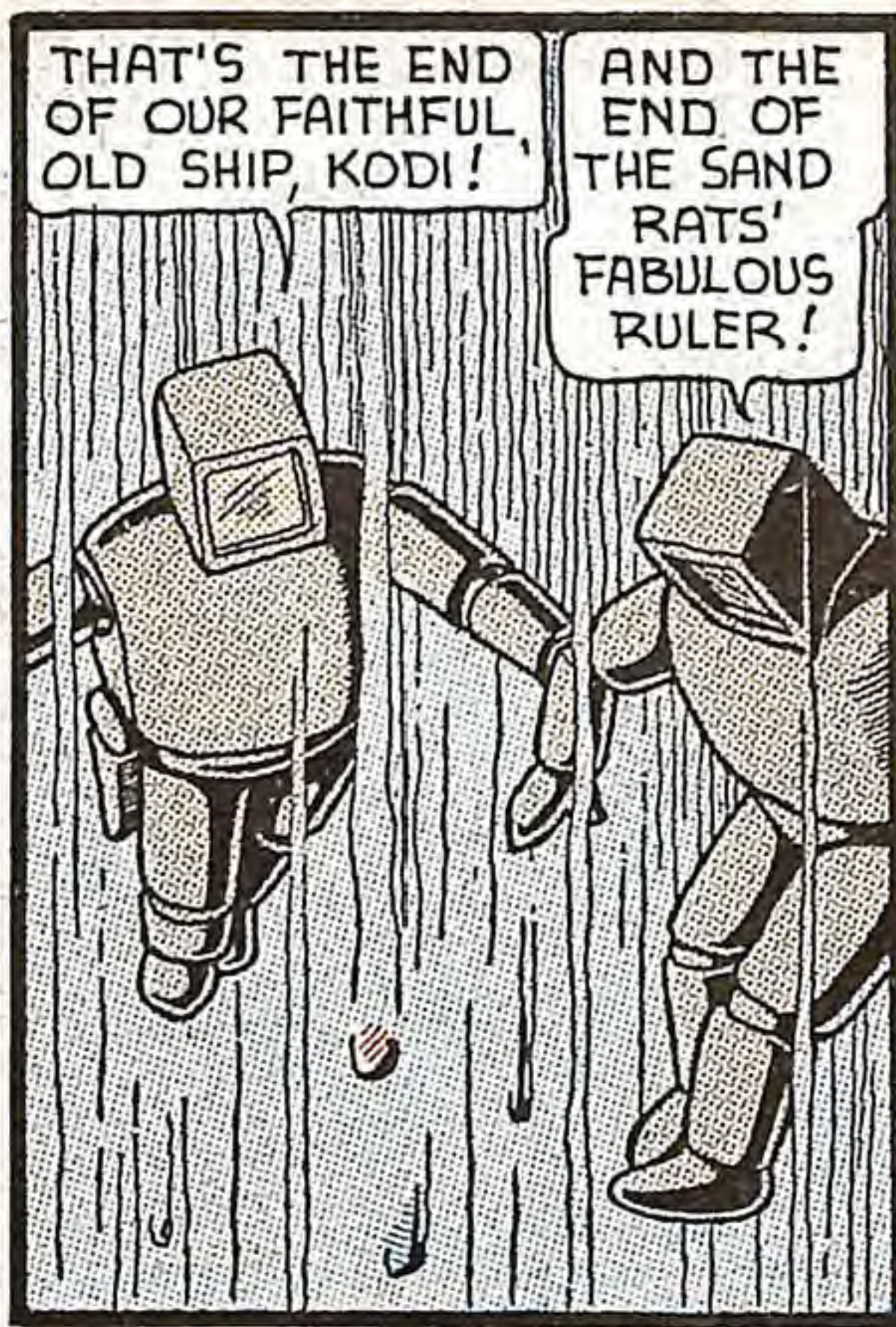


SUDDENLY THERE
IS A TREMENDOUS
EXPLOSION AS
THE SHIP'S ATOM
BOMBS ARE
CRUSHED —



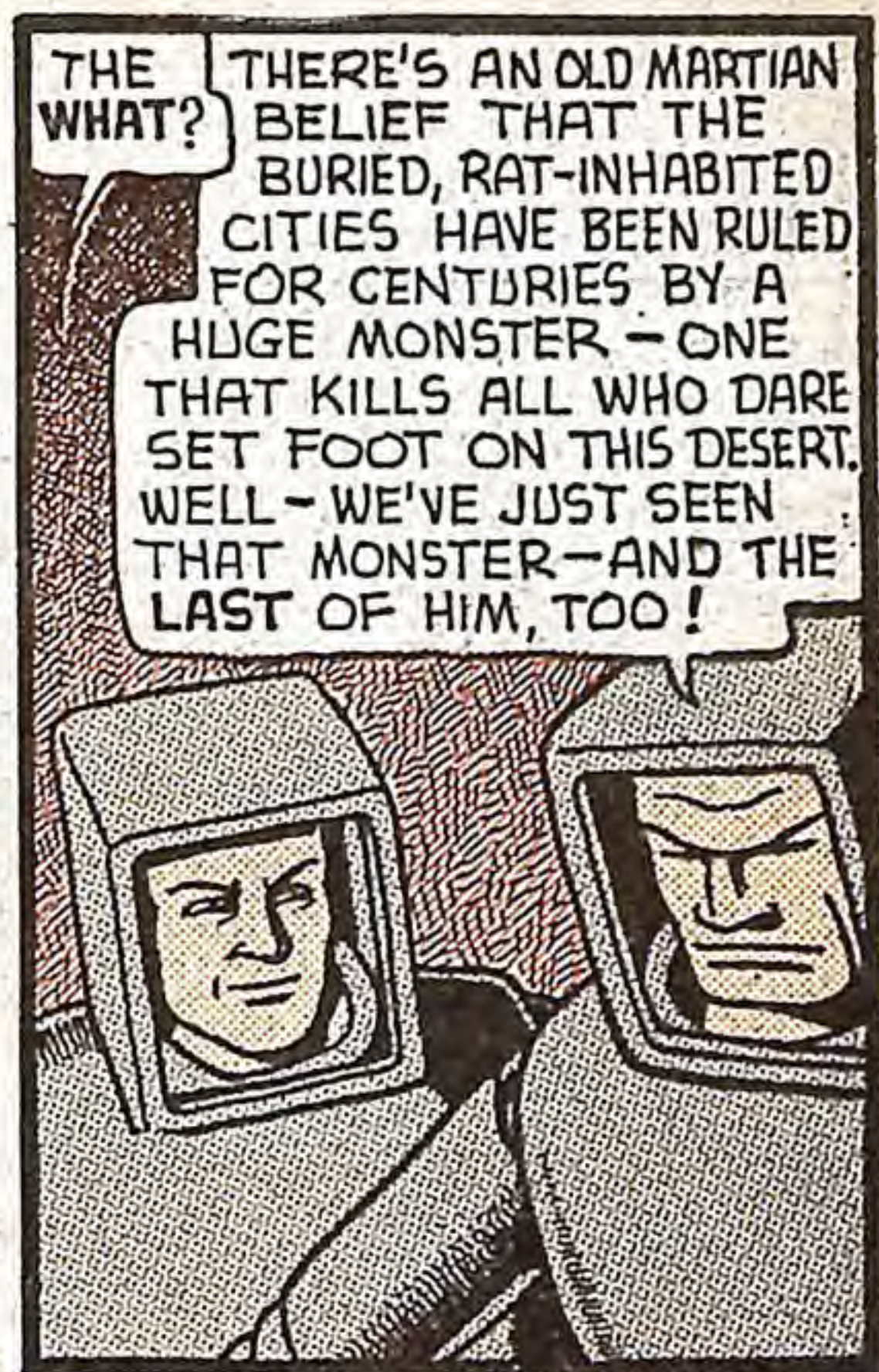


NICK AND KODI ARE ENGULFED IN A WAVE OF FLYING DEBRIS, BUT THEIR TOUGH ARMOR PROTECTS THEM.



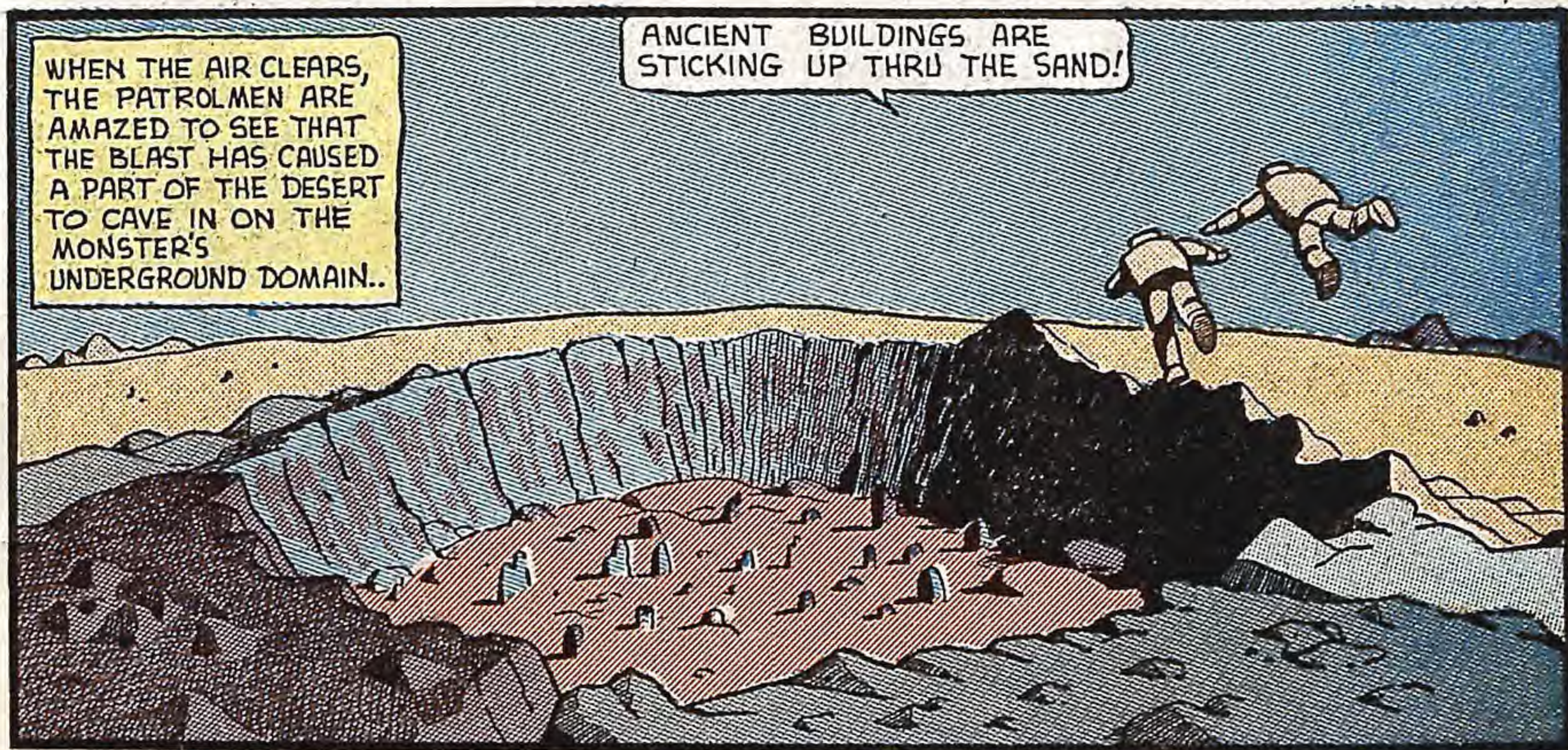
THAT'S THE END OF OUR FAITHFUL OLD SHIP, KODI!

AND THE END OF THE SAND RATS' FABULOUS RULER!



THE WHAT?

THERE'S AN OLD MARTIAN BELIEF THAT THE BURIED, RAT-INHABITED CITIES HAVE BEEN RULED FOR CENTURIES BY A HUGE MONSTER - ONE THAT KILLS ALL WHO DARE SET FOOT ON THIS DESERT. WELL - WE'VE JUST SEEN THAT MONSTER - AND THE LAST OF HIM, TOO!



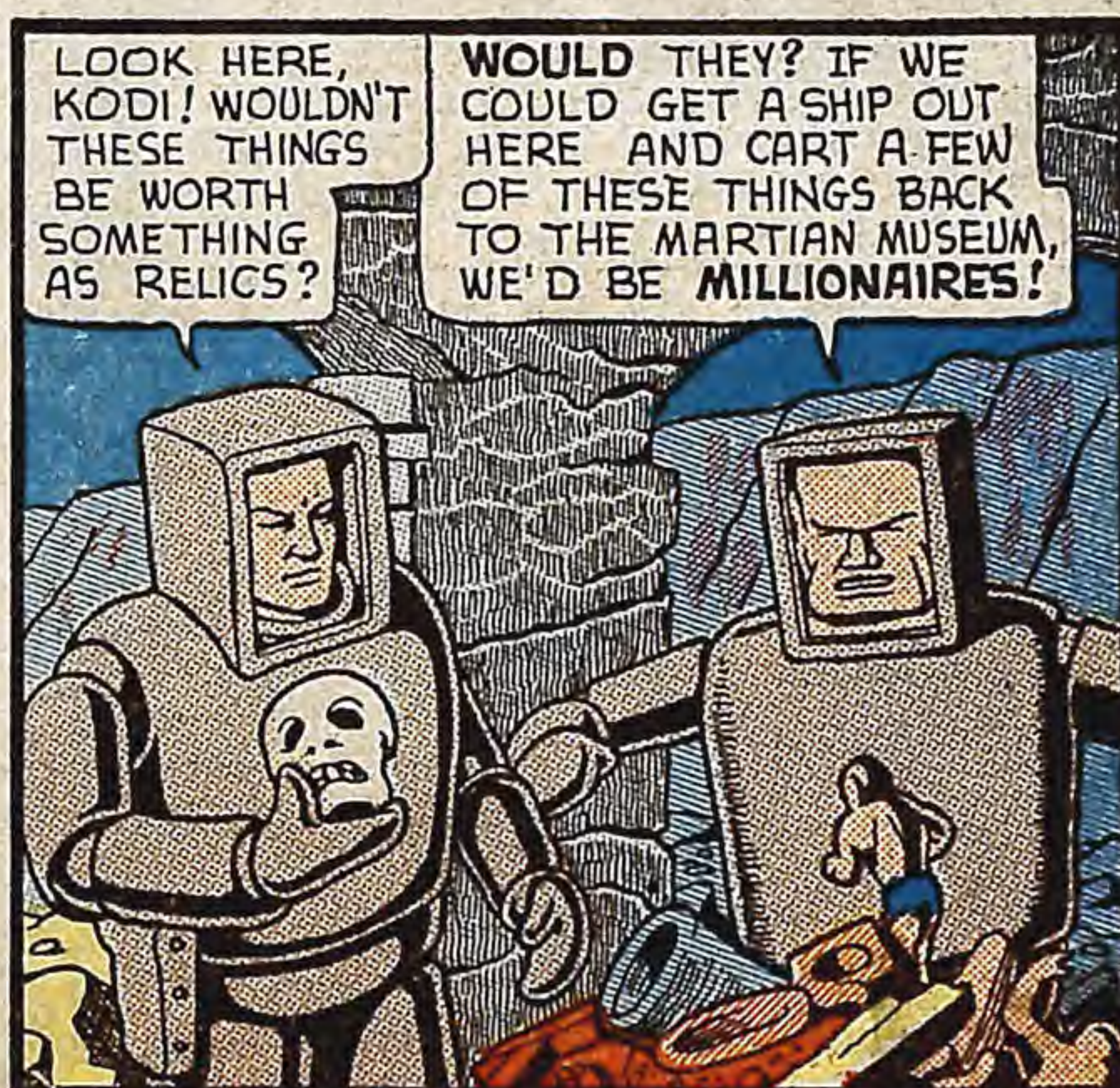
WHEN THE AIR CLEARS, THE PATROLMEN ARE AMAZED TO SEE THAT THE BLAST HAS CAUSED A PART OF THE DESERT TO CAVE IN ON THE MONSTER'S UNDERGROUND DOMAIN..

ANCIENT BUILDINGS ARE STICKING UP THRU THE SAND!



THEY DESCEND AND EXAMINE THE RUINS -

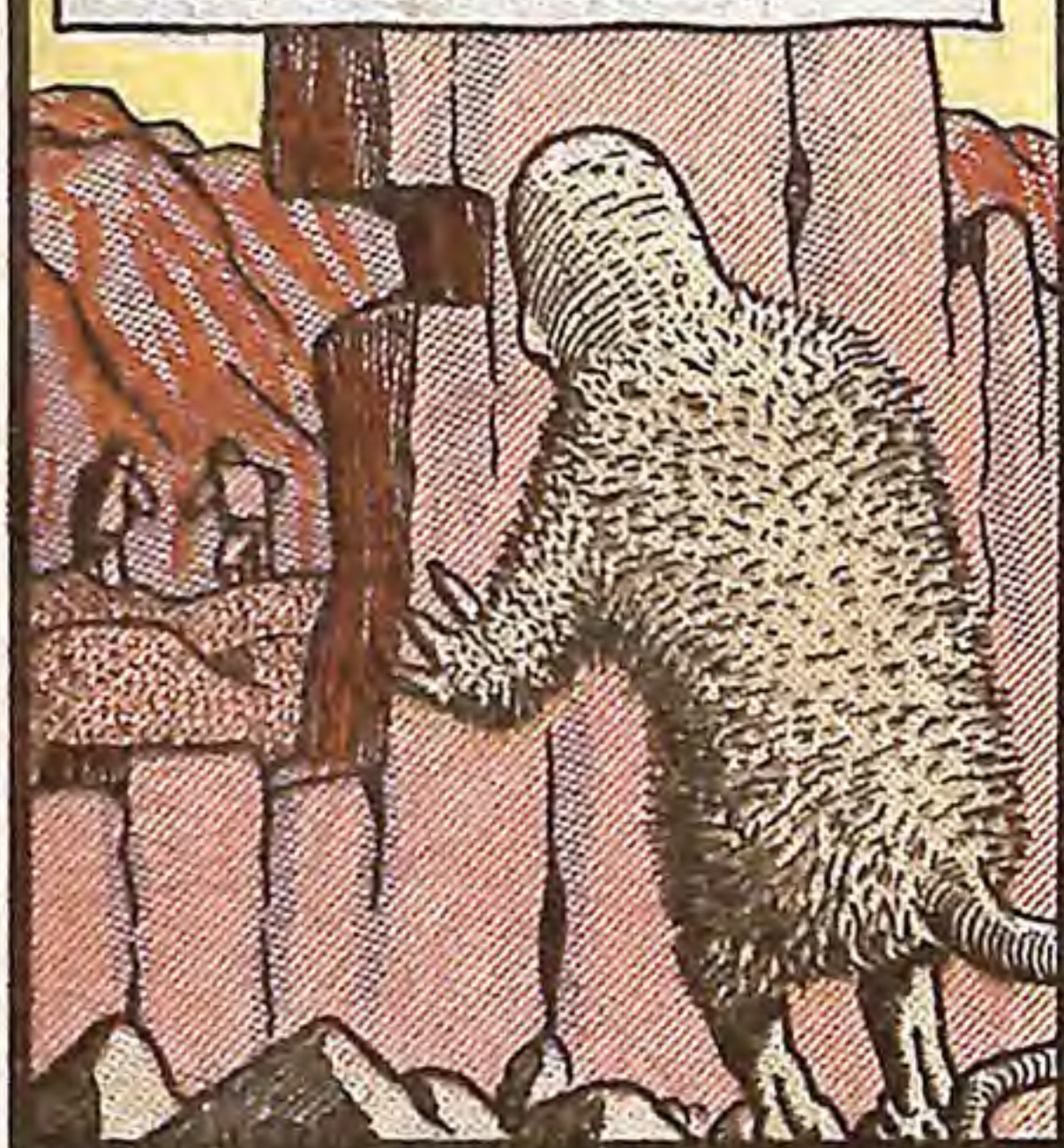
THESE MUST BE ONLY THE TOPS OF THE OLD SKY-SCRAPERS! THEIR BASES ARE PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW US!



LOOK HERE, KODI! WOULDN'T THESE THINGS BE WORTH SOMETHING AS RELICS?

WOULD THEY? IF WE COULD GET A SHIP OUT HERE AND CART A FEW OF THESE THINGS BACK TO THE MARTIAN MUSEUM, WE'D BE **MILLIONAIRES!**

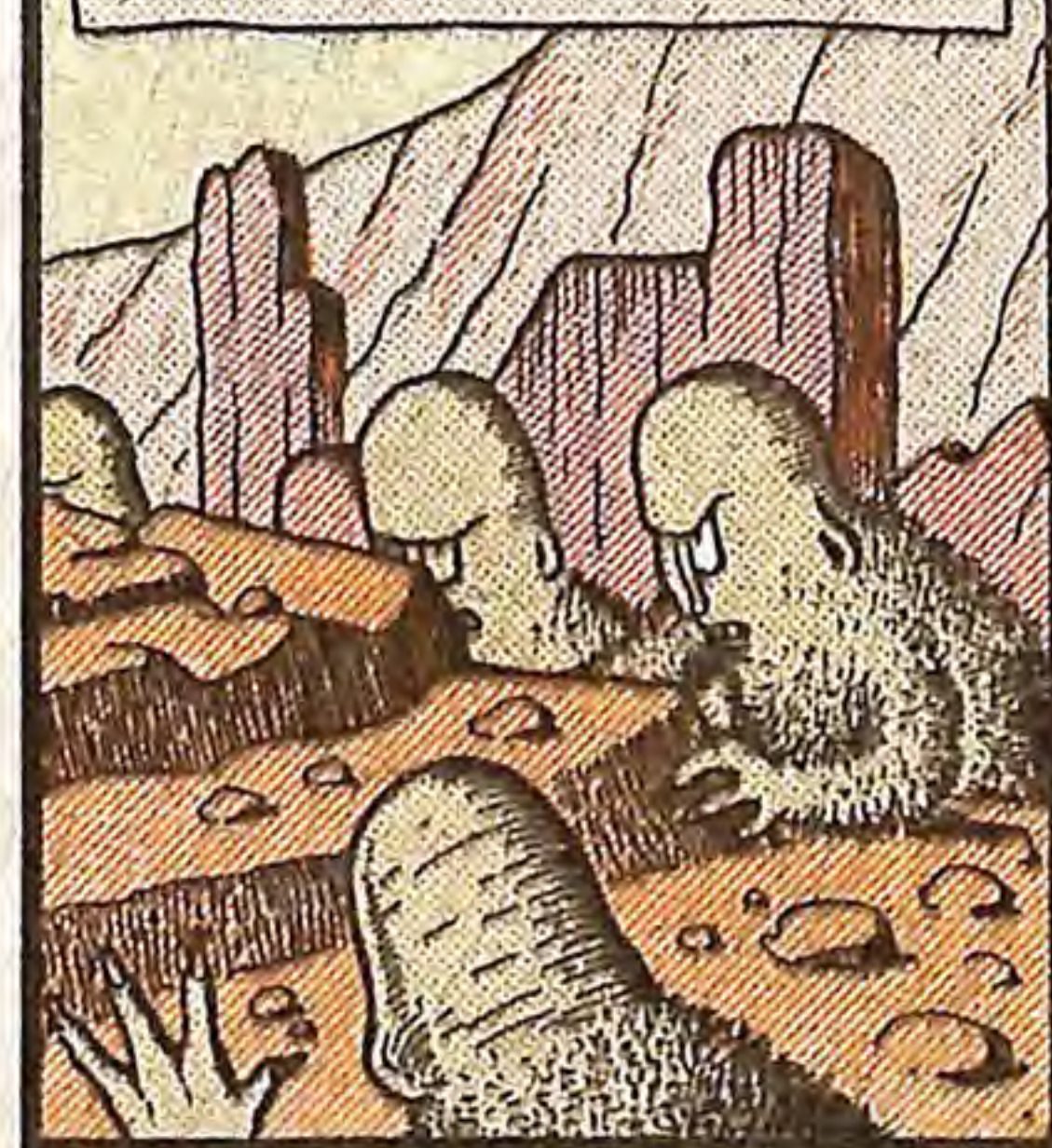
AS THE PATROLMEN UNCOVER THE PRICELESS RELICS OF MARS' PAST CIVILIZATION, HATE-FILLED EYES WATCH THEIR EVERY MOVE....



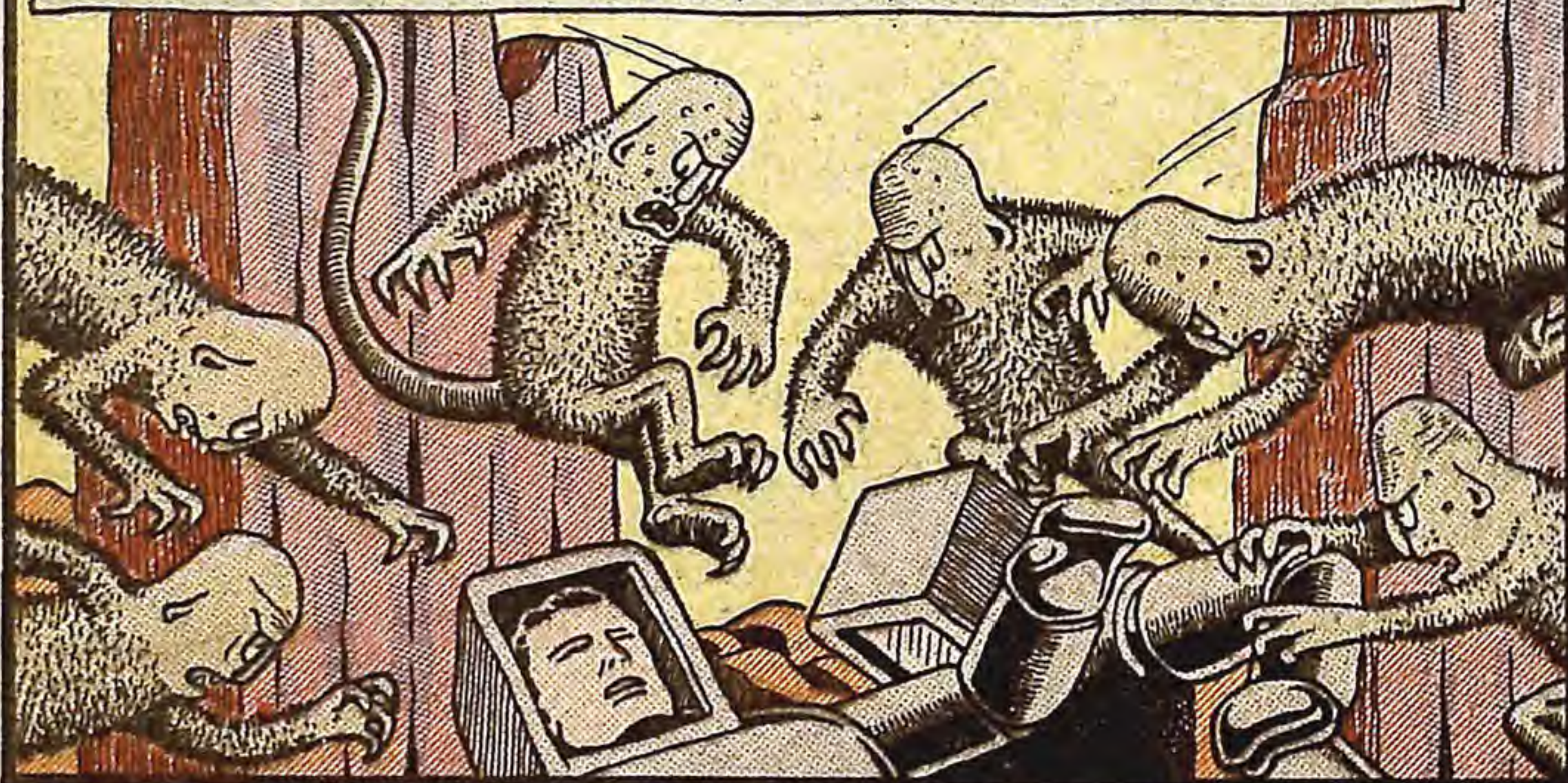
ONE BY ONE, THE SAND RATS COME OUT OF THE GROUND.



SILENTLY THEY SURROUND THE MEN WHOM THEY BELIEVE CAME WITH THE PURPOSE OF MURDERING THEIR GIANT LEADER AND DESTROYING THEIR HABITAT



SUDDENLY THEY CHARGE. BEFORE NICK AND KODI CAN REACH FOR THEIR PISTOLS OR TURN ON THEIR ANTI-GRAVITY FORCE, THEY ARE BURIED IN A MOUND OF SAVAGE, STRUGGLING BODIES....



FINDING THAT THE VICTIMS' SHELLS ARE MUCH TOO HARD TO BE DENTED BY BARE FISTS, ONE OF THE SAND RATS GIVES AN ORDER TO ATTACK WITH STONES....



THE CREATURES FALL BACK TO GET WEAPONS, AND UNWITTINGLY PROVIDE THE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PATROLMEN TO SNAP THEIR ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS INTO ACTION....



WITH MANY SAND RATS CLINGING TO THEM, THE MEN SLOWLY RISE INTO THE AIR....

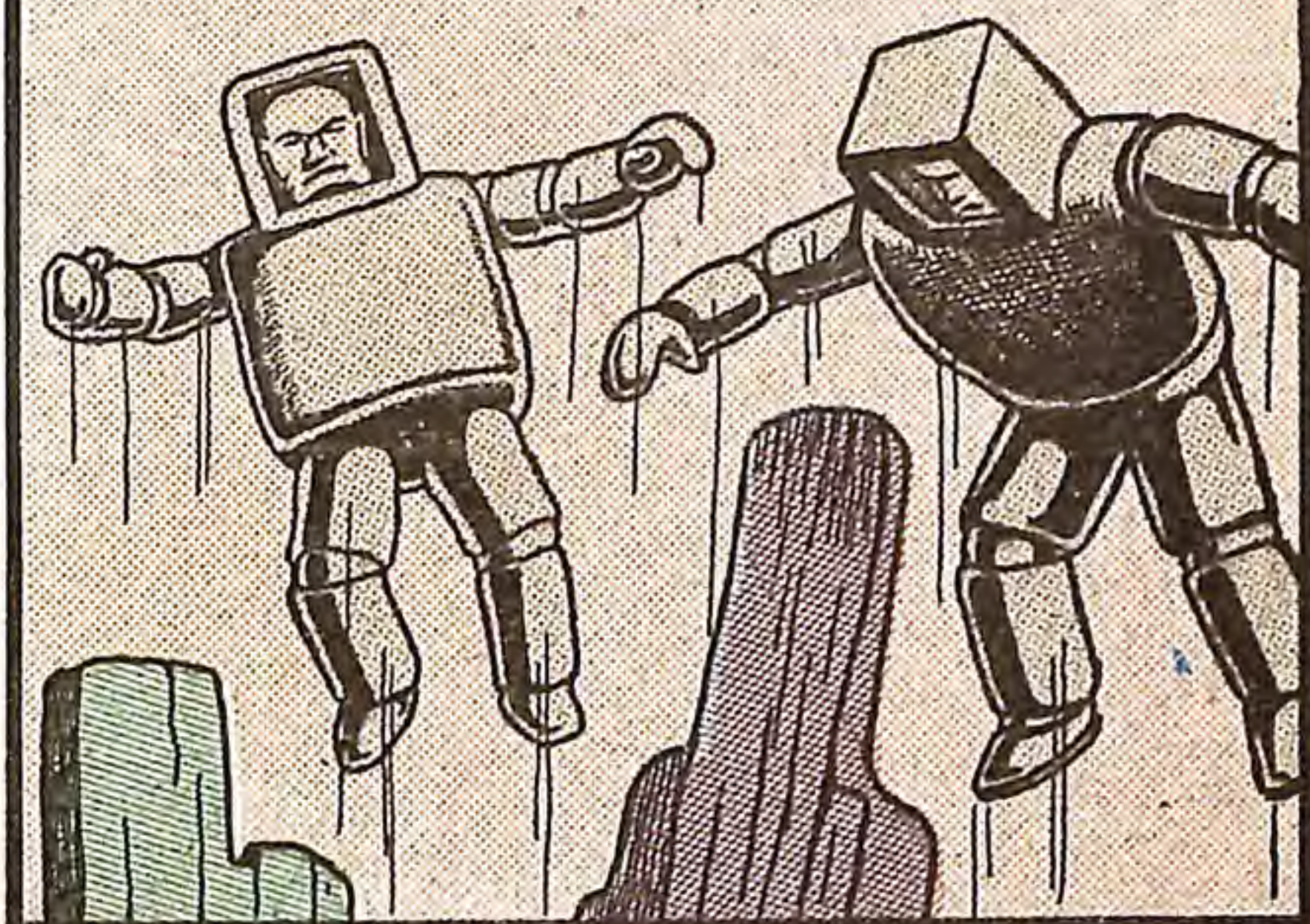


HAMMERED BY ARMORED FISTS, THE SAND RATS ARE FORCED TO DROP OFF



WHEW! THAT WAS A TOUGH STRUGGLE! THOSE SAND RATS ARE PLENTY FIERCE!

WE COULD TAME THEM IF WE HAD OUR PISTOLS! THEY RIPPED THEM OFF US — HOLSTERS AND ALL!



WITH THE HOPE OF BEING PICKED UP, NICK AND KODI WHISK UP INTO THE TRAFFIC LANES OF MARS' STRATOSPHERE



WE'RE IN LUCK! HERE COMES A PASSENGER SHIP!



LOST YOUR SHIP, EH? THAT'S TOUGH! I'LL DROP YOU OFF AT THE NEAREST PATROL BASE! WE'LL BE OVER IT IN A FEW MINUTES!

THAT'S FINE, CAPTAIN! WE NEED TO GET ANOTHER SHIP RIGHT AWAY!



NOW THAT YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO RECONSIDER, WHAT'S YOUR LATEST OPINION OF OUR OLD MARTIAN SUPERSTITIONS?

YOU WIN, KODI! IF WE CAN MAKE A FEW MILLION JUST BY GOING BACK AND GETTING THOSE RELICS — I'LL BELIEVE ANYTHING!



THE END

Speed CENTAUR

by
MALCOLM
KILDALE



SEA MONSTER
STRIKES
AGAIN! —
EAST COAST
SHIPPING
TIED UP!



THE
U.S.S.
RANGER
SETS
OUT TO
PATROL
THE AREA
OF THE
LAST
DISASTER.



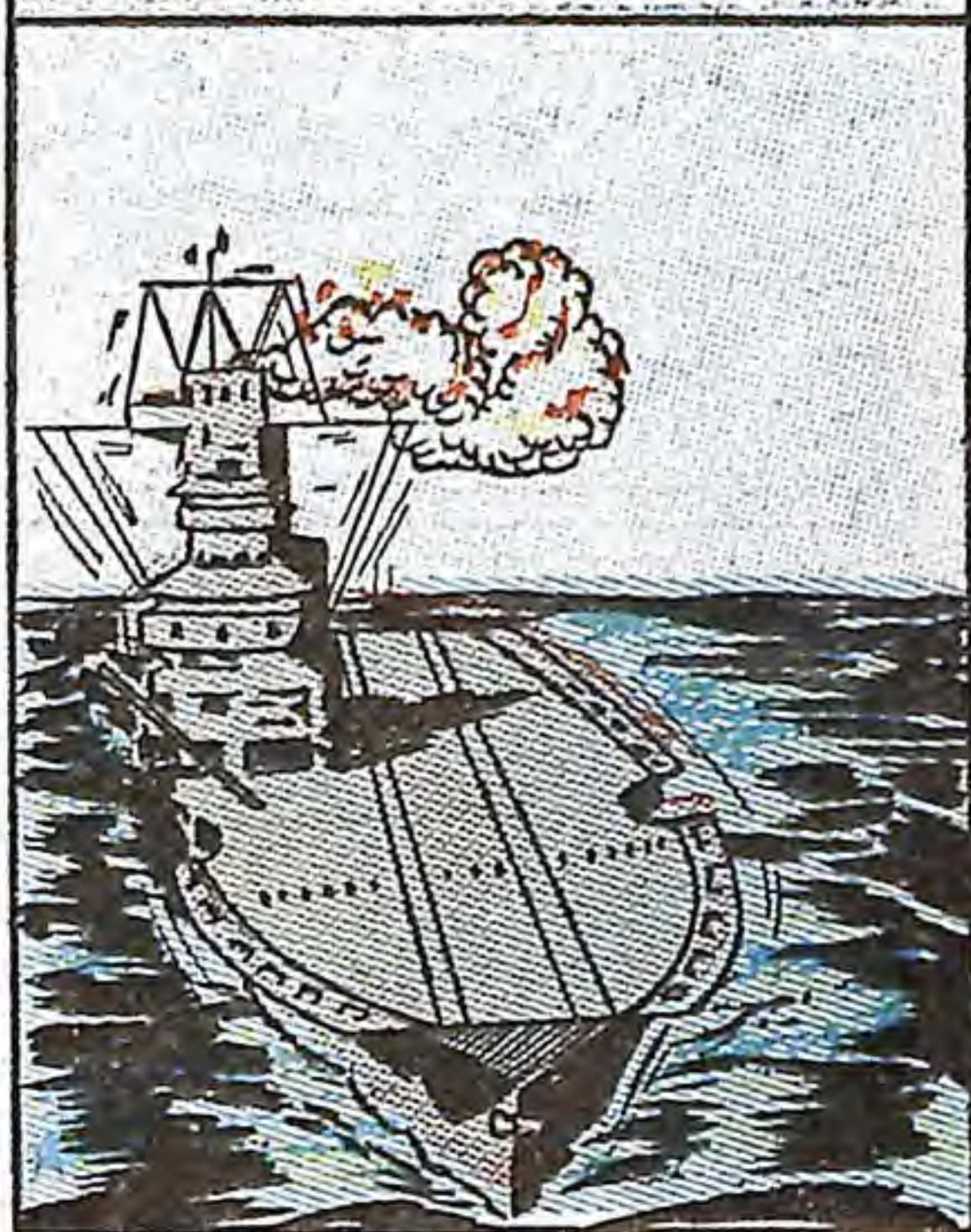
AS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER
NEARS THE SCENE OF
DISASTER, A LOOK OUT
NOTICES AN AREA OF
BLACK INKY WATER. —



HEAD FOR THAT WATER
WE'LL SEE WHAT IT IS.



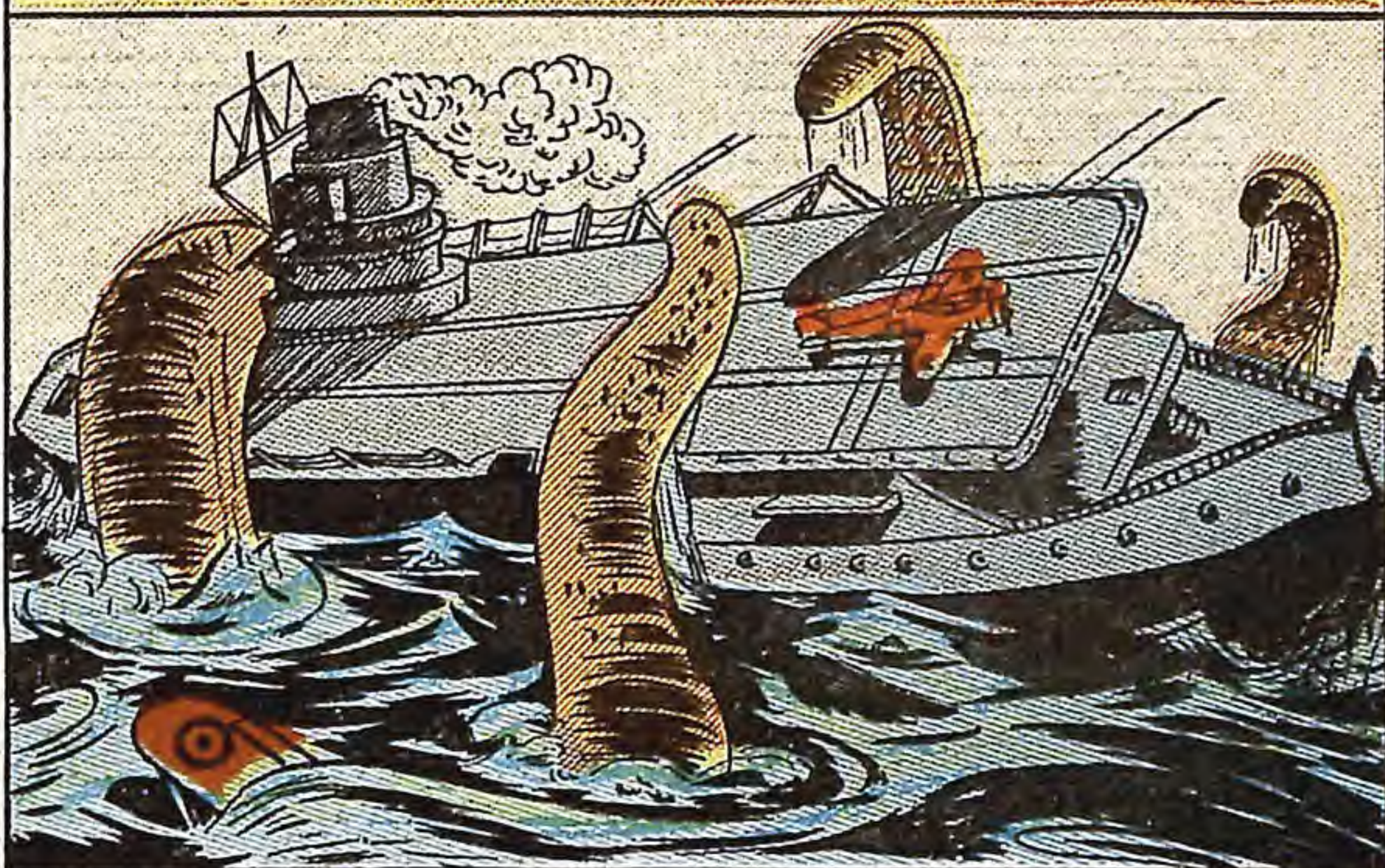
SUDDENLY THE SHIP
SHUDDERS FROM STEM TO
STERN AS THOUGH IT HAD
STRUCK A REEF! —



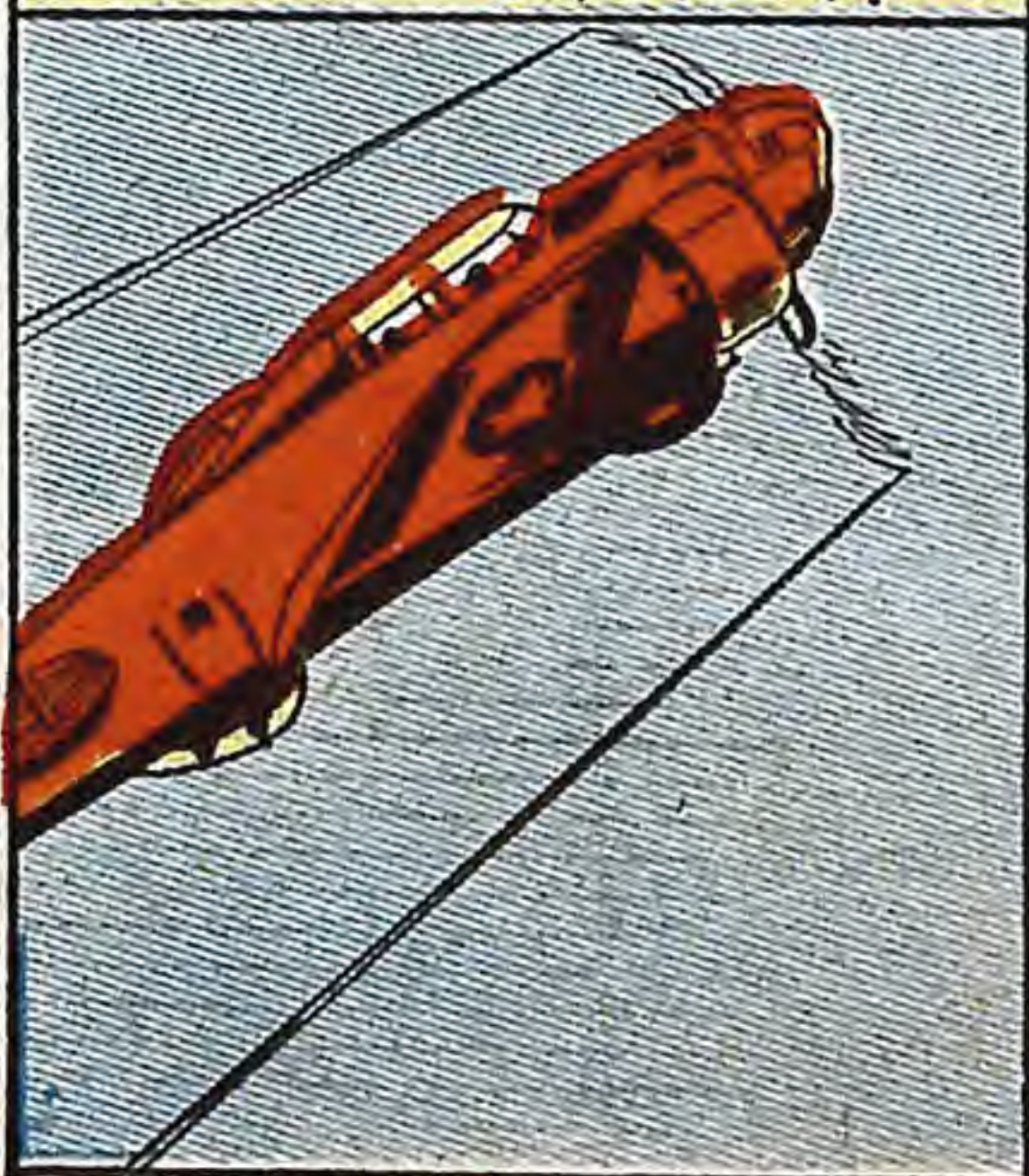
GREAT SCOTT SIR,
LOOK! THE MONSTER!



THE TENTACLES OF THE SEA MONSTER WRAP THEM-
SELVES AROUND THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER. —



IN A SPEEDY TAKE-OFF
A LONE BOMBER IS
ABLE TO LEAVE THE
AIRCRAFT CARRIER. —



AS IT CIRCLES BACK TO
DROP ITS BOMBS, A
LONG ARM OF THE
MONSTER REACHES UP
SLAMMING THE PLANE
INTO THE SEA. —



SLOWLY THE HUGE AIR-
CRAFT CARRIER IS
DRAGGED DOWN TO THE
DARK DEPTHS OF THE
OCEAN AND HOME OF
THIS HORRIBLE MONSTER.



IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT,

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AND I THINK THE ONLY THING THAT WILL STOP THIS MONSTER IS A SUBMARINE,



THE SUBMARINE S.R.O. LEAVES ITS BASE AND HEADS OUT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF THE MONSTER. — — —



IN THE SUBMARINE A FEW HOURS LATER. —

(PREPARE) TORPEDO TUBES FOR ACTION, I'VE SIGHTED IT!



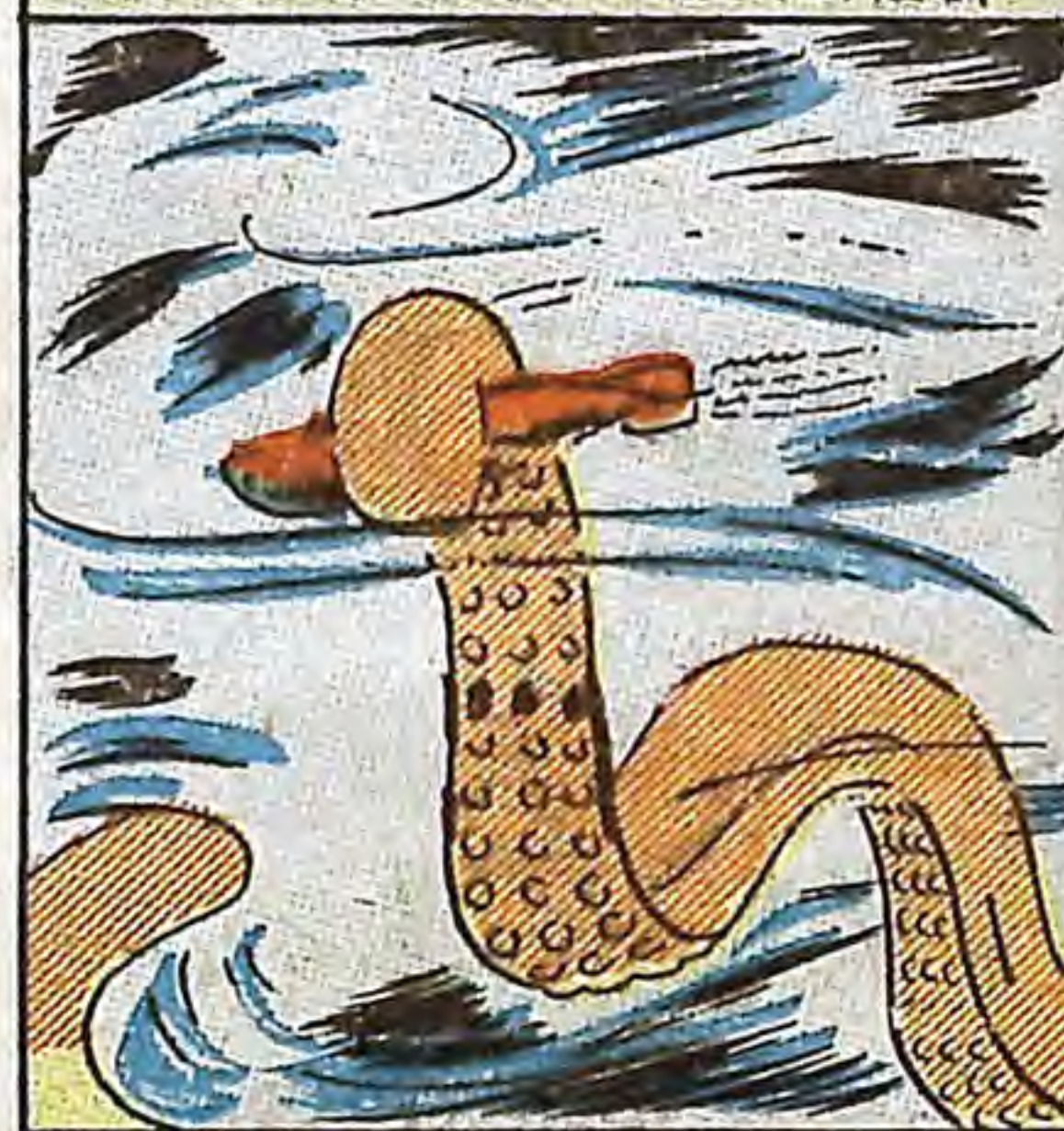
AS THE SUB NEARS THE MONSTER, A LONG ARM REACHES OUT TO GRASP IT. — — —



JUST THEN THE TORPEDOS ARE FIRED, — EXPLODING AGAINST THE TENTACLE AND TEARING IT FROM THE BODY OF THE MONSTER. — — —



ANOTHER TENTACLE REACHES FOR THE SUB AND BEFORE MORE TORPEDOES CAN BE RELEASED THE SUB IS IN THE MONSTER'S CLUTCHES. —



THE HORRIBLE CREATURE SWIMS TOWARD THE SURFACE DRAGGING THE SUB WITH IT.



THE TENTACLE, STILL HOLDING THE SUB, REACHES HIGH OUT OF THE WATER AND WITH SEEMING DEFIANCE, TOSSES IT HIGH IN THE AIR.



AS THE SUBMARINE CRASHES BACK INTO THE WATER, FALLING APART FROM THE SHOCK, THE MONSTER SINKS BACK TO THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN TO NURSE ITS WOUNDS.



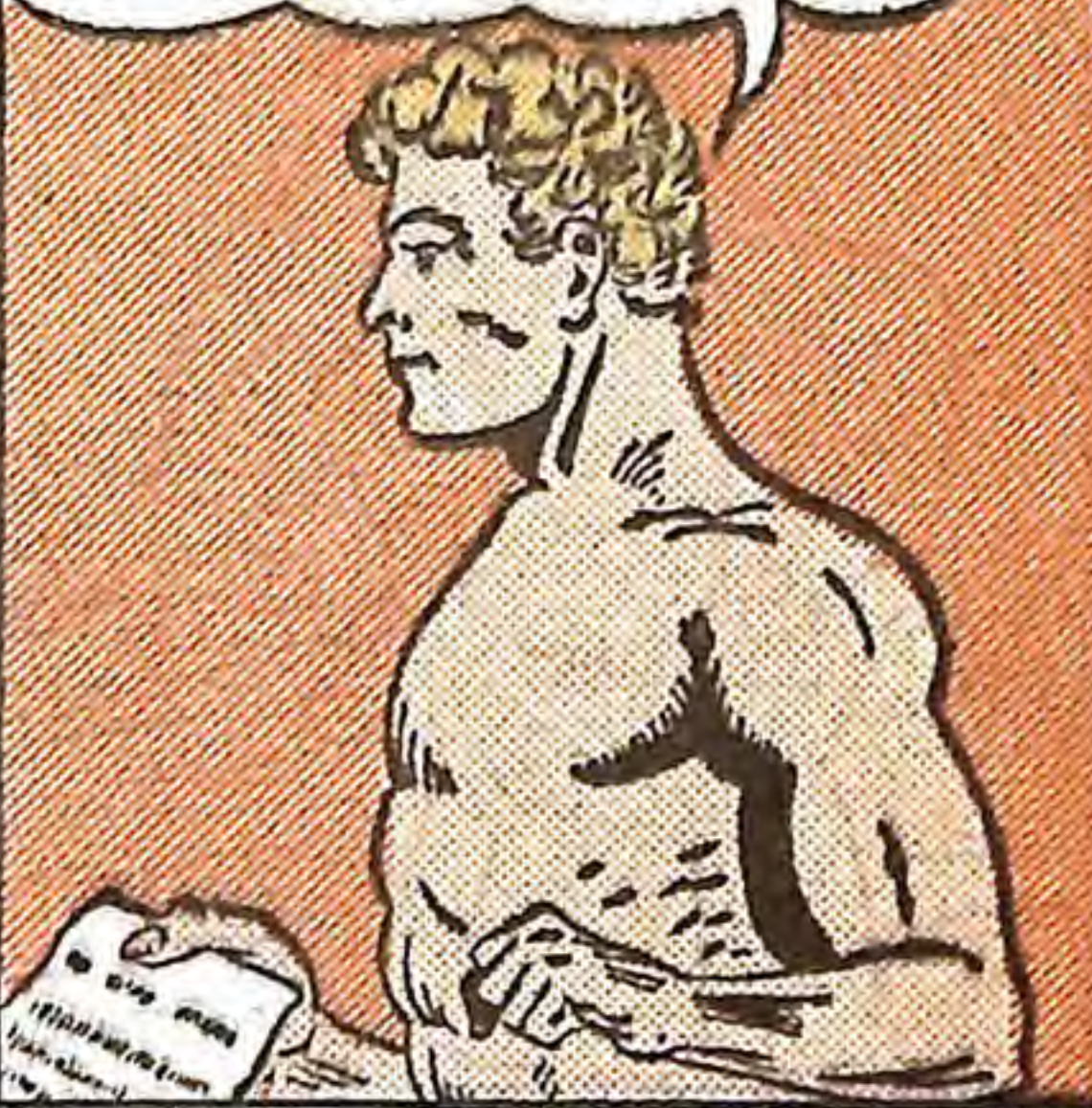
NEWS OF THE SUB DISASTER IS THE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION IN EVERY TOWN AND HAMLET IN THE COUNTRY WITH FEAR CLUTCHING THE HEART OF EVERY CITIZEN. — IN THE OFFICE OF THE "DAILY VIEWS" — "REEL MCCOY" PONDERES —



NEXT DAY ON NOB NOSE MT. — SPEED AND REEL DISCUSS THE SITUATION.



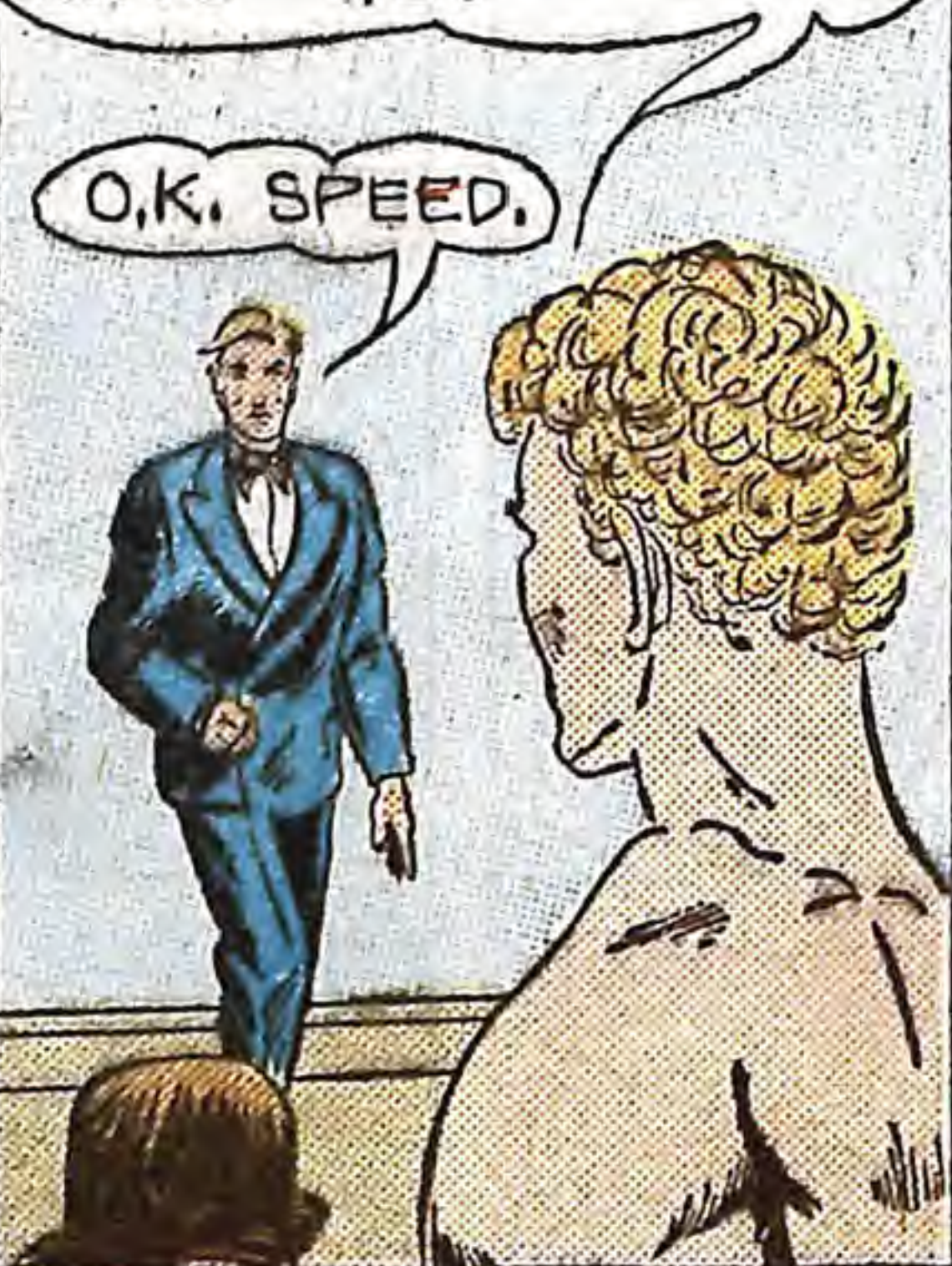
HERE'S A LIST OF THINGS I WANT. — I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET THEM BUT HAVE THEM FOR ME TOMORROW MORNING AT PIER SIX.



AT PIER SIX —



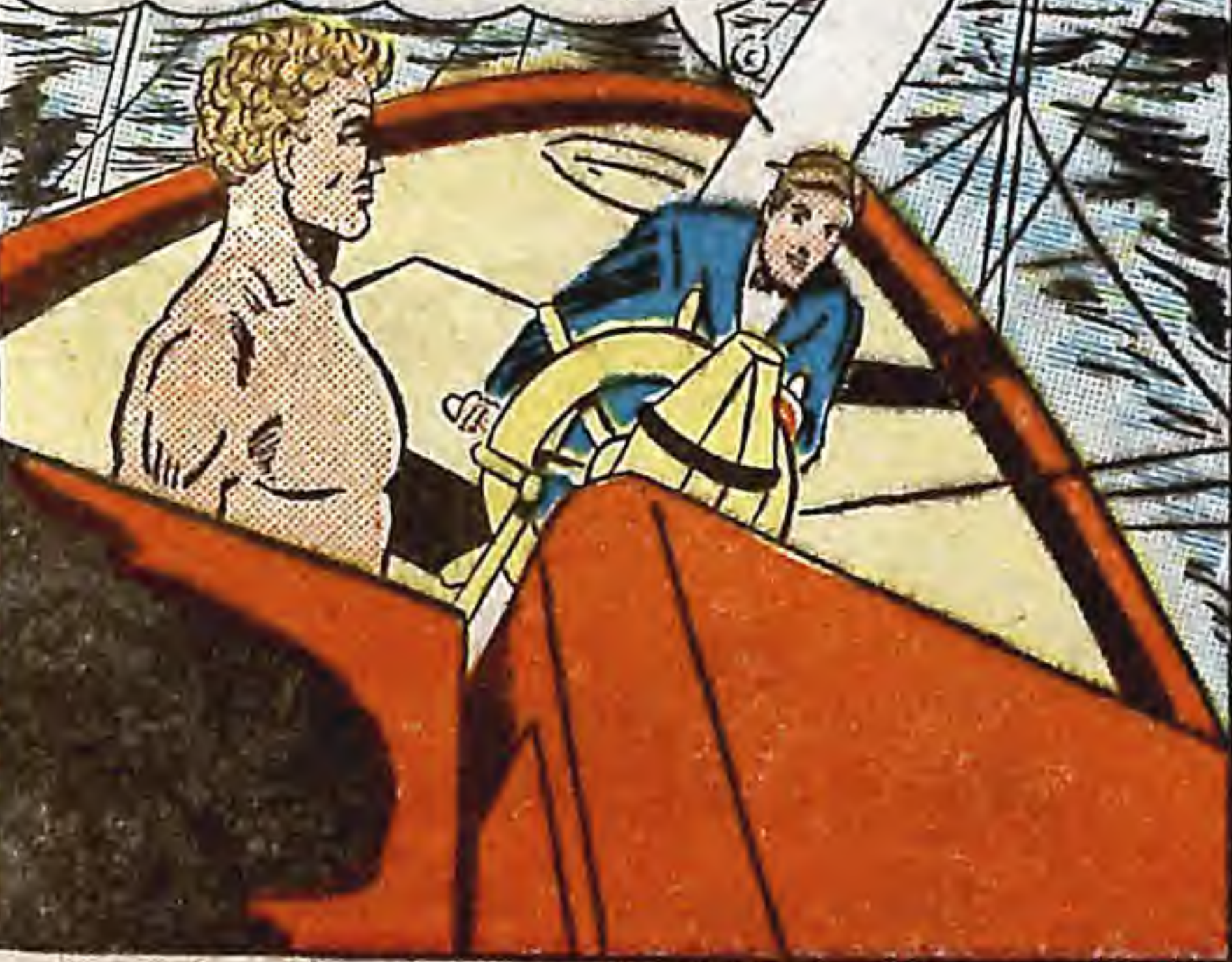
GET IN THE BOAT AND LETS GO!



WITH A STIFF BREEZE SPANKING HER SAILS THE SAILBOAT WITH "SPEED CENTAUR" AND "REEL MCCOY" HEADS OUT TO SEA.

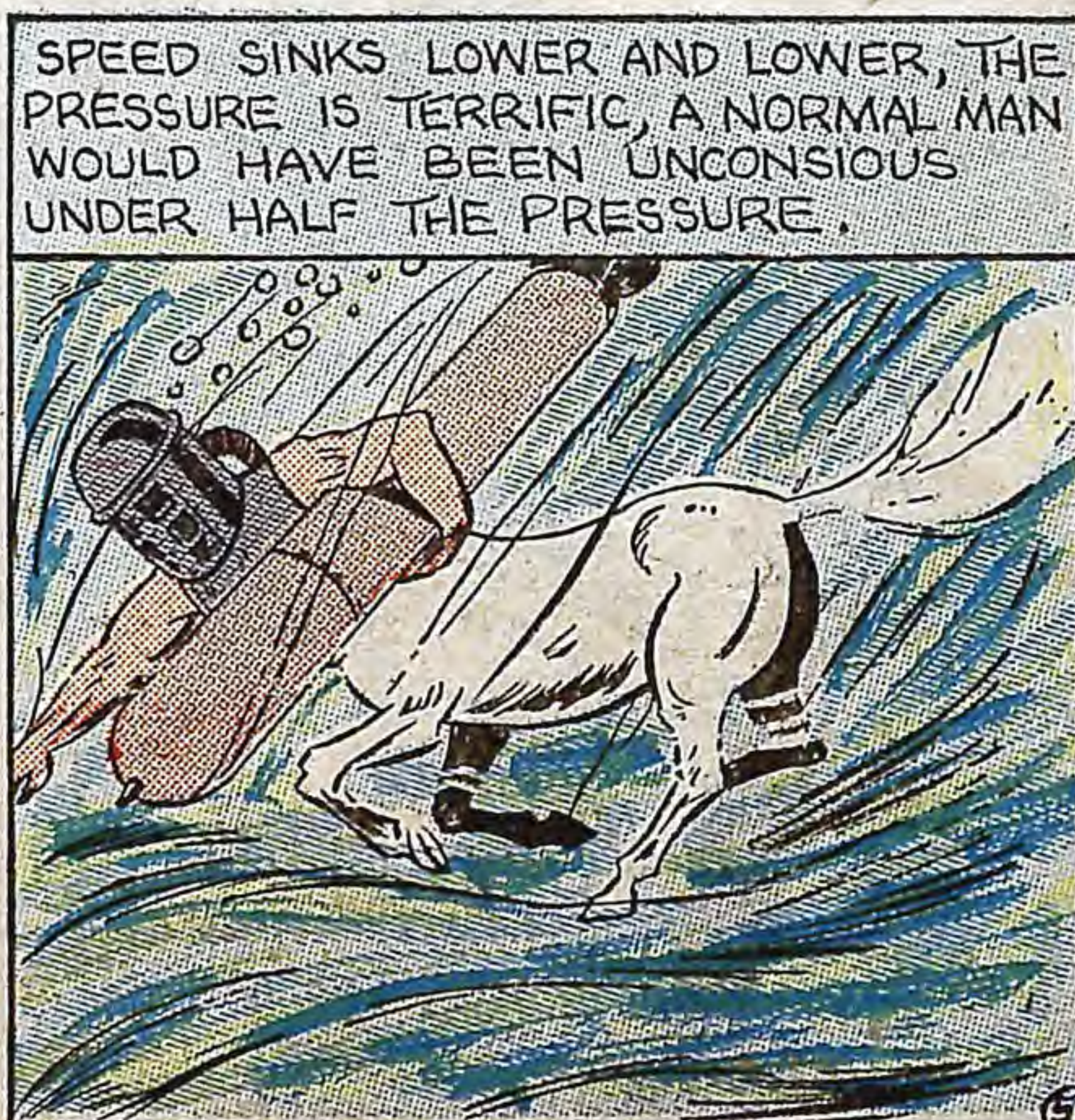
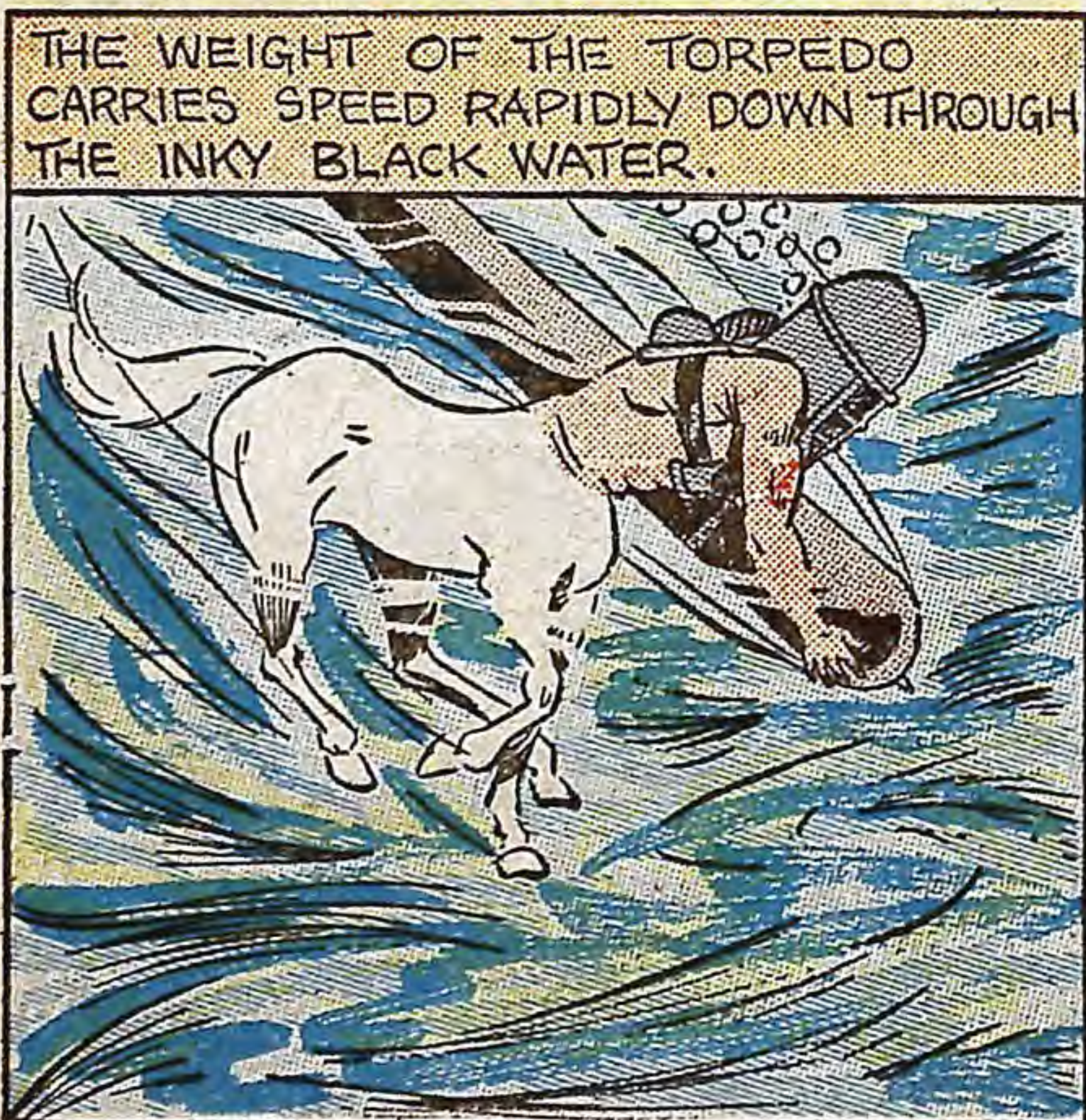
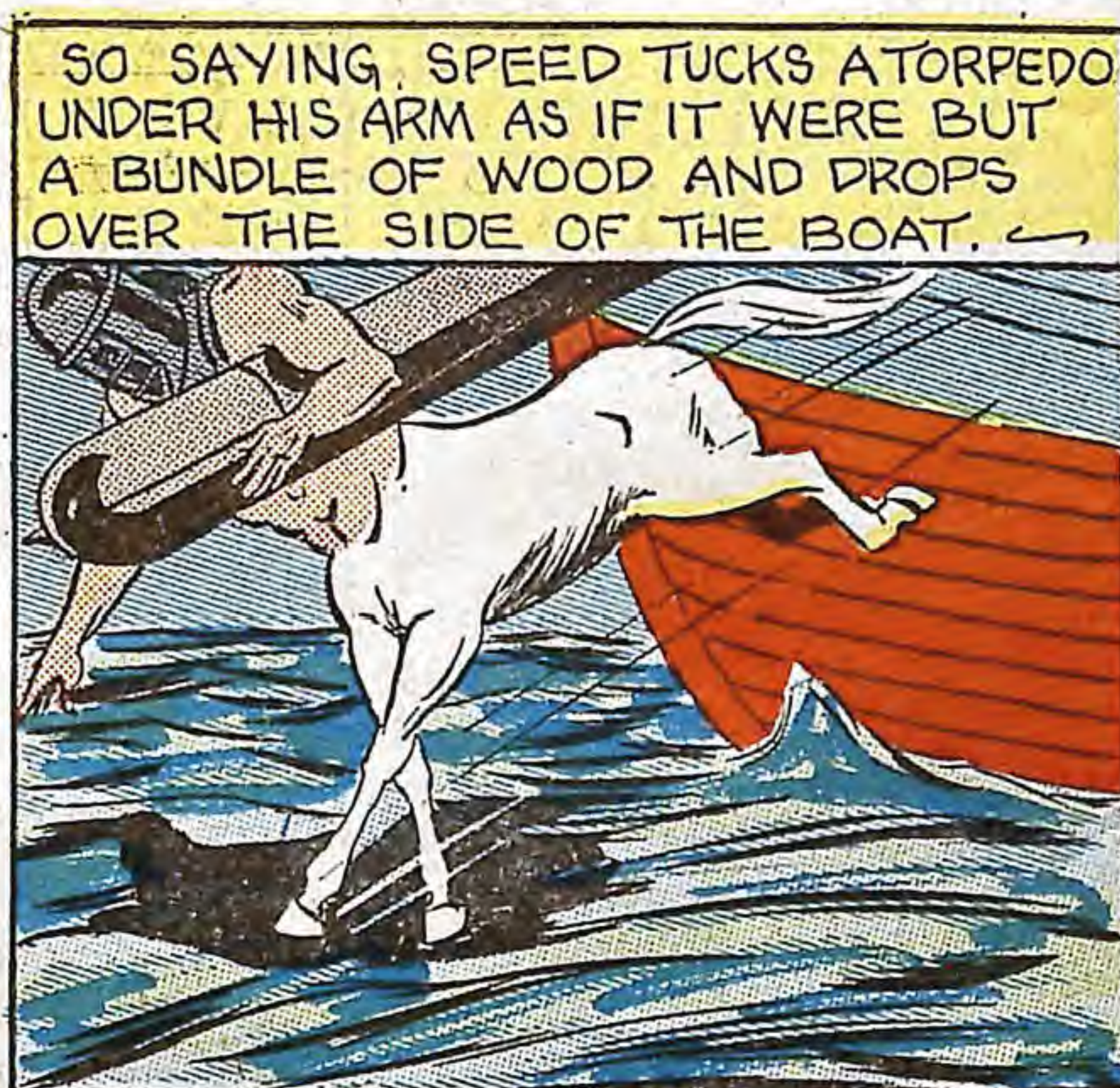


BUT SPEED WHAT'S THE IDEA OF A SAILBOAT, WE COULD REACH THE AREA WHERE THE MONSTER IS IN HALF THE TIME IN A MOTOR LAUNCH.



YOU SEE, THIS MONSTER FEELS THE VIBRATIONS OF A SHIPS SCREWS, RISES AT THE SOUND AND DESTROYS THE SHIP. — THAT'S WHY WE HAVE A SAILBOAT. THERE'S NO NOISE!



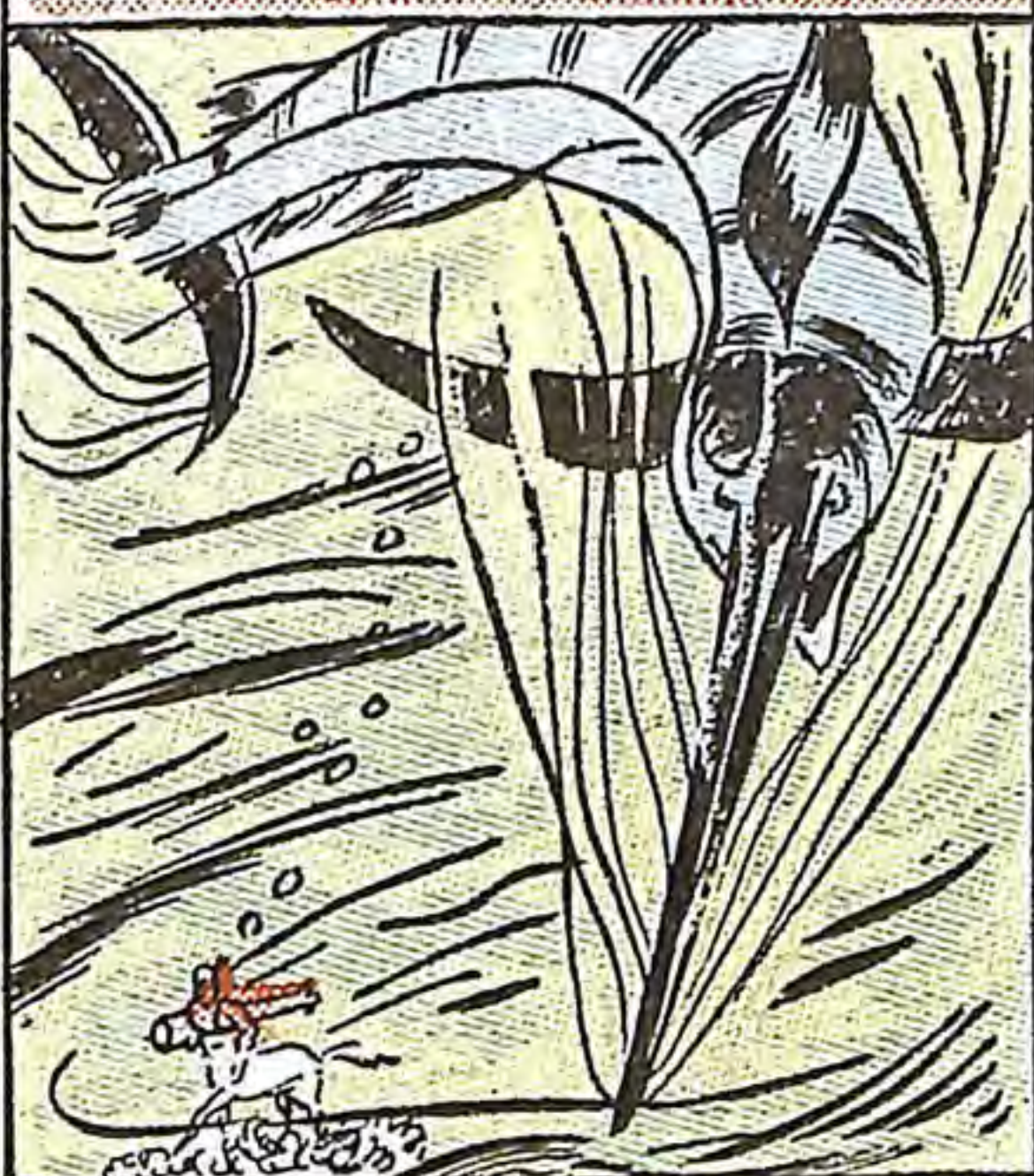


AT LAST SPEED HAS REACHED THE OCEAN FLOOR.

HA! THERE IT IS OVER THERE. — WHY IT'S A GIANT SQUID!



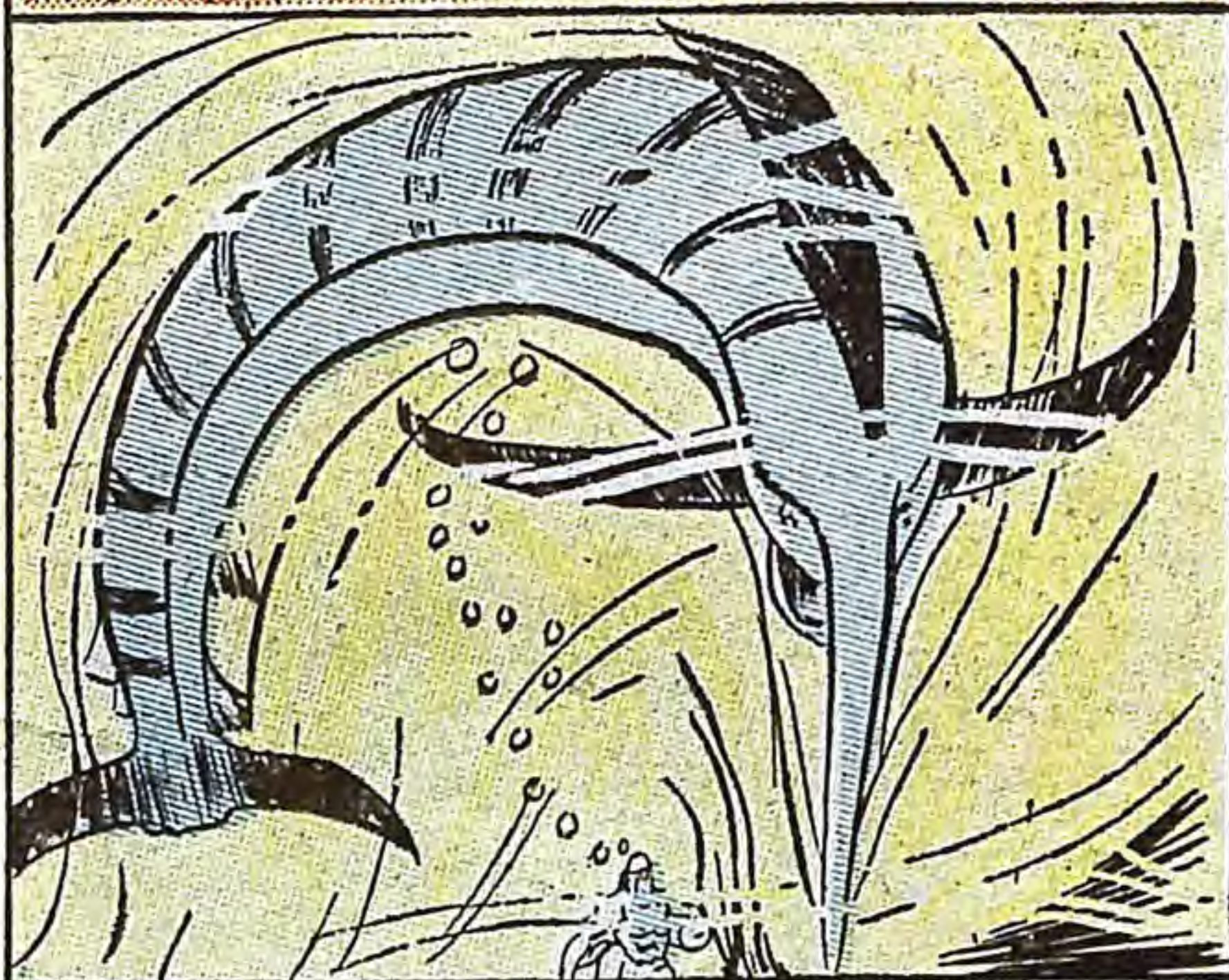
AS SPEED WALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE SQUID A HUGE BLUE MARLIN DIVES AT HIM FROM ABOVE.



SPEED DUCKS LOW AND AVOIDS THE SLASH OF THE BLUE MARLIN —



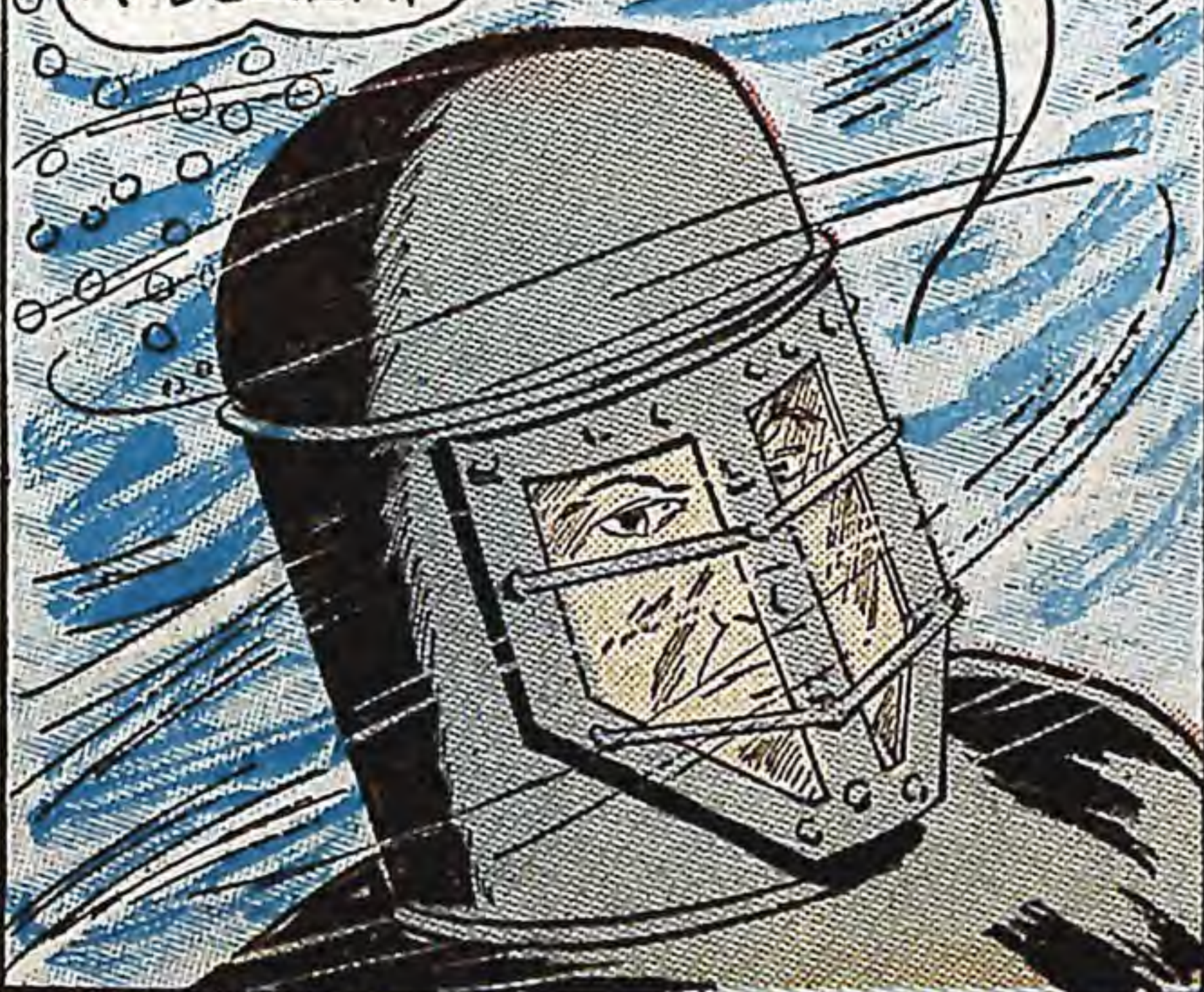
THE MARLIN TURNS AND DIVES ONCE MORE, BUT THIS TIME SPEED WAS WAITING FOR HIM.



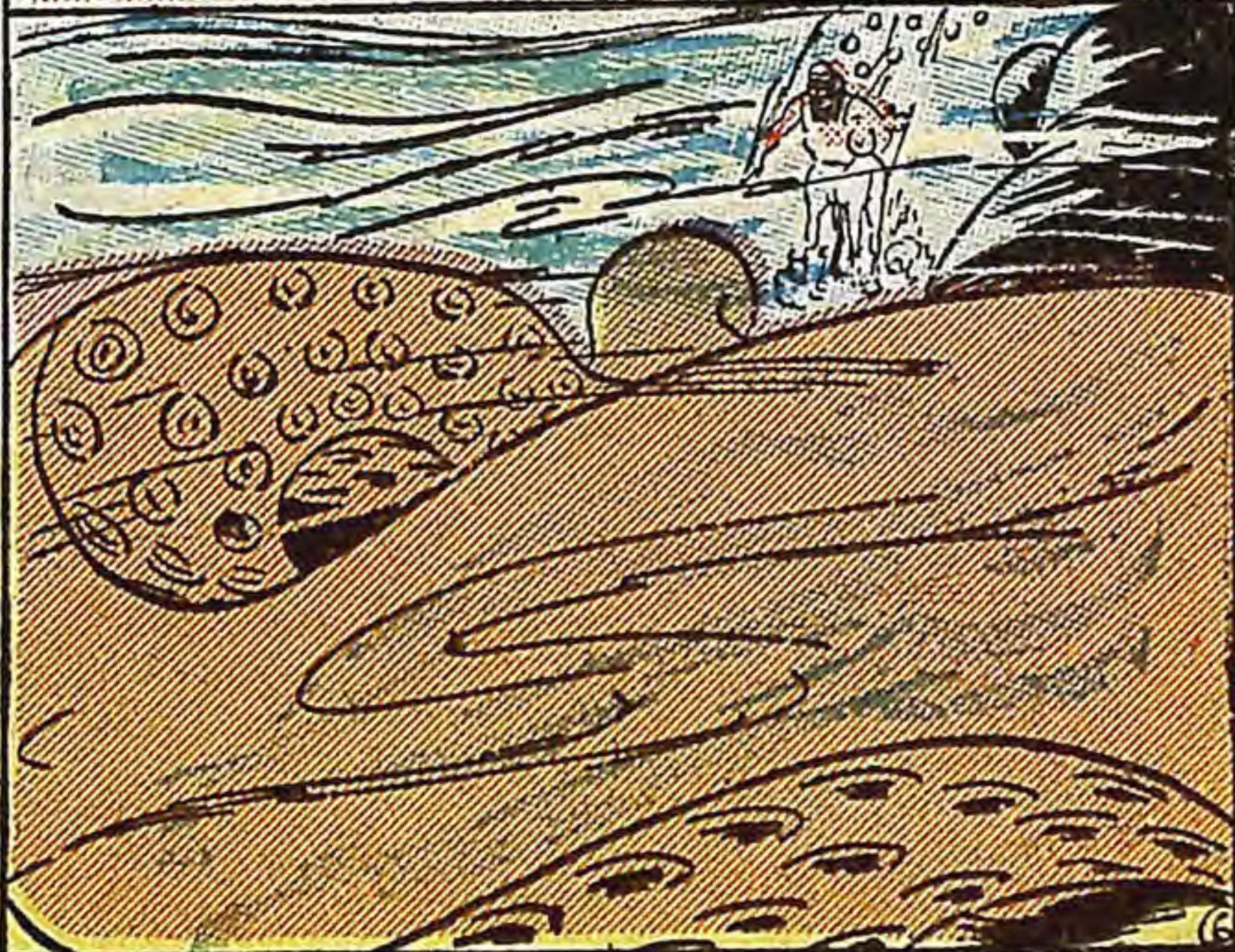
WITH HIS FREE HAND, SPEED GRABBED THE MARLIN AND SMASHED IT TO THE OCEAN FLOOR KILLING IT INSTANTLY.

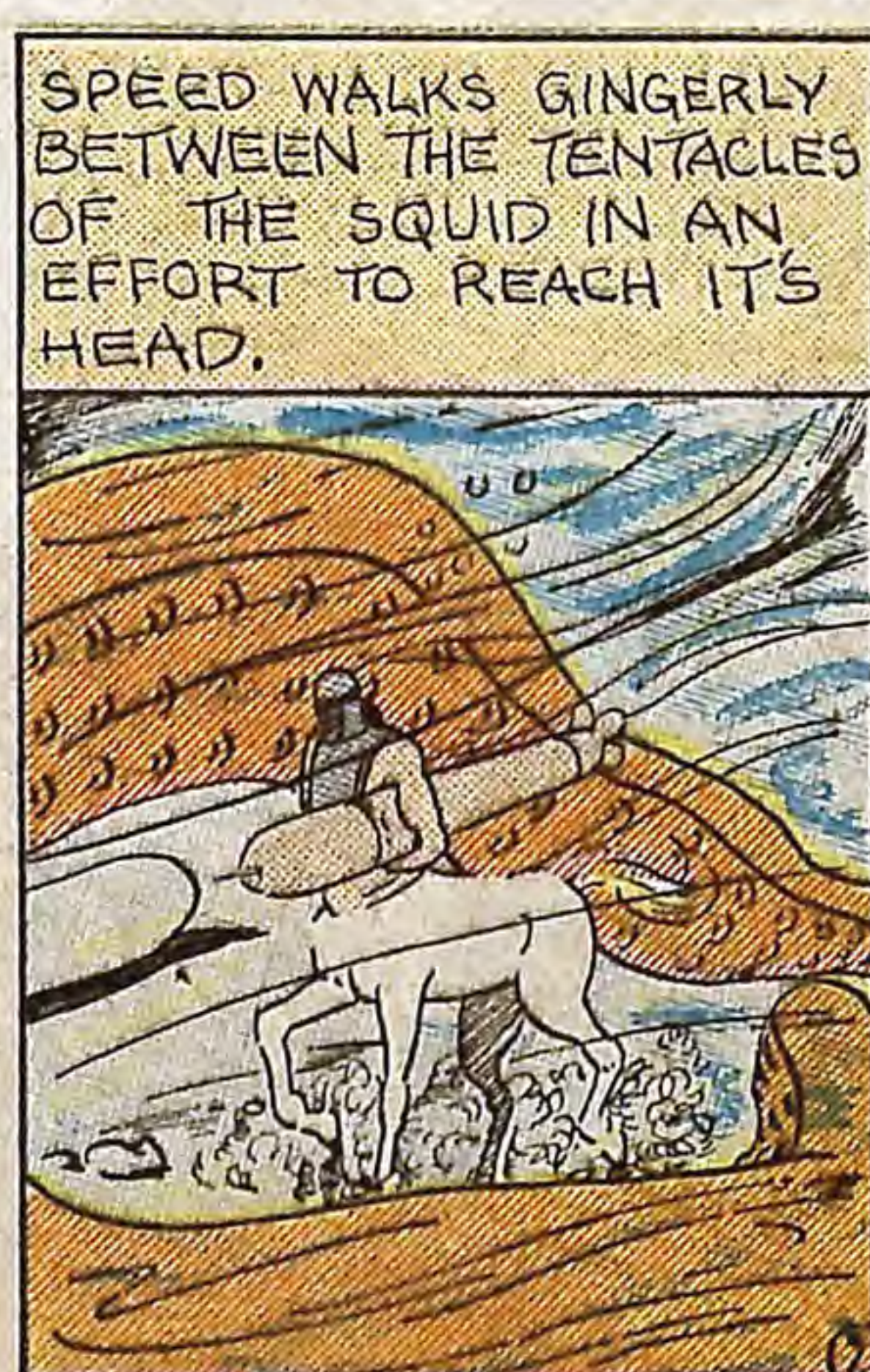
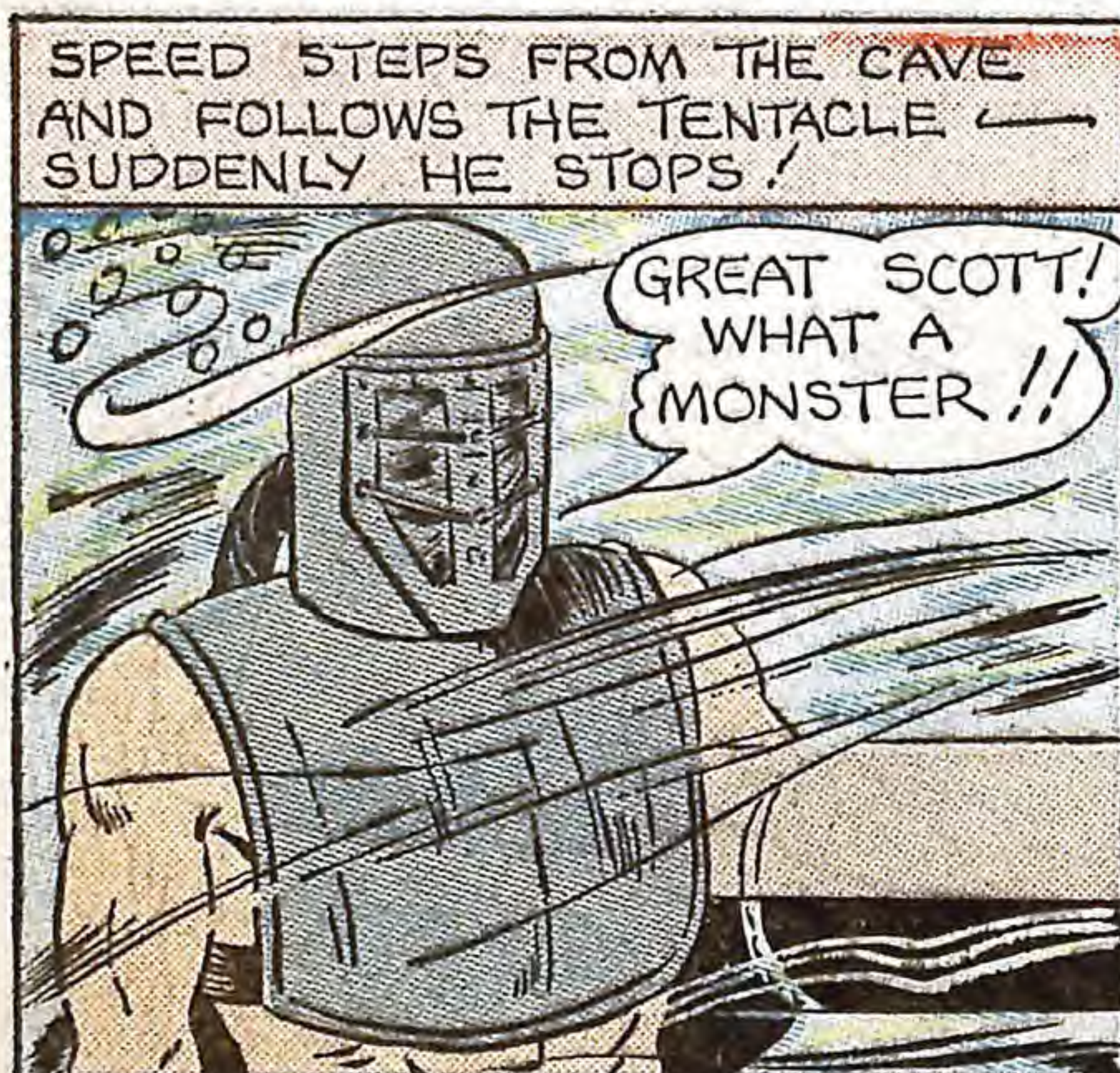
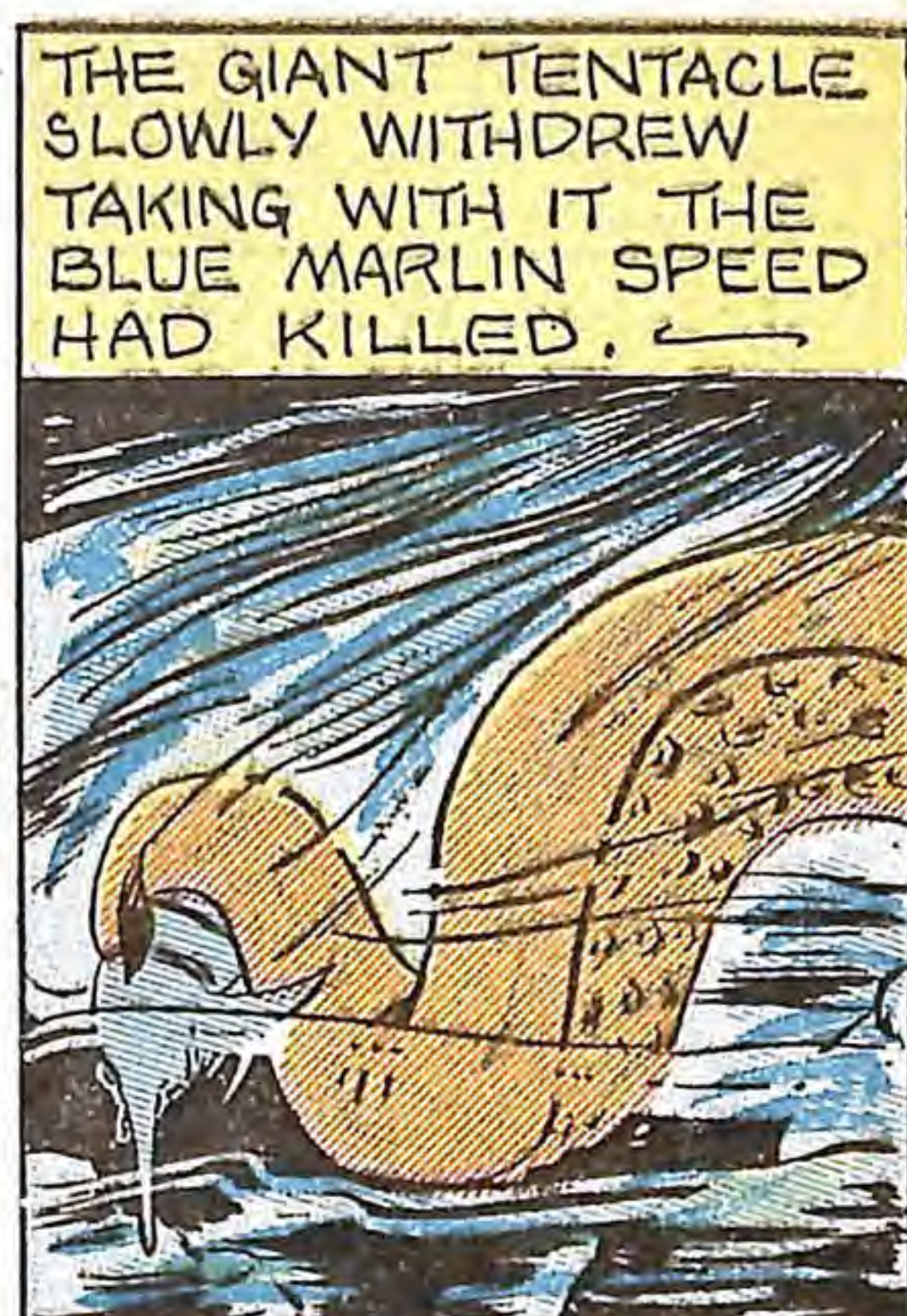


WELL I HOPE I DON'T MEET ANY MORE OF YOUR KIND, I CAME DOWN HERE TO KILL ONE MONSTER NOT A DOZEN.

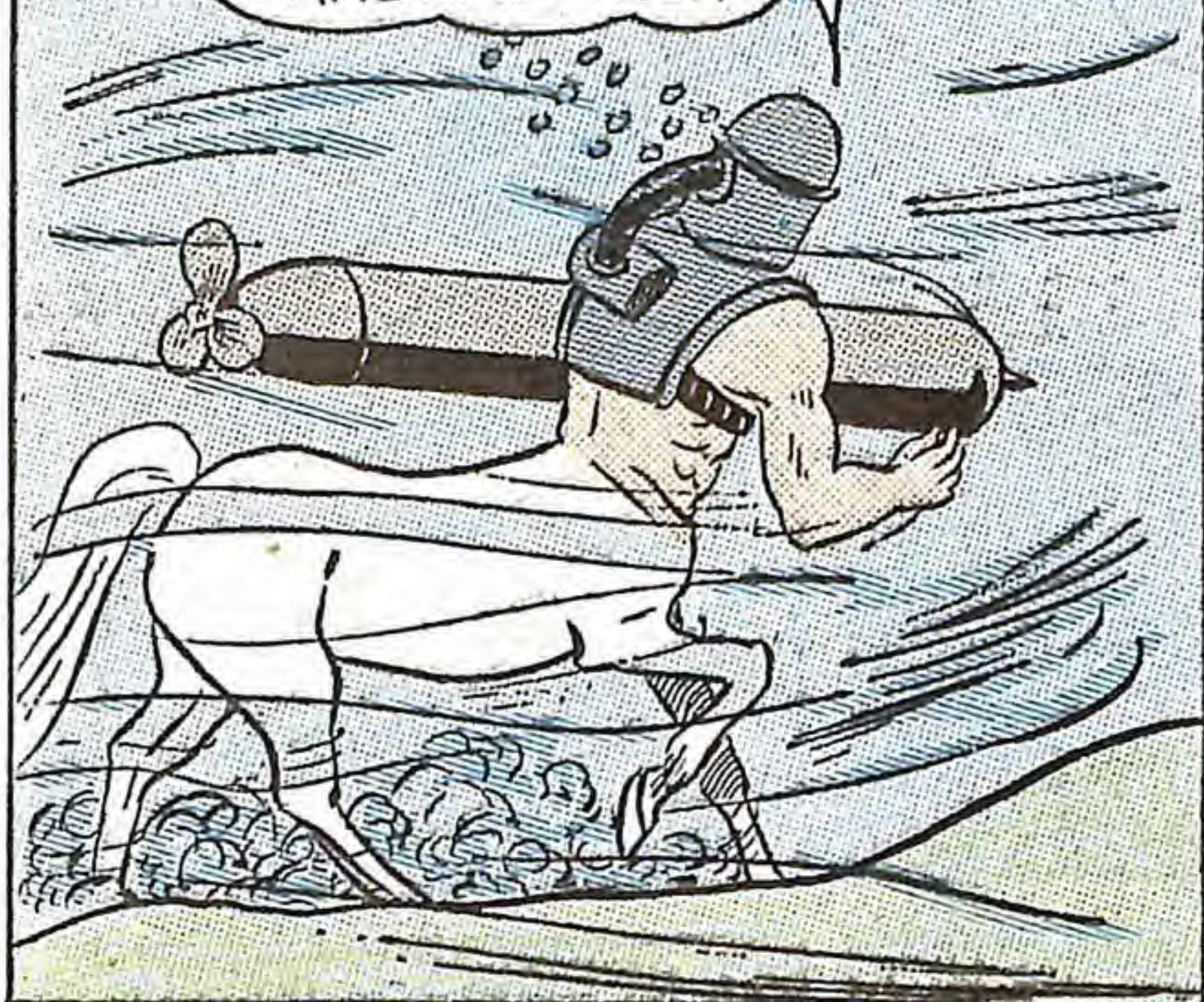


AT THAT MOMENT A TENTACLE OF THE GIANT SQUID MOVES ALONG THE FLOOR OF THE OCEAN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DISTURBANCE AND SPEED IS IN ITS PATH.

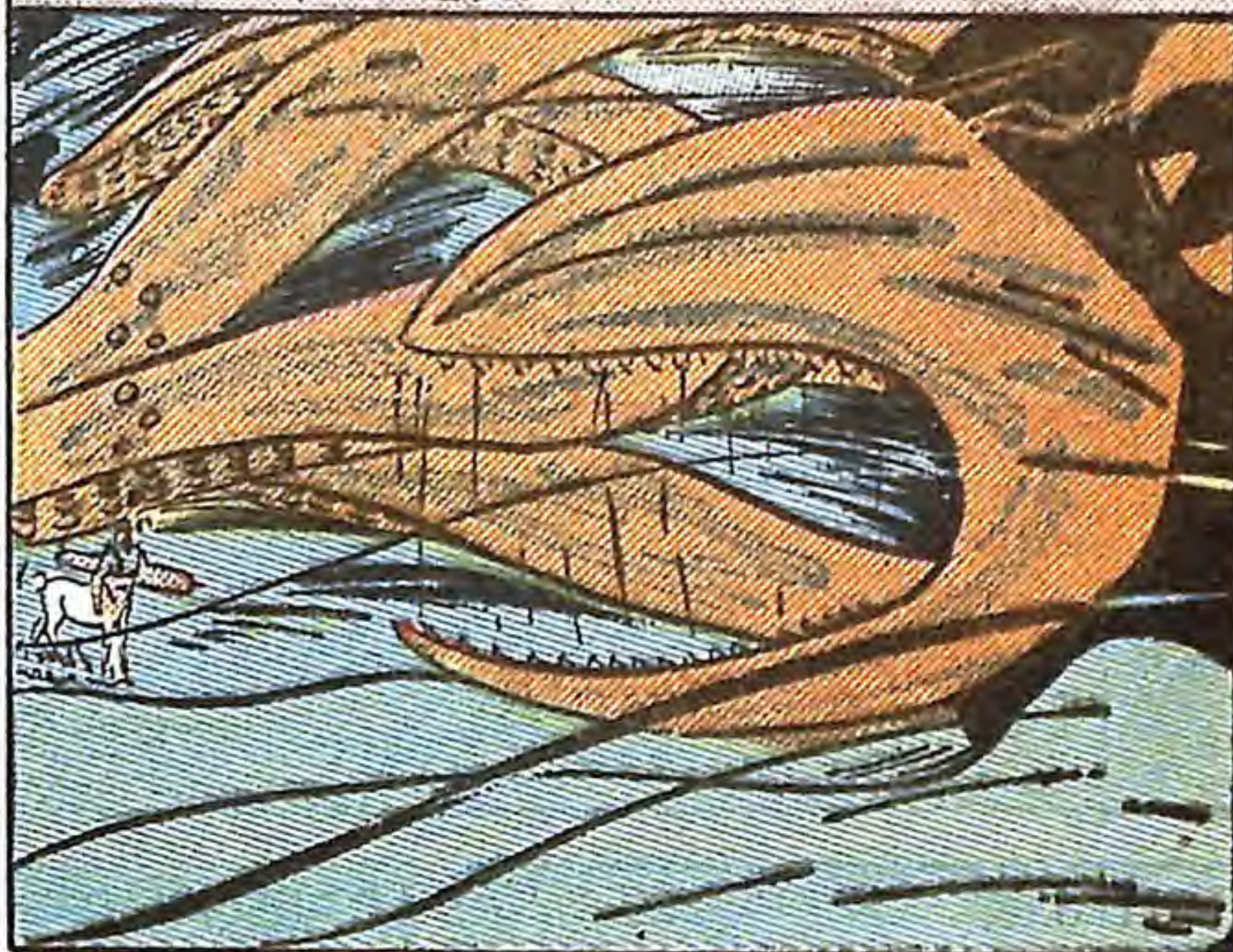




JUST A LITTLE FURTHER NOW, I
HOPE THIS BABY DOESN'T GET
AFFECTIONATE AND WRAP ITS ARMS
AROUND ME!



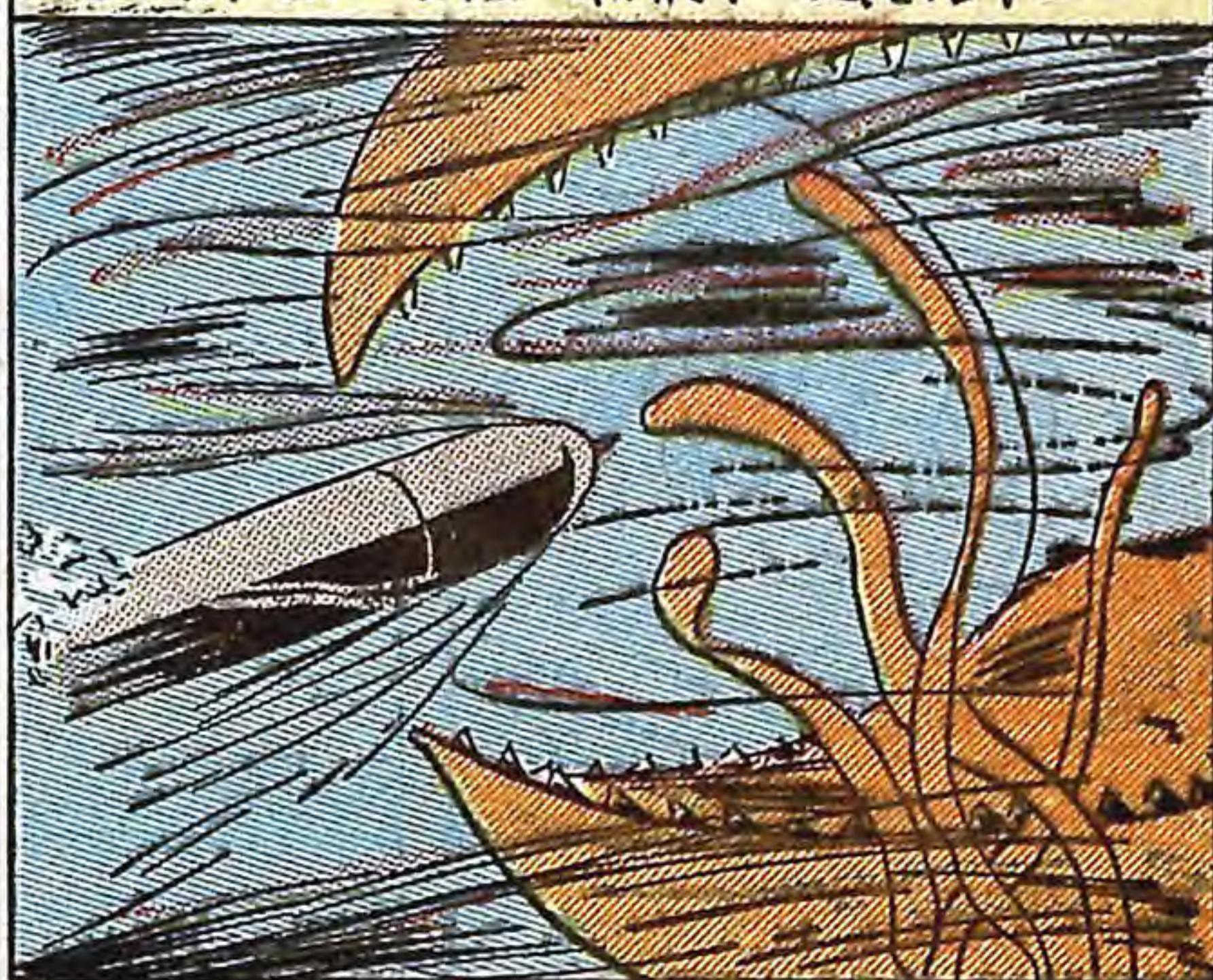
SPEED IS NEAR THE HEAD OF THE
MONSTER WHEN THE BRUTE SPIES
HIM. — ITS BEAK-LIKE MOUTH
OPENS WIDE AS IT PREPARES TO
DEVOUR SPEED. —



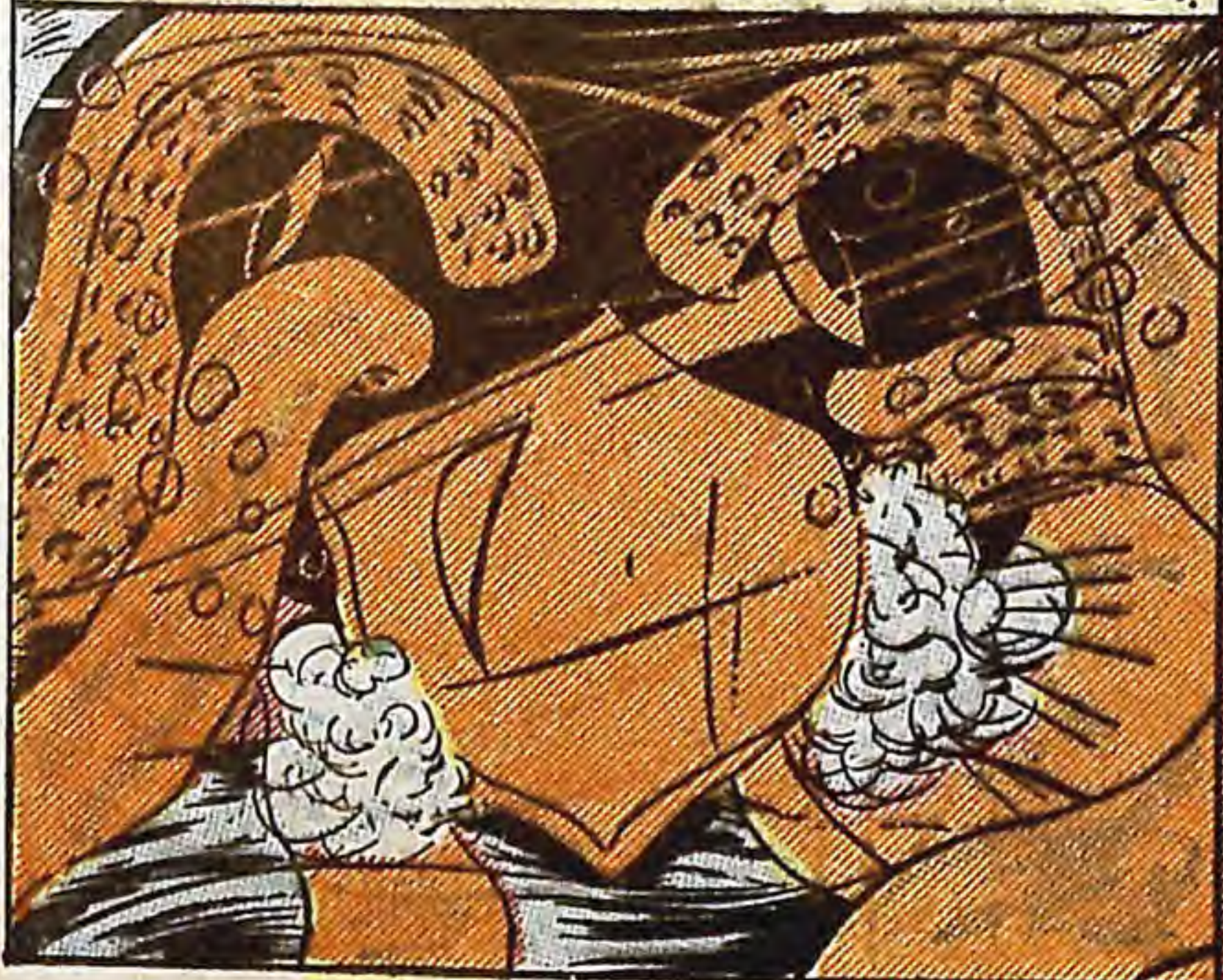
OH! NO YOU DON'T
PAL, CHEW ON
THIS AWHILE!



THE TORPEDO FLIES STRAIGHT AS
AN ARROW INTO THE YAWNING
MOUTH OF THE GIANT SQUID. —

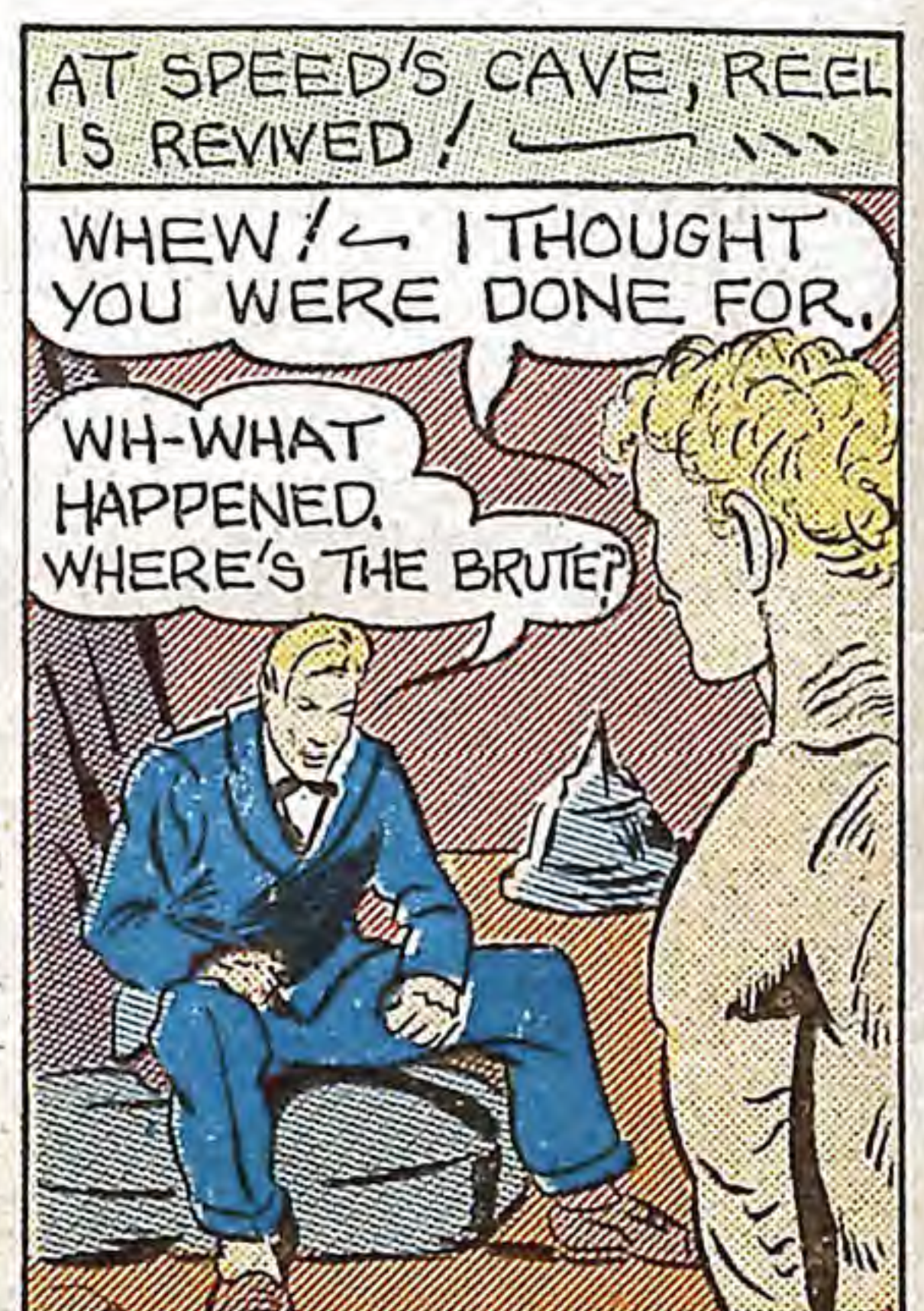
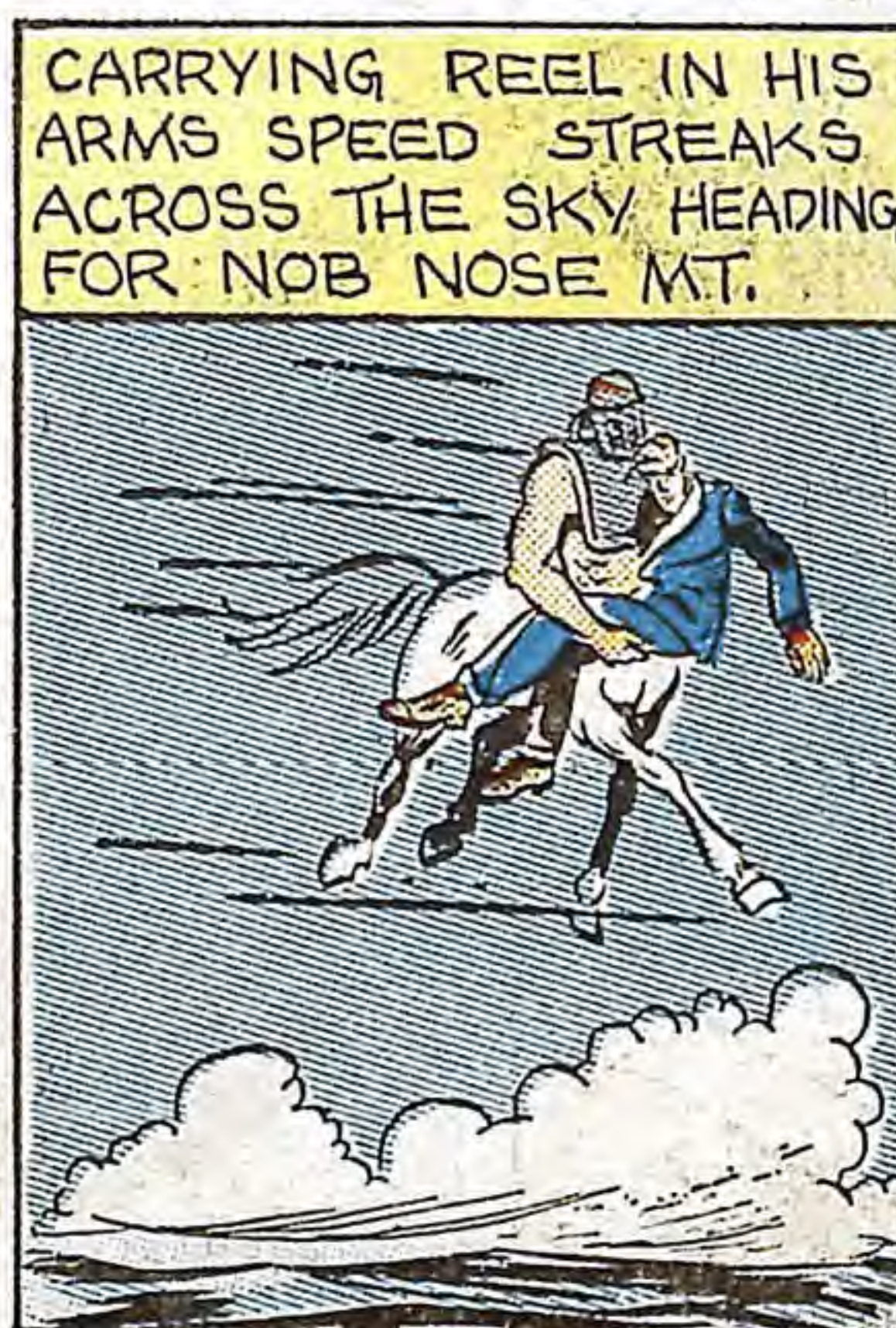
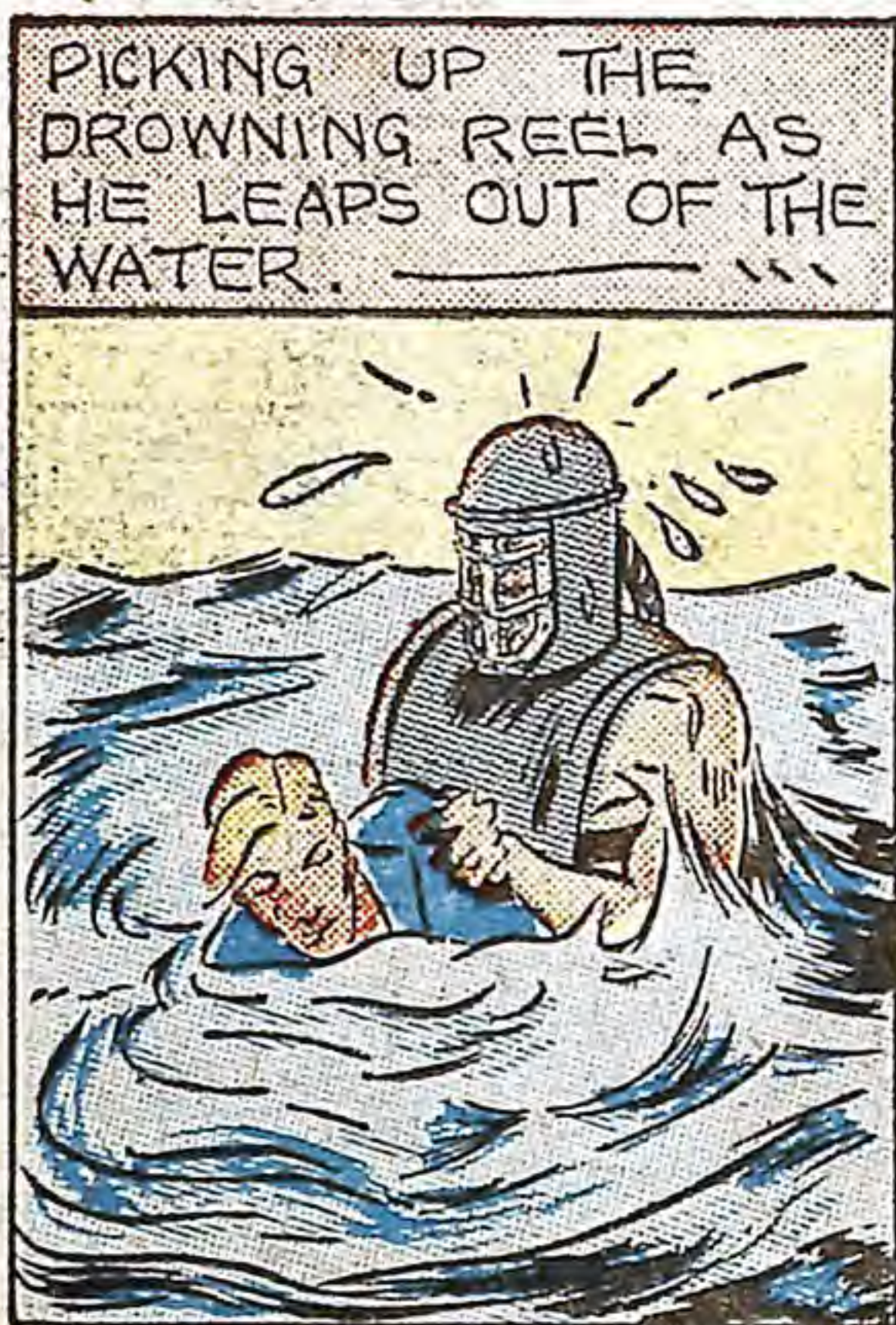
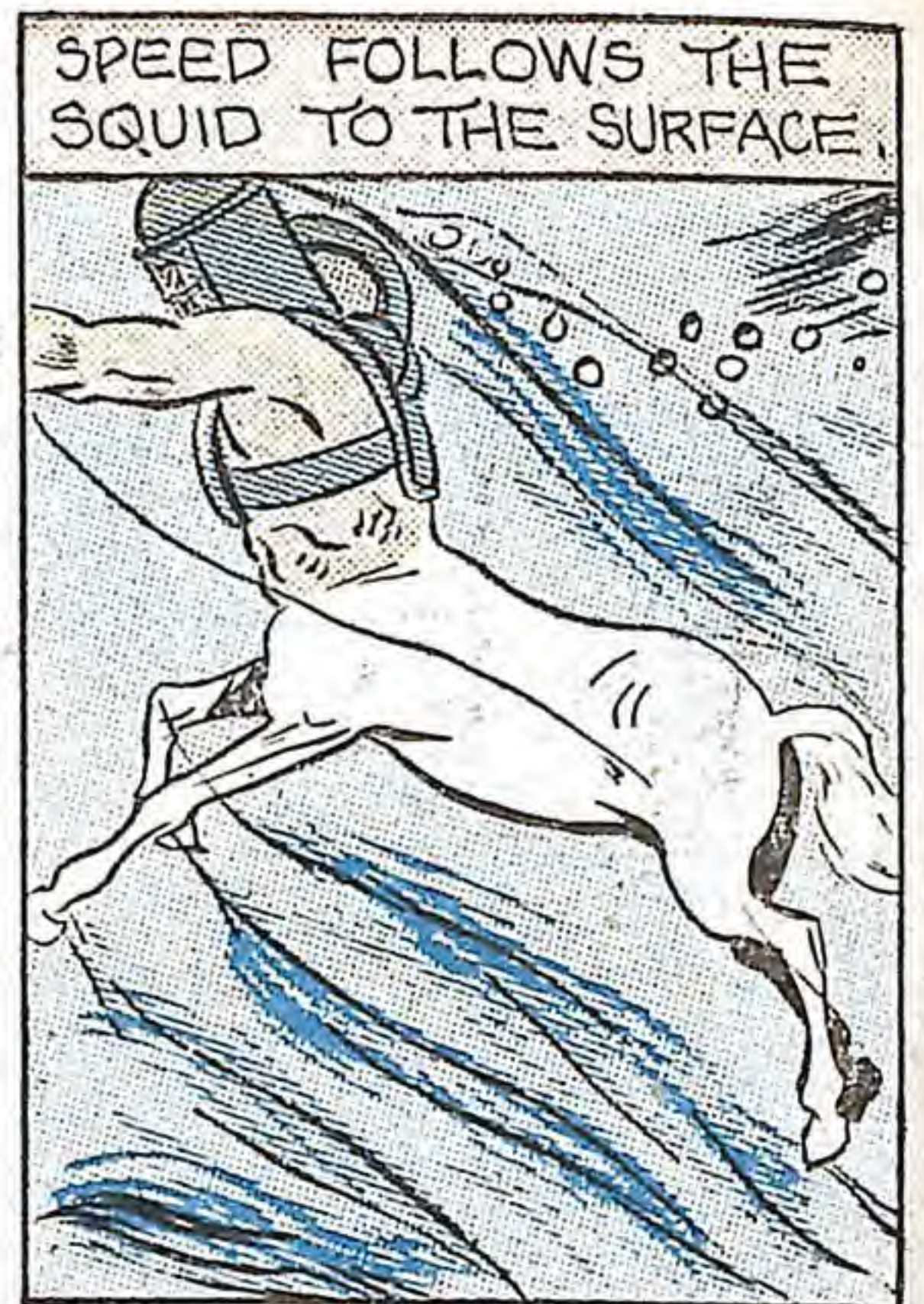
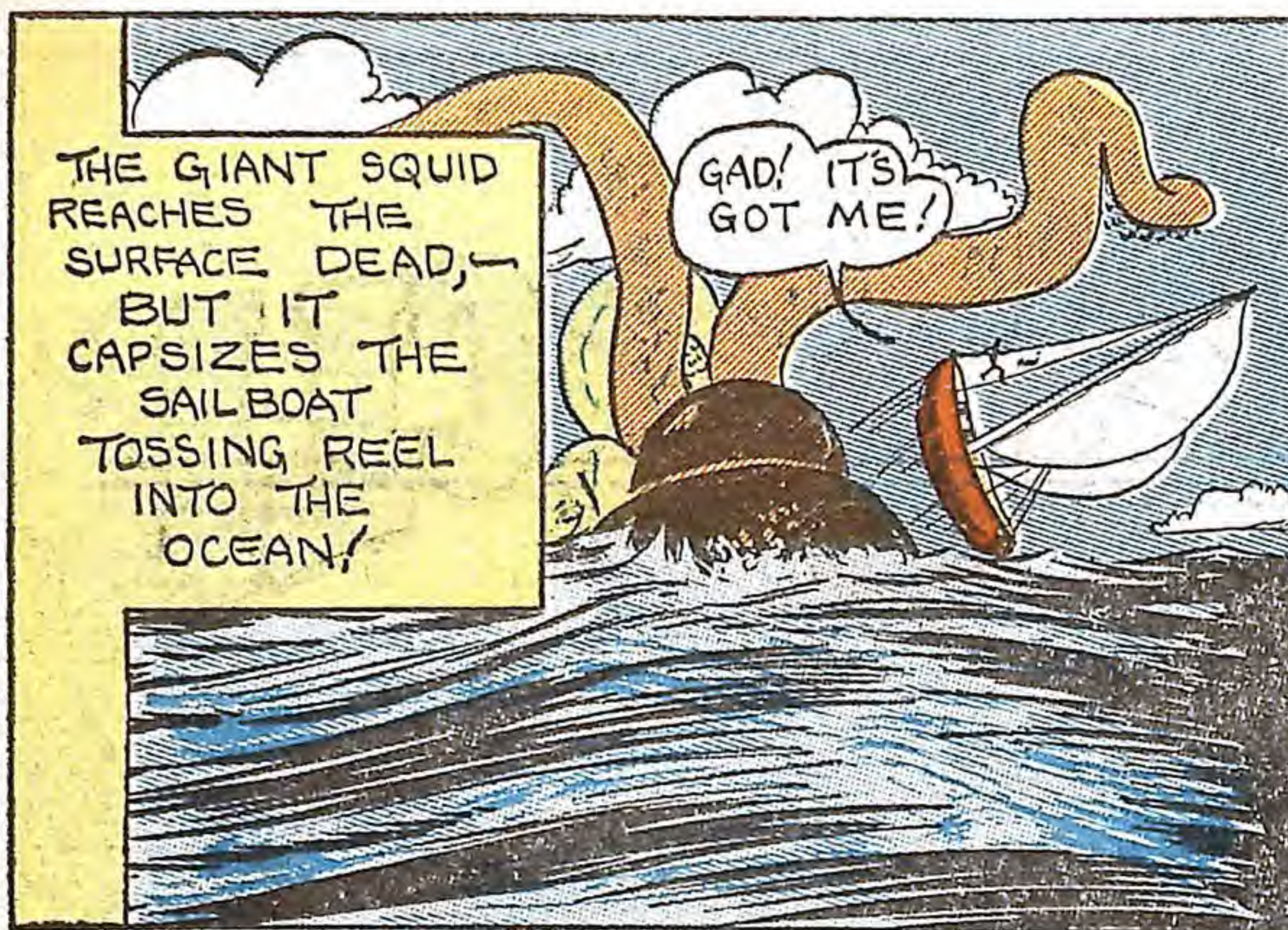


THERE IS A MUFFLED EXPLOSION
AS THE MOUTH OF THE BRUTE
CLAMPS DOWN ON THE TORPEDO.



THE OCEAN FLOOR RUMBLES
AS THE BEAST GATHERS ITS LAST
OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND SHOOTS UP
THROUGH THE WATER. —





The INNER CIRCLE

GEORGE SELKIRK, LEADER OF THE INNER CIRCLE IS STILL IN BUTAN, STAYING WITH THE BENTLEYS ON THEIR OIL FIELDS.

WE FIND BENTLEY AND SELKIRK TALKING OVER THEIR RECENT ADVENTURE WITH THE MAD TAUREGS.

A FEW MORE DAYS OF REST AND QUIET OUT HERE IN THE SUN AND YOU WILL BE FIT AS A FIDDLE AGAIN.

HELLO, LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP THE TRAIL. I HAVEN'T SEEN A NATIVE IN THESE PARTS FOR SOME TIME.

A NATIVE APPROACHES THE BENTLEY HOMESTEAD UP THE JUNGLE TRAIL

SAHIB BENTLEY, MY MASTER, KHAIR MOHAMMED KHAN WISHES TO INFORM YOU THAT WHEN THE MOON IS AT ITS HIGHEST ALLOF THE SAHIBS MUST LEAVE THE DELWA PLATEAU

WHAT IS THIS NOW? THIS LAND IS MINE, GOT IT FROM THE GOVERNMENT...ANYWAY THIS KHAIR LEFT BUTAN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

AS IT WAS WRITTEN, HE WOULD, SO THE KHAIR RETURNS FROM TIBET. I MUST TAKE MY LEAVE SAHIBS.

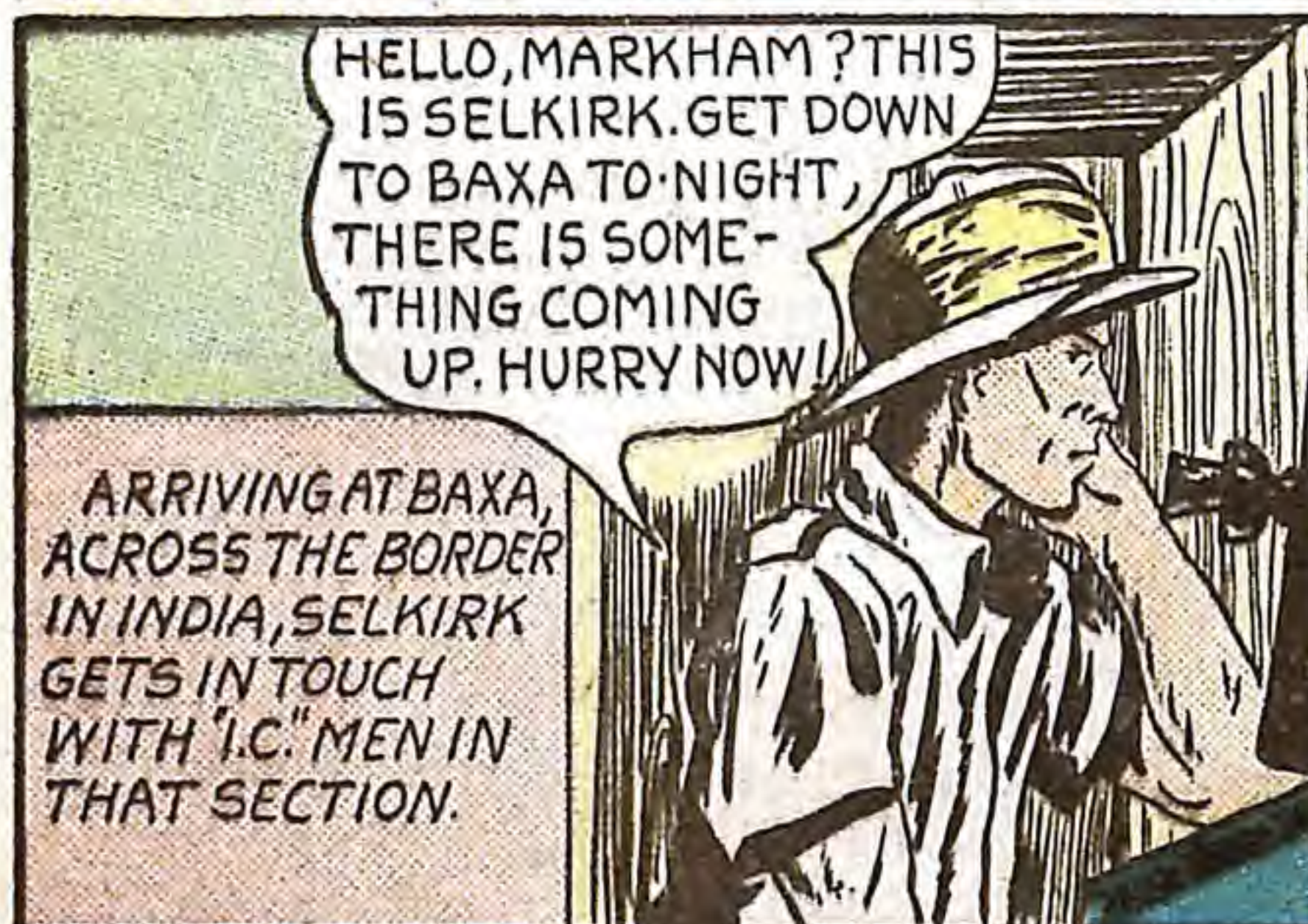
GET OUT!



ACCORDING TO THIS, YOU HAVE JUST THREE DAYS TO ESCAPE EITHER A HOLD-UP JOB, OR A SMALL HOLY WAR.



REST EASY NOW, I'LL BE GONE JUST ABOUT A DAY AND A HALF.



HELLO, MARKHAM? THIS IS SELKIRK. GET DOWN TO BAXA TONIGHT, THERE IS SOMETHING COMING UP. HURRY NOW!

ARRIVING AT BAXA, ACROSS THE BORDER IN INDIA, SELKIRK GETS IN TOUCH WITH "I.C." MEN IN THAT SECTION.



LATE THAT NIGHT SELKIRK IS AT AN ARMY LANDING FIELD AS MARKHAM ARRIVES BY PLANE



WELL, YOU MADE GOOD TIME IN GETTING DOWN HERE.

YEAH, BUT WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE THE BILL FOR THIS TRIP.



LOOKS AS IF WE WILL GET SOME RAIN.

IF WE DO WE'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME GETTING UP THERE.

SELKIRK AND MARKHAM GET THEIR BAGGAGE PACKED AND HEAD FOR THE PLATEAU.



I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING IN THIS BETTER HANG ON!

SUDDENLY A HEAVY DOWNPOUR SHROUDS THE ROAD.



JUMP FOR IT, HERE WE GO!

AT LAST THE CAR IS OUT OF THE DITCH. THE WHOLE NIGHT HAS BEEN USED TO UNLOAD, DIG OUT THE CAR, LOAD, AND GET UNDER WAY.

THE BAD CONDITION OF THE ROAD IS GOING TO DELAY US MORE THAN WE CAN AFFORD.



WELL, WE'RE LATE NOW. NO TELLING WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED.



AS NIGHT AGAIN FALLS, THE CAR IS STILL ON THE ROAD. THE THREE DAYS ARE UP.

MY NIECE! SHE'S GONE! THIS MORNING WHEN I AWOK, HER ROOM WAS ALL UPSET.

THEY DIDN'T WAIT LONG, EH?



THE KHAN HAS ACTED, SAHIBS. PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL OBEY HIS WISHES.



TAKE THIS BACK TO YOUR KHAN!

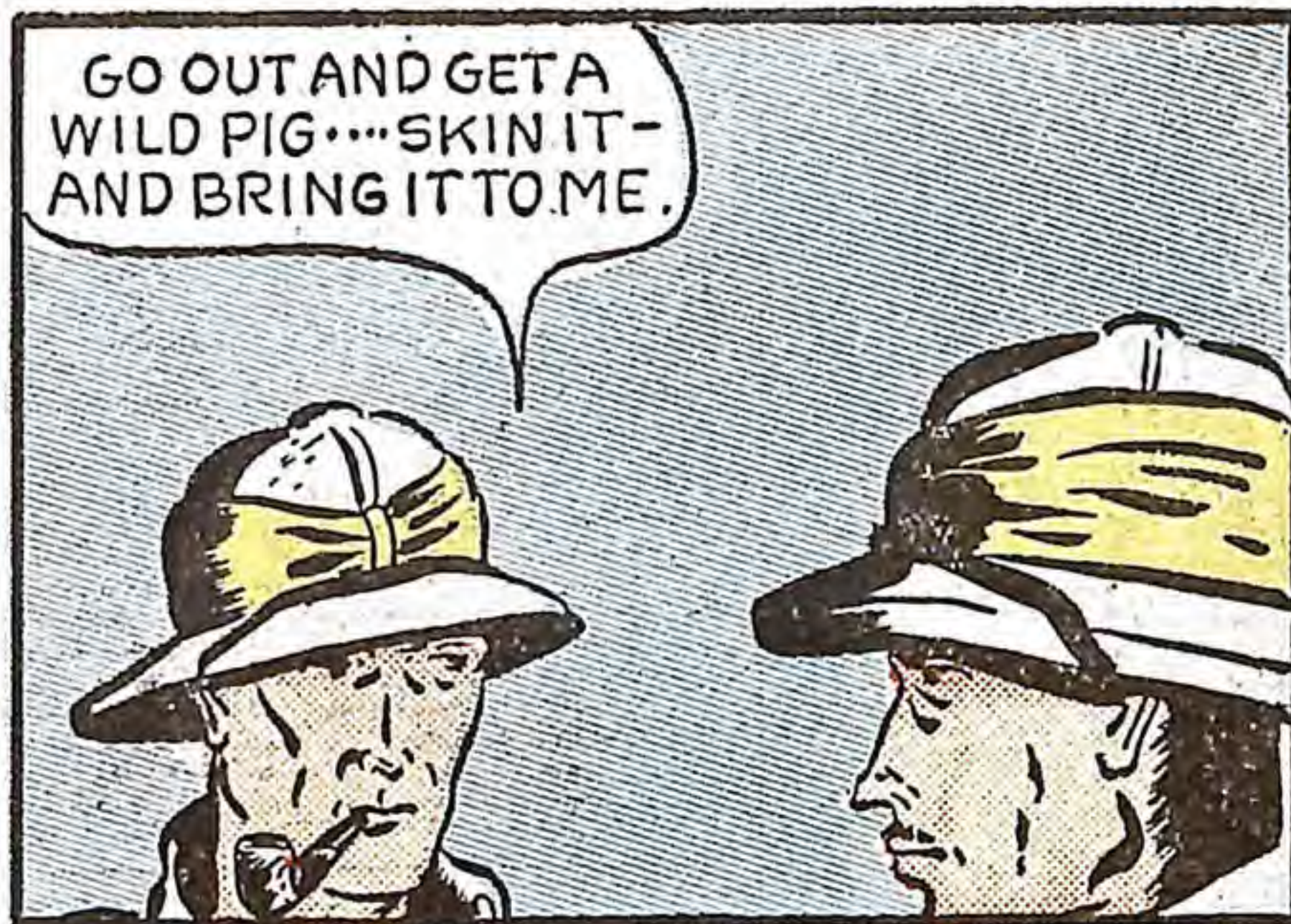


ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK I'LL KEEP YOU WITH US. YOU MAY COME IN HANDY!

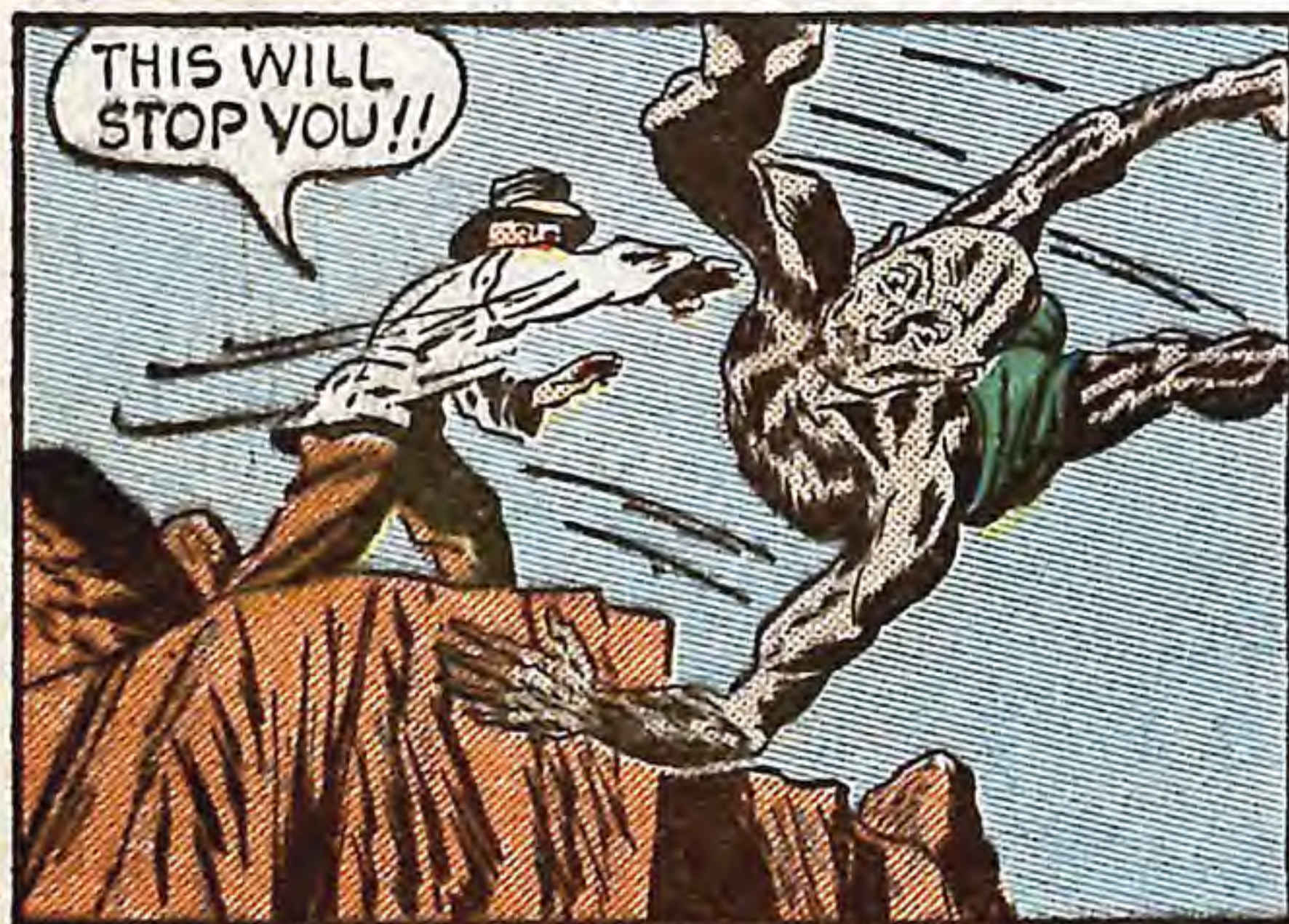
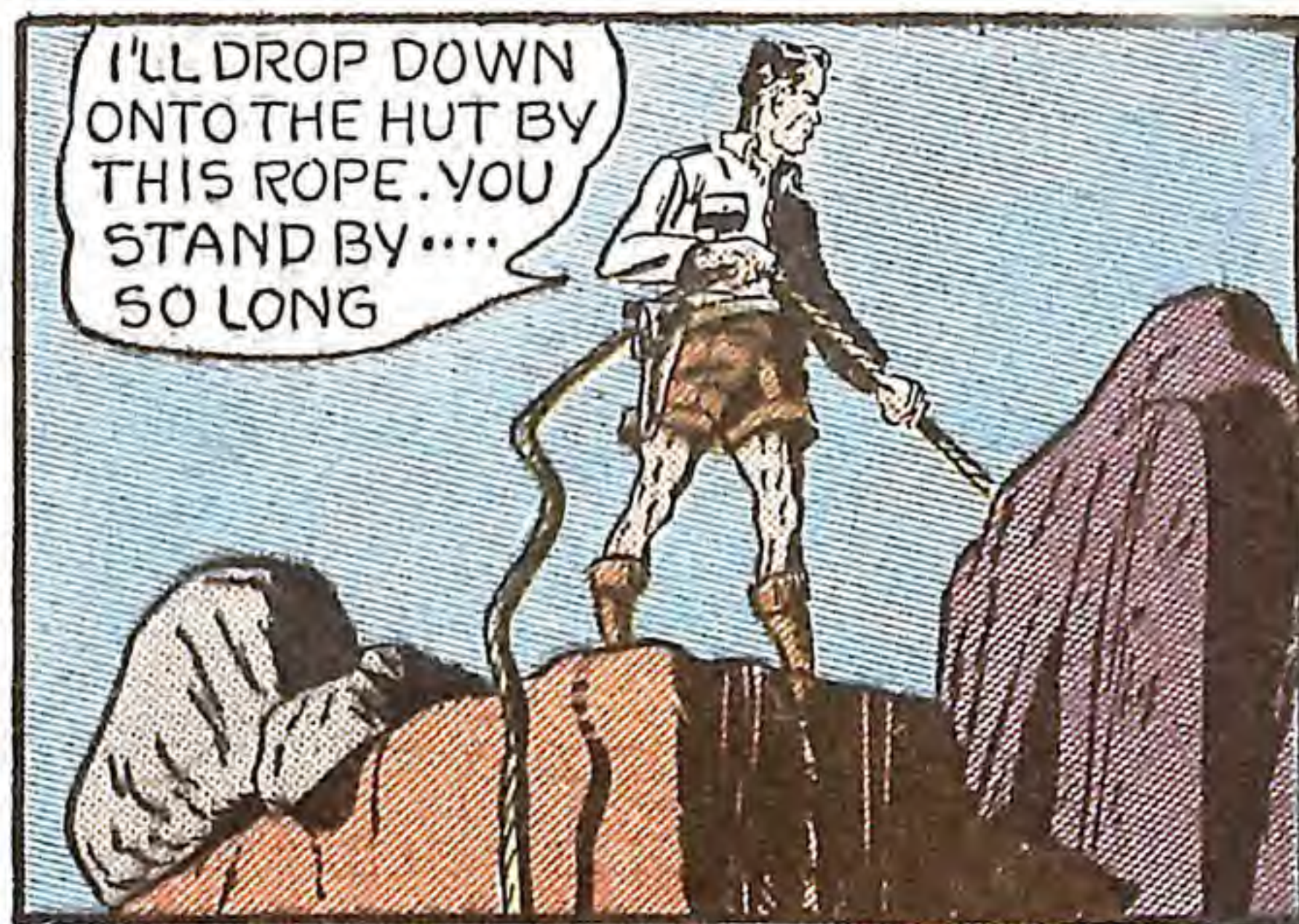


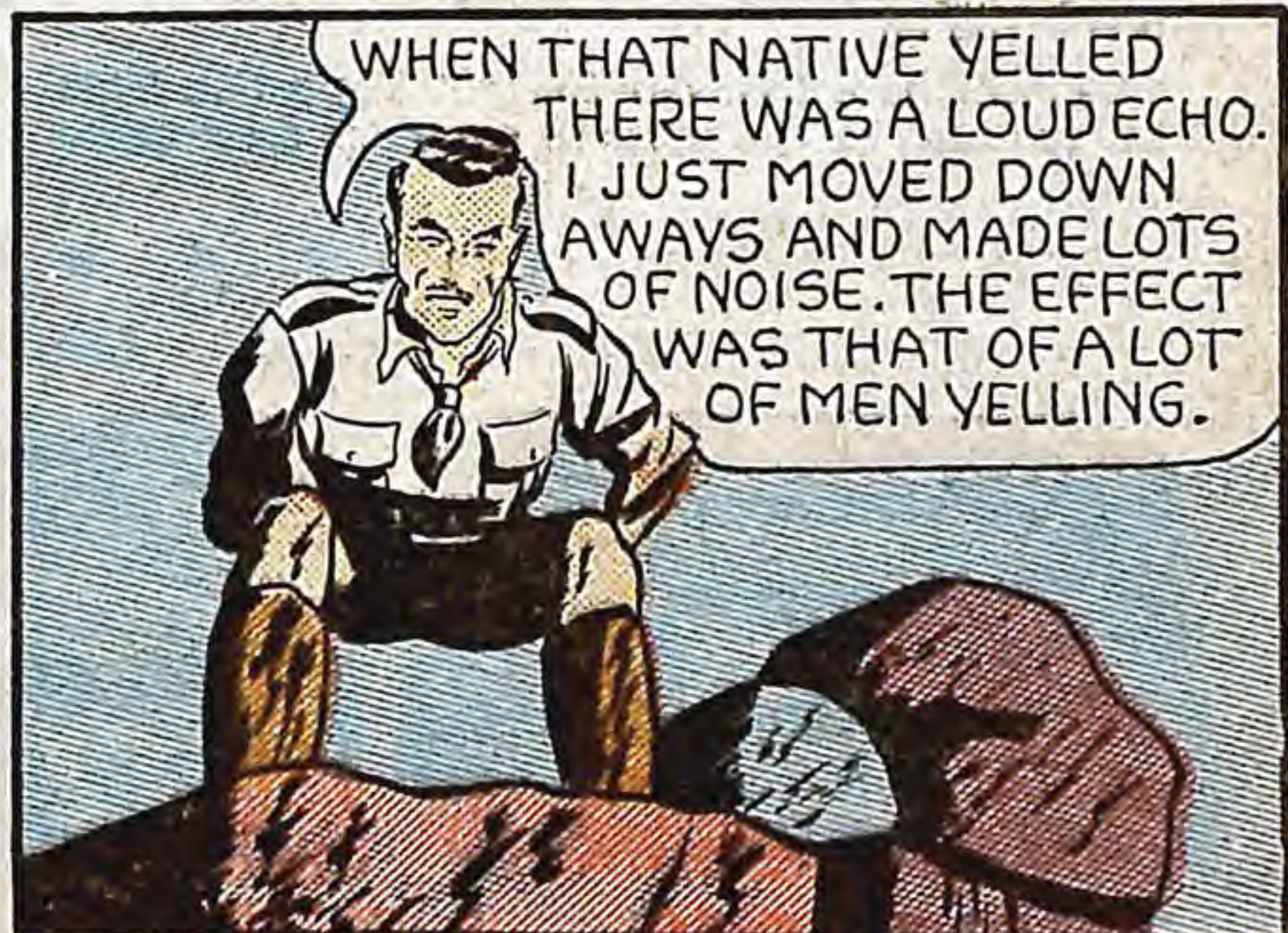
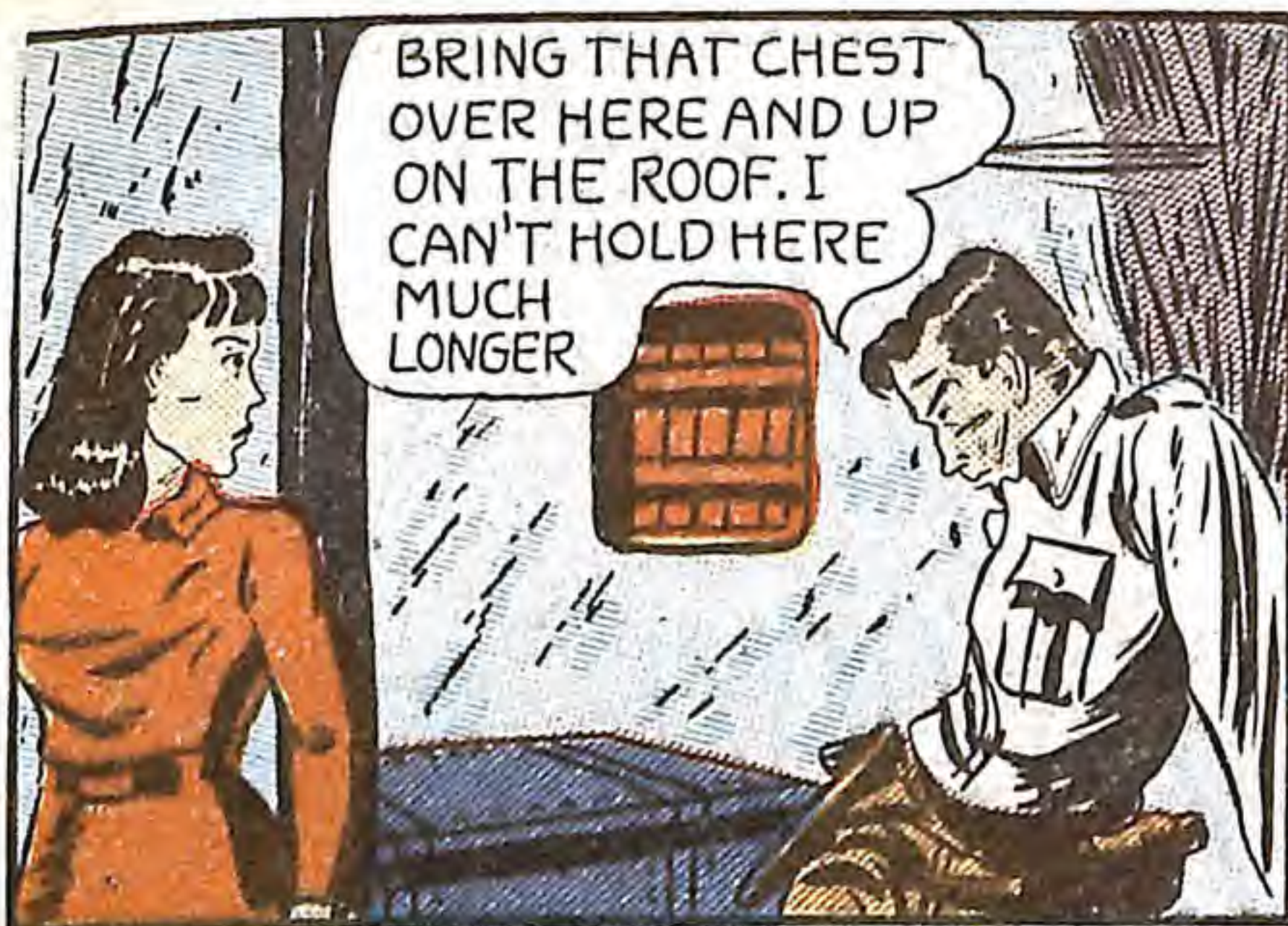
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ... YOU'RE GOING TO BE SO KIND AS TO SHOW US THE WAY TO THE KHAN'S HIDEOUT ... "OR ELSE!"











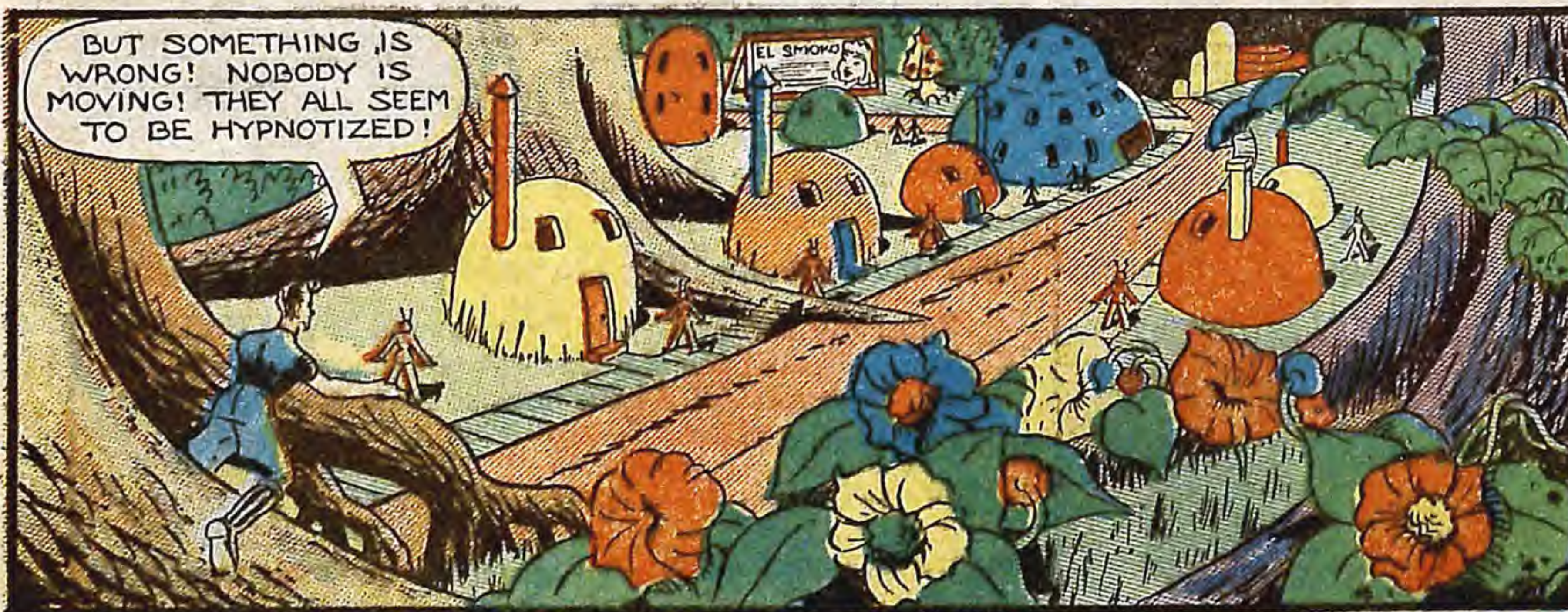
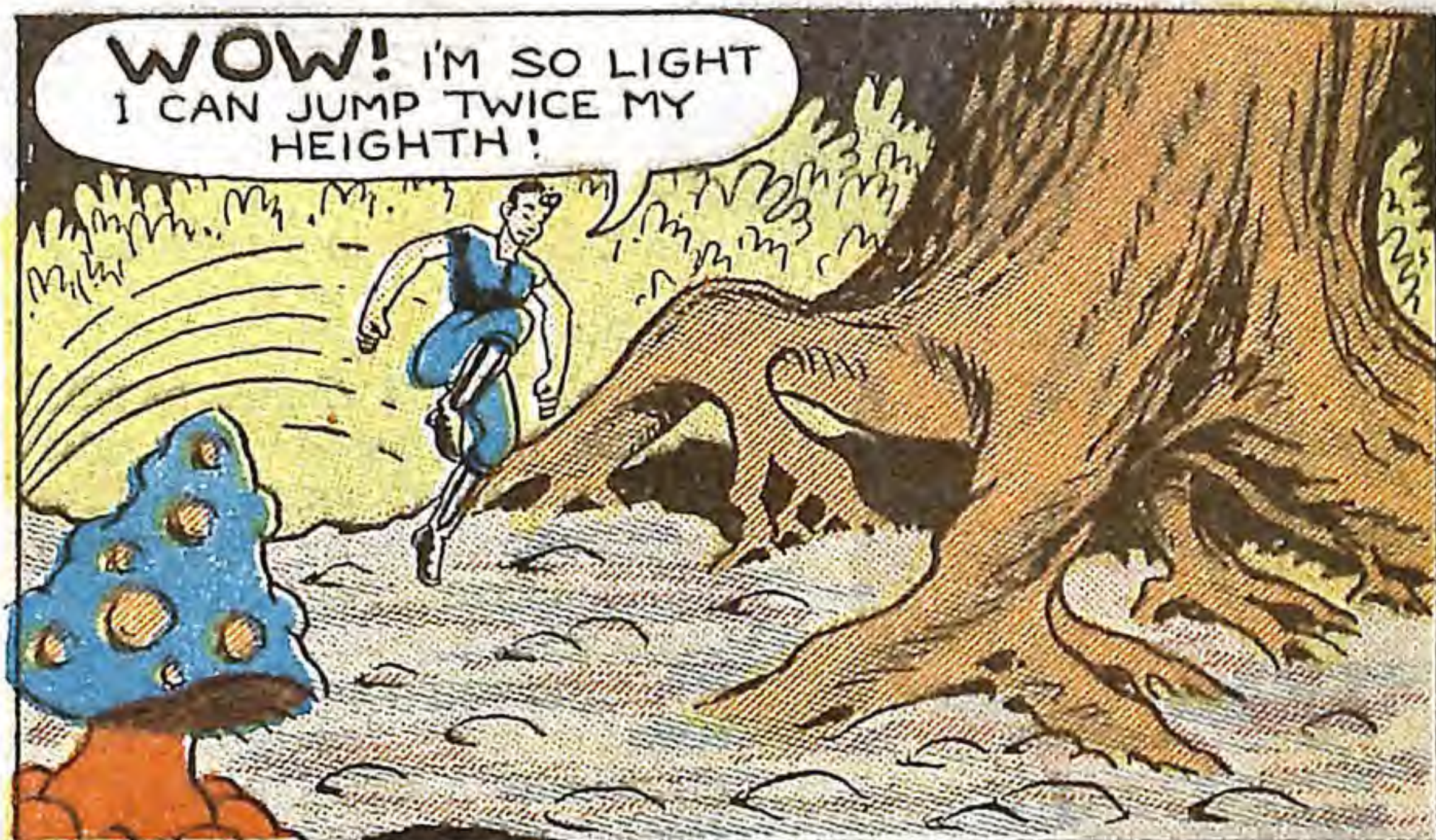
TIPPY TAYLOR ON FANTASY ISLE

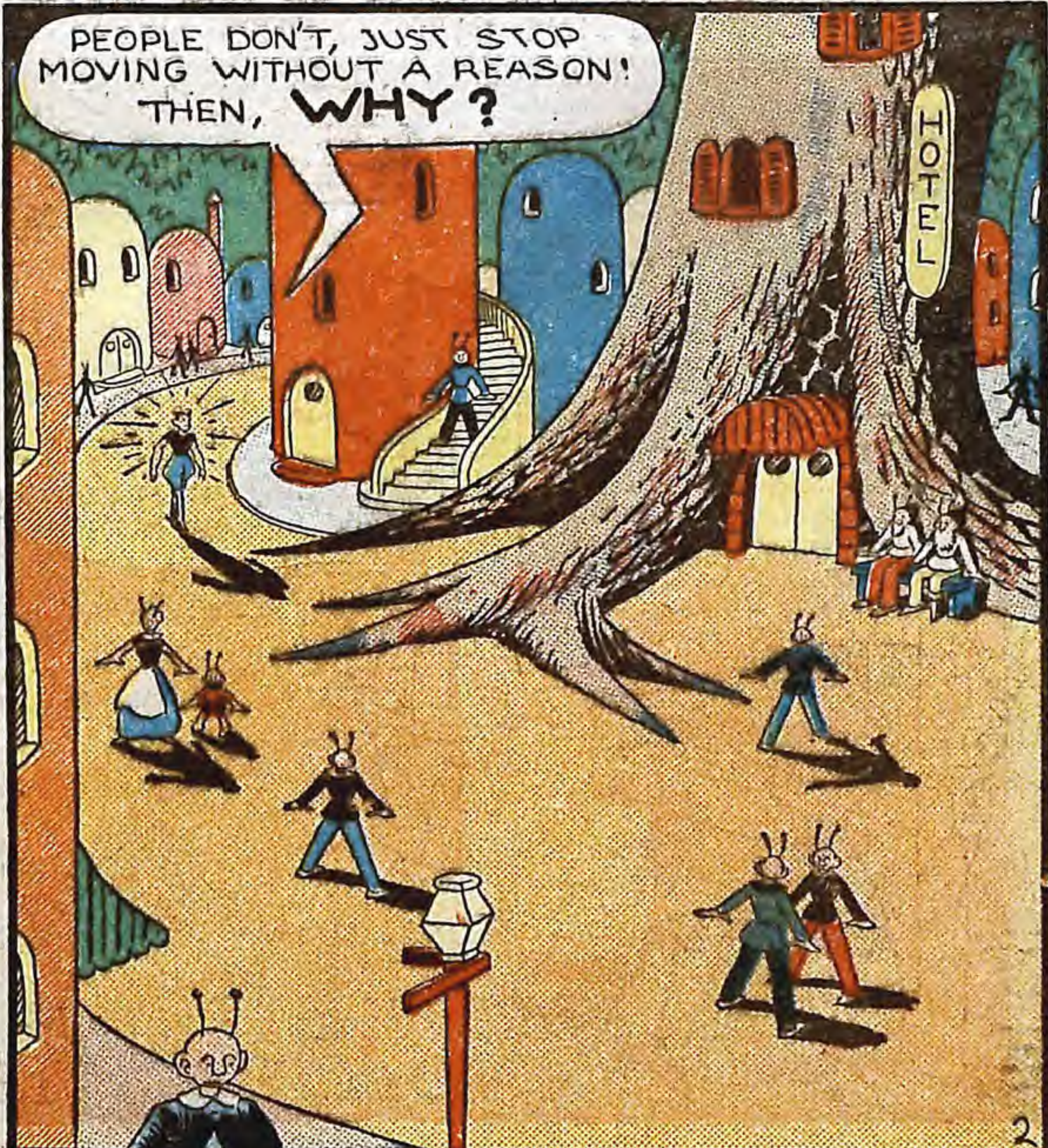
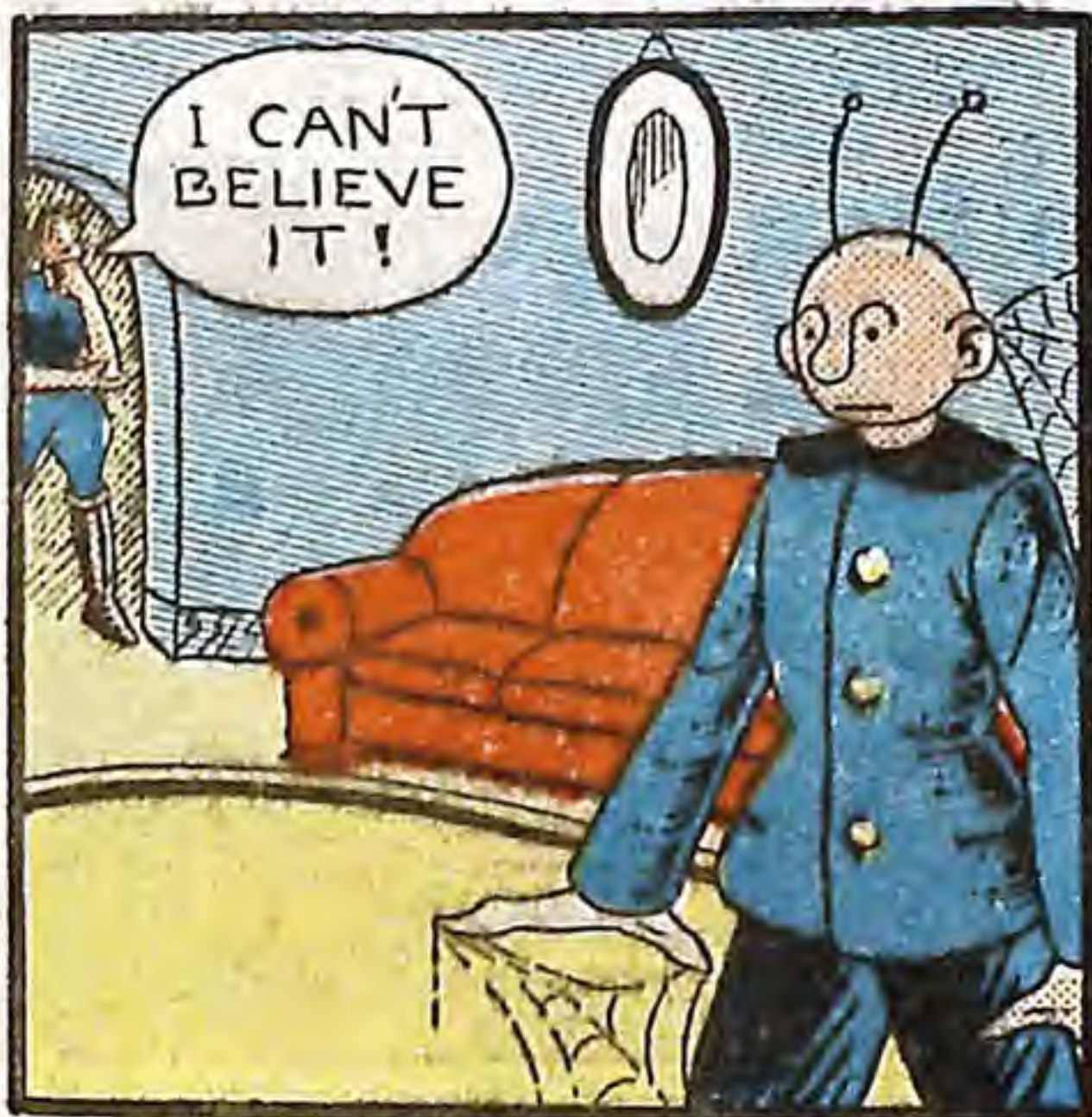
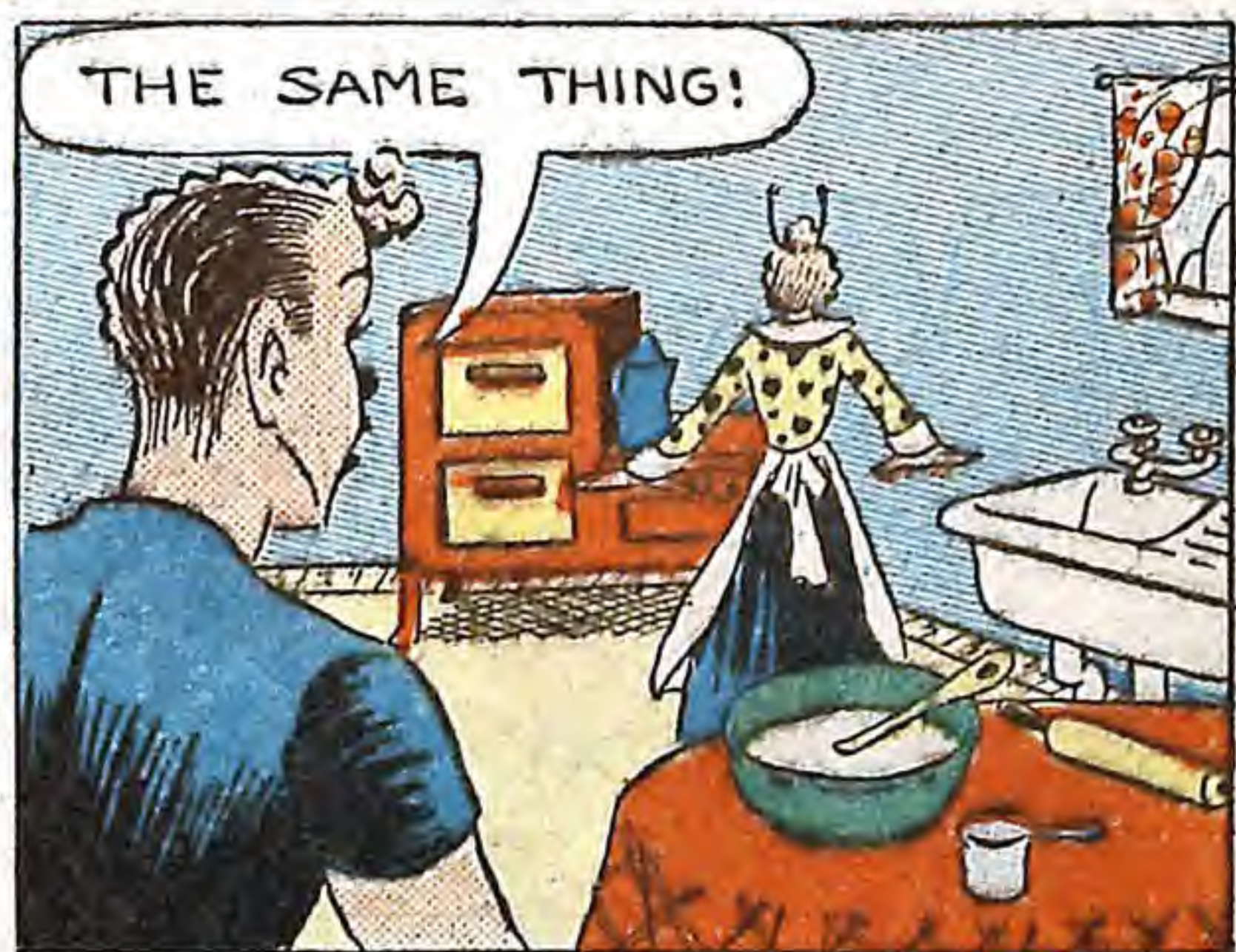
CHAPTER 7

BY George O. Sponis

SYNOPSIS

DURING AN EARTHQUAKE TIPPY TAYLOR FELL THROUGH A CRACK IN THE CASTLE, AND LANDED IN AN UNDERWORLD INHABITED BY A SUBTERRANEAN RACE! WHEN HE REFUSED TO MARRY THE BLUEBEARD QUEEN, SHE PLANNED TO TRANSFORM HIM INTO A MARBLE STATUE, BUT HE ESCAPED THROUGH A TINY DOOR BY MEANS OF A PILL THAT REDUCED HIM TO THE SIZE THAT WE NOW FIND HIM ...

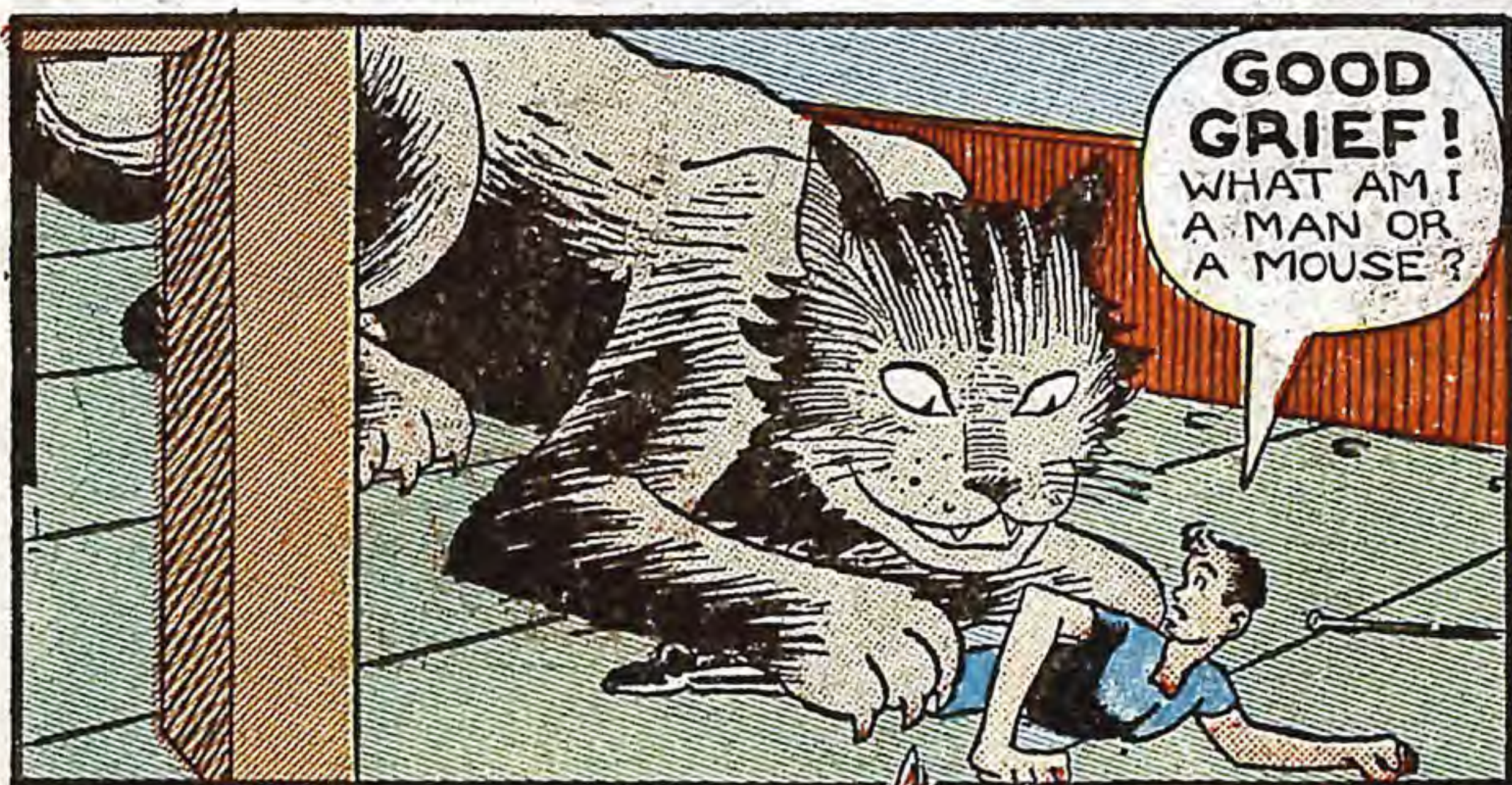


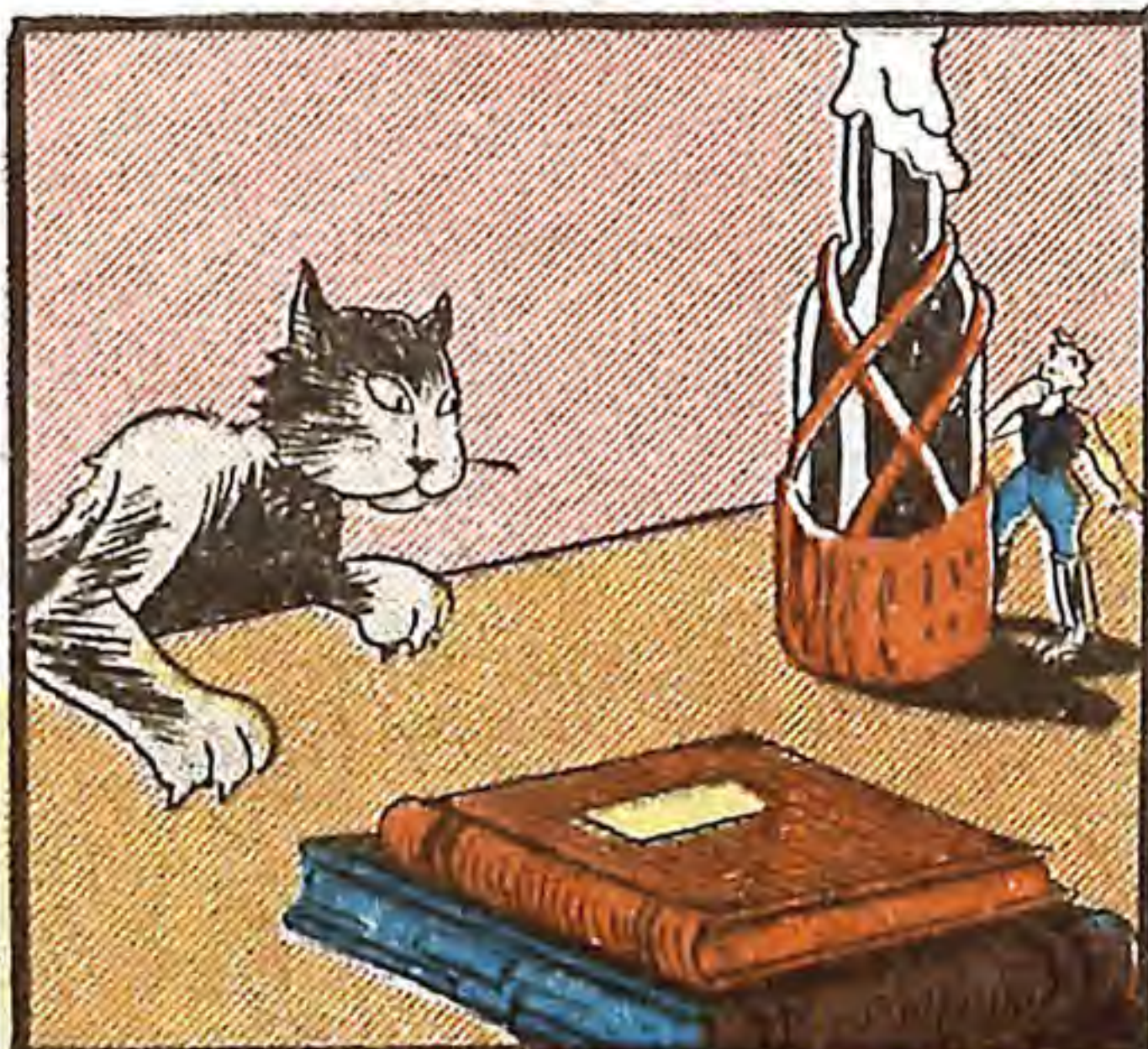
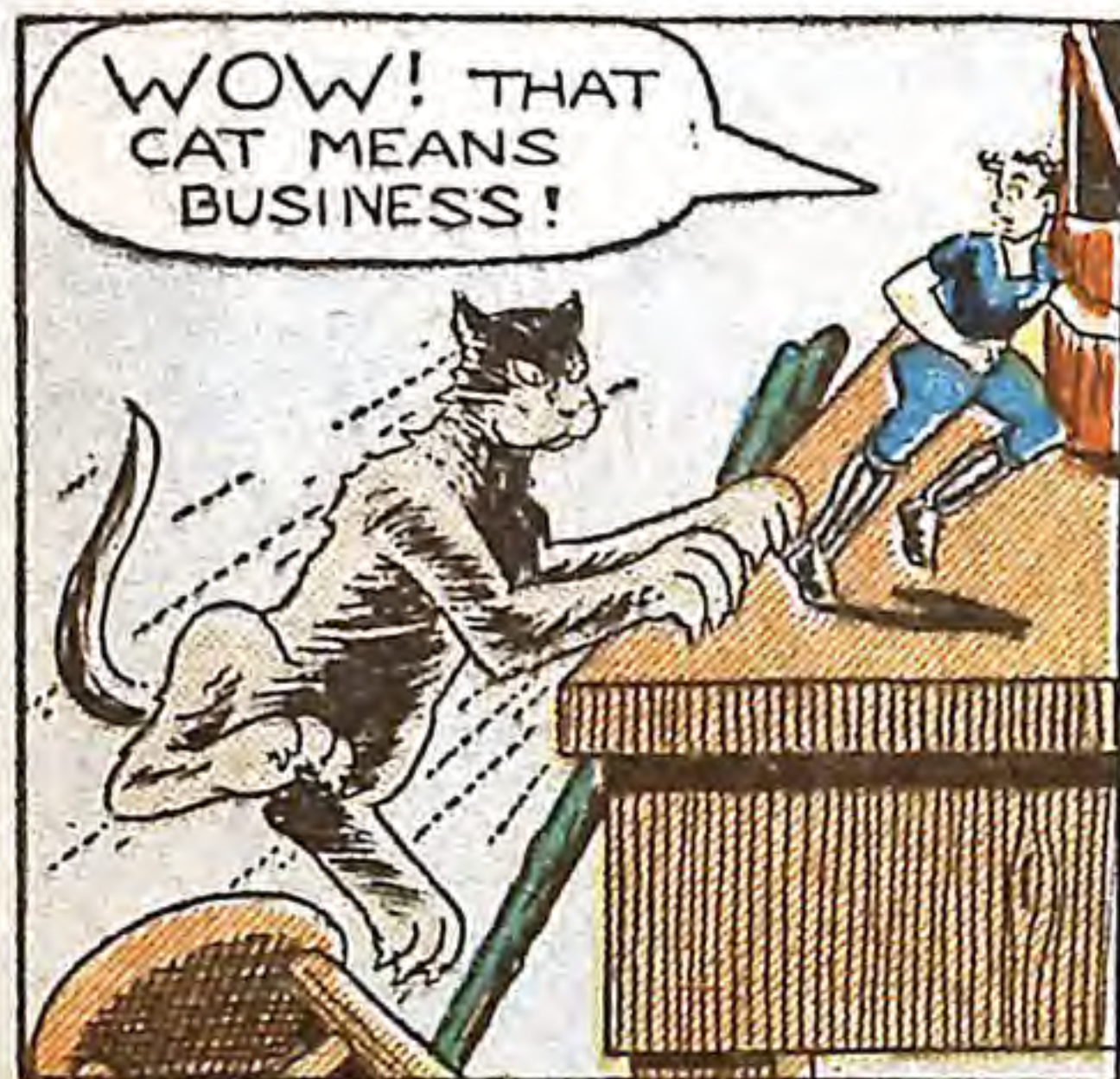
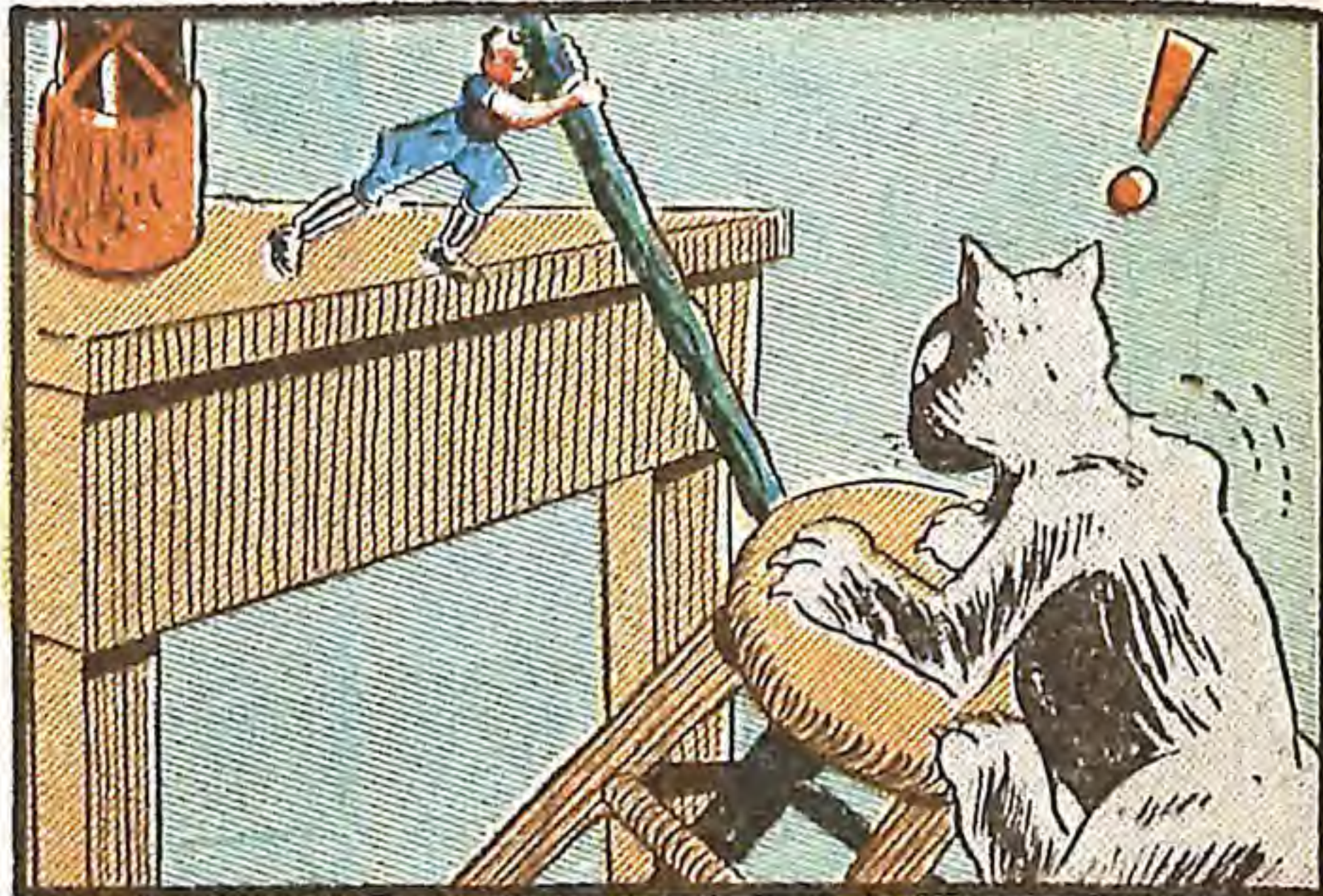
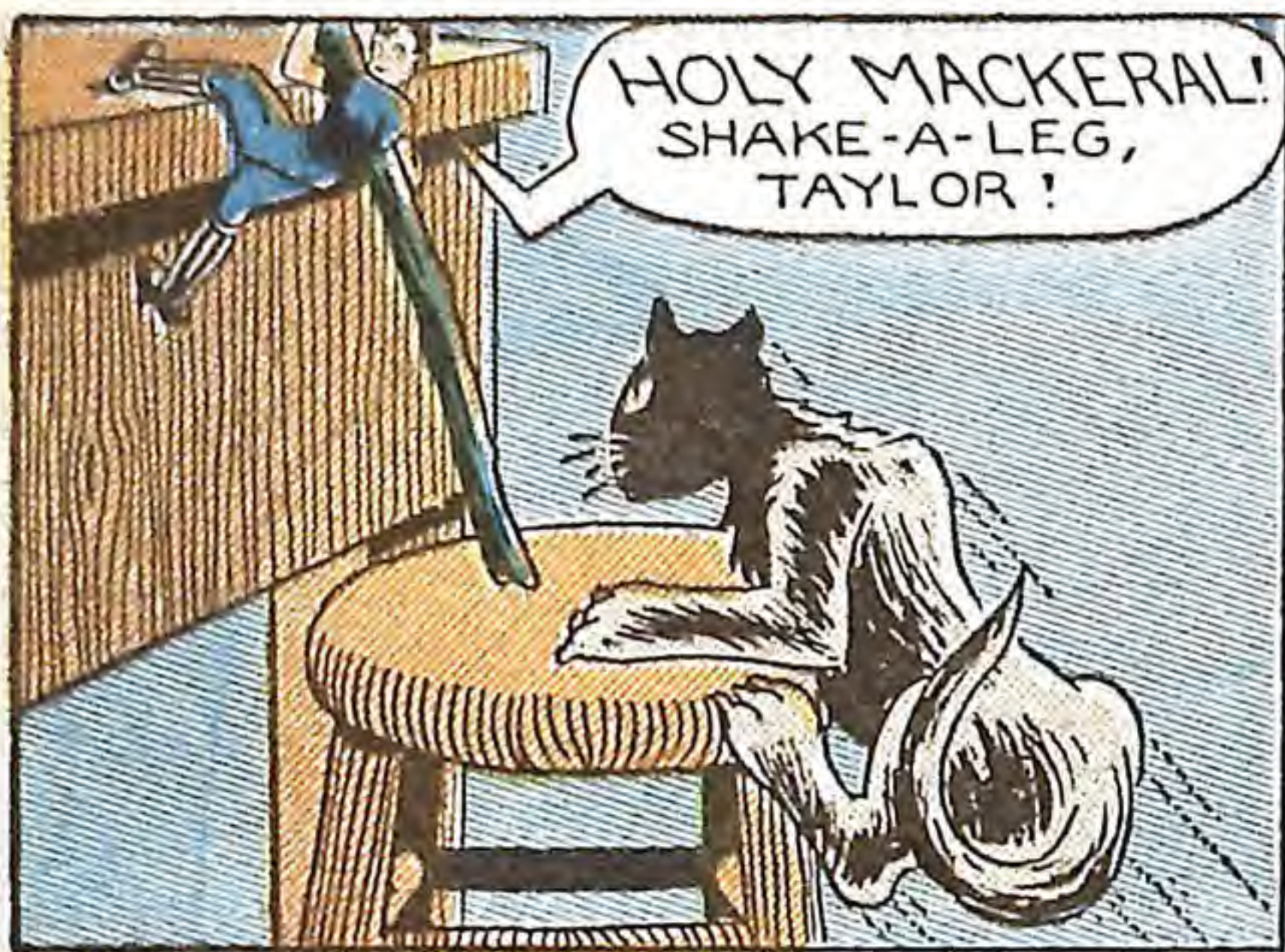




TIP ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF THE WITCH JUST AS SHE IS GOING OUT TO PICK HERBS!



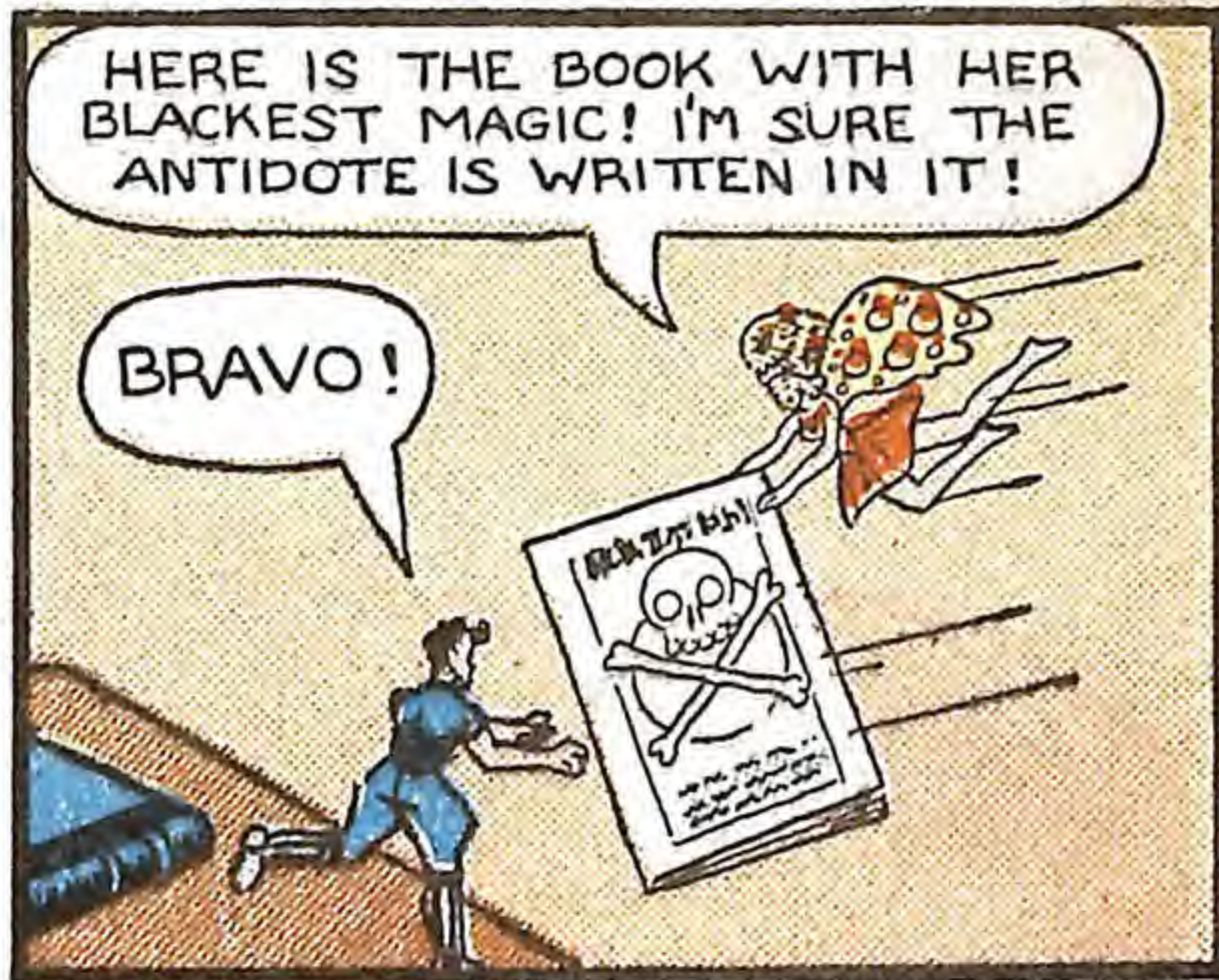






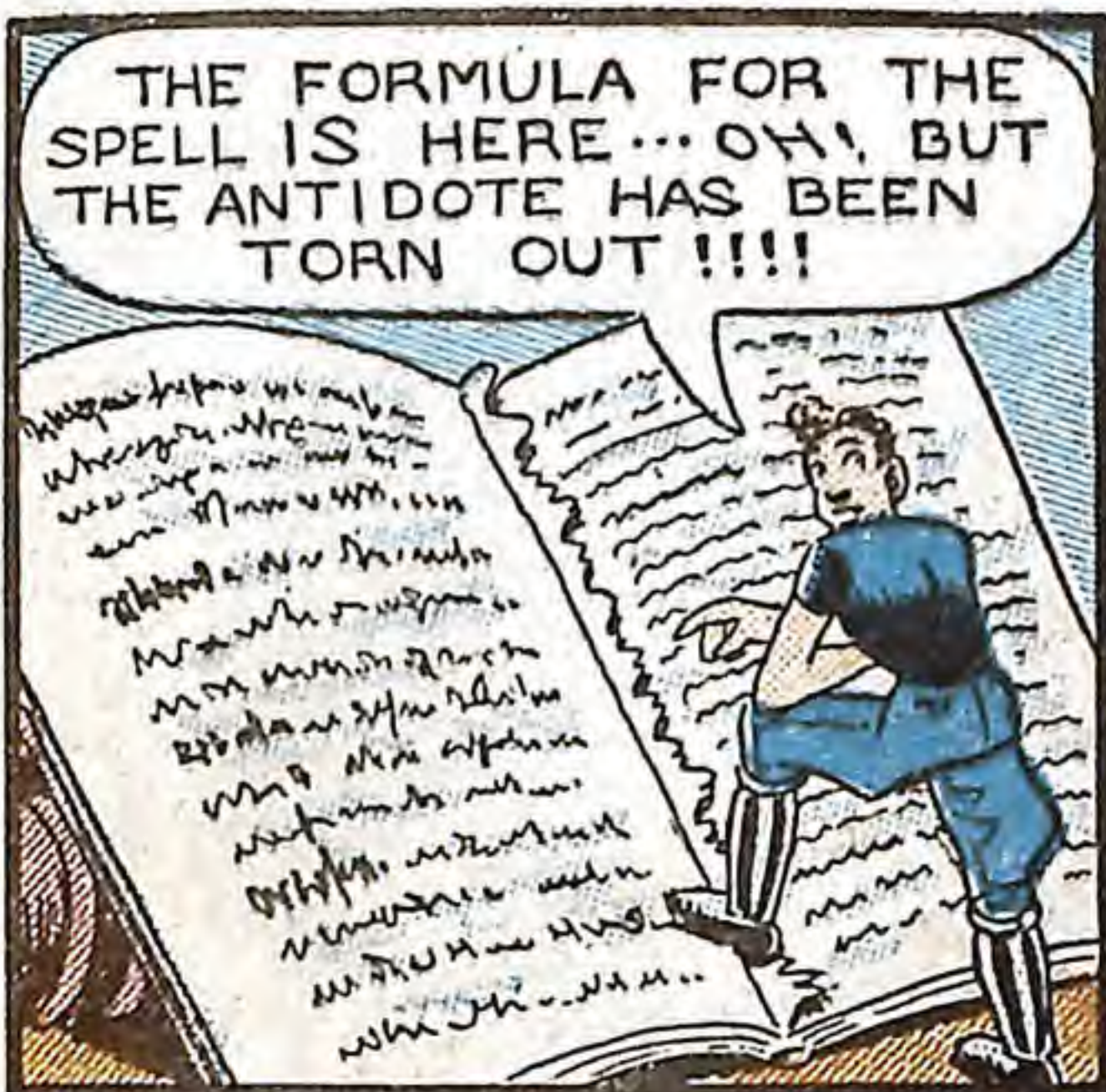
BUT IT WILL TAKE AN ETERNITY TO SEARCH ALL OF THESE BOOKS!

WAIT A SECOND!



BRAVO!

HERE IS THE BOOK WITH HER BLACKEST MAGIC! I'M SURE THE ANTIDOTE IS WRITTEN IN IT!



THE FORMULA FOR THE SPELL IS HERE... OH!, BUT THE ANTIDOTE HAS BEEN TORN OUT!!!!



THAT MEANS SHE HAS NO INTENTION OF FREEING THEM, AND IF YOU TRY TO CROSS HER YOU WILL MEET A WORSE FATE!!!



IF I DON'T GO NOW I WILL NEVER ESCAPE HER, AGAIN!

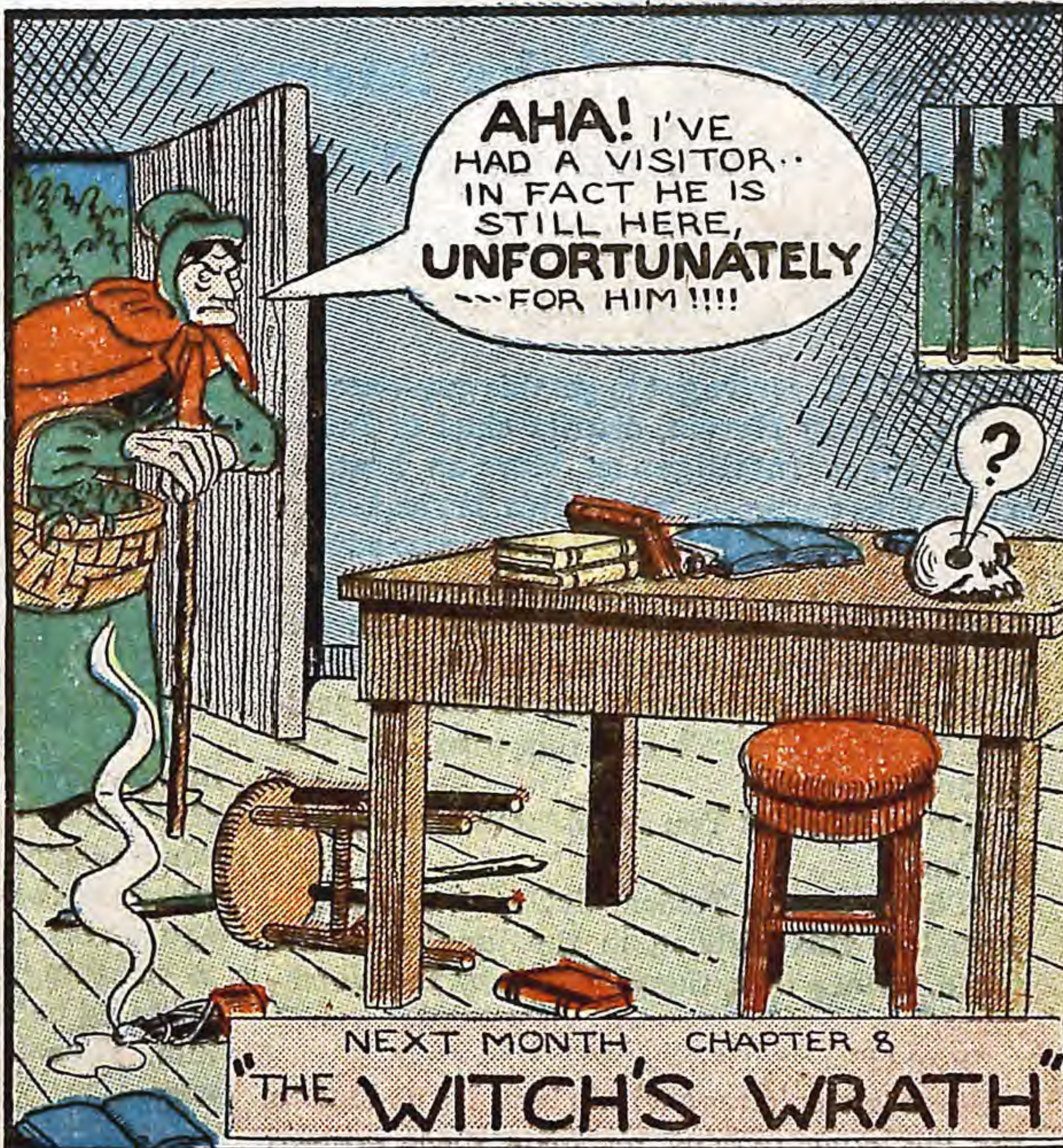


QUICK! HERE SHE COMES... YOU CAN STILL GET AWAY!!!



NO, I MUST STAY! ... AH, AN IDEAL HIDING PLACE!

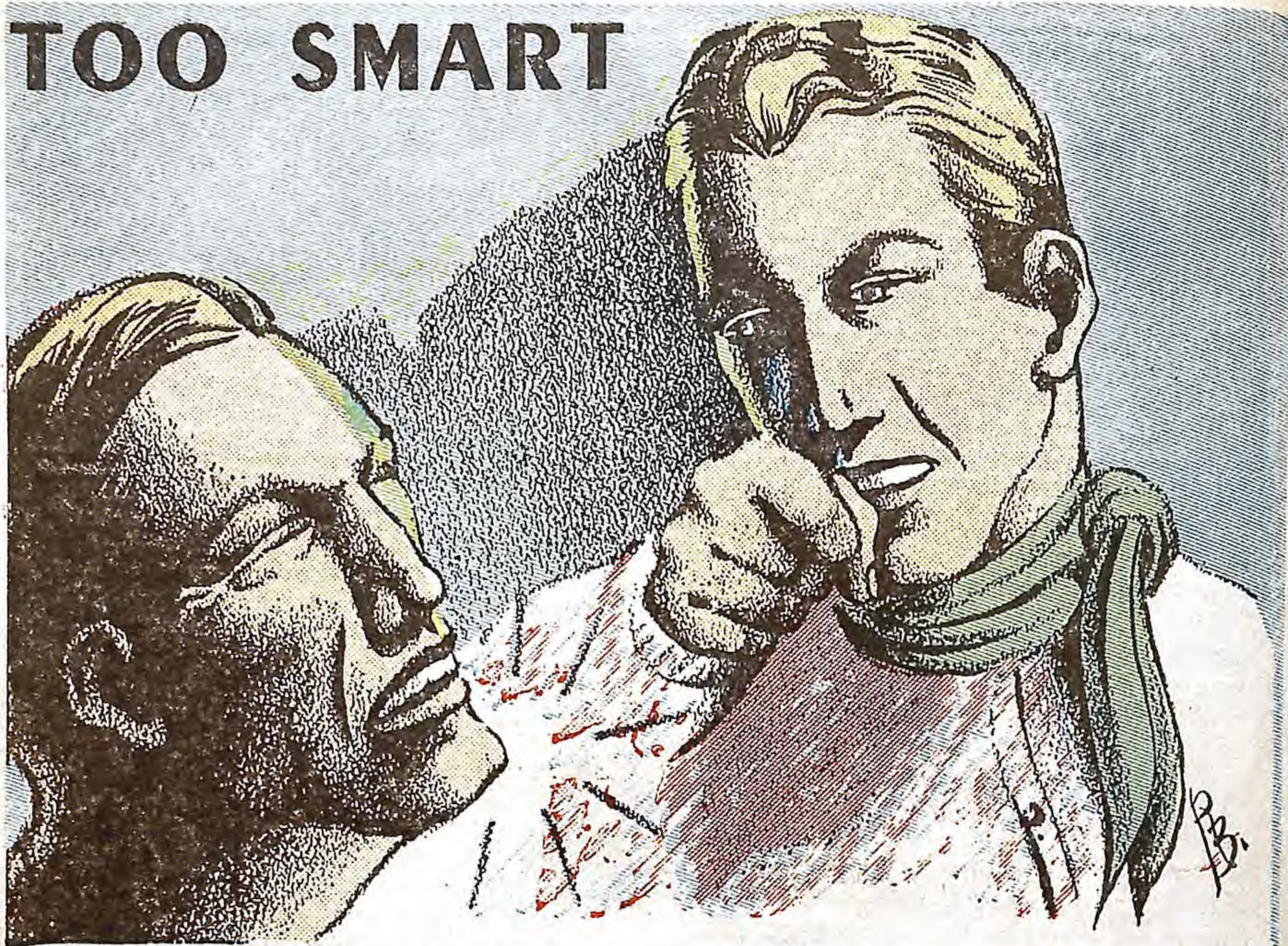
THEN, ADIEU!



AHA! I'VE HAD A VISITOR.. IN FACT HE IS STILL HERE, UNFORTUNATELY --FOR HIM!!!!

NEXT MONTH CHAPTER 8
"THE WITCH'S WRATH"

TOO SMART



Raymond of the Interspace Intelligence proves what we on Earth have known for a long time — sometimes a crook can be too smart!

by Bob Butts

"STEVE, you've got to get this guy—now!" Jerry Marvin, district chief of Interspace Intelligence, Martian branch, snapped his fingers—a habit of his. He looked up at Steve Raymond, lean green-eyed space adventurer. "You've got to get Spider McCoy! And—this is strictly confidential—Inspector Scott will arrive tomorrow. I want some results!"

Steve stared at the little scar on Marvin's sal-low cheek. He didn't like this man. His jaw squared.

"Okay, Marvin! You asked for results—you'll get 'em!"

"That's better. Spider McCoy was last reported in this district, in the jungles to the south. Cruise over there. You may find something."

"Right!"

Steve left, cold rage within him. He nodded to the mechanic tending his little space cruiser, climbed into the ship and sent it roaring into the heavy Martian sky. Soon he was cruising

over the jungle country. He looked down. A tangled mass of steaming, fantastic vegetation greeted his eyes. It was almost impenetrable—a beautiful hideout from eyes above. A man was safe there. . . .

An hour passed.

"No trace yet. If only I—"

Suddenly the rocket motors were sputtering! Steve's heart sank.

"Great Scott! Fuel's gone! I told that blasted mechanic to fill the tank to the brim!"

Swiftly the little ship dropped toward the hungry jungle. Steve leveled out a hundred feet above the tree tops, and skimmed along for what seemed interminable minutes. Then the wheels of the ship struck. Steve was hurled hard against his safety belt—the breath left his body. A sickening, rending crash—the green world spinning before his eyes! Lights danced before him. Then he was falling . . . falling! Blackness. . . .

STEVE came to with a thousand rockets roaring in his head. He tried to move, and

discovered that he was bound!

"Well, Boy Scout, feel better?" The voice was harsh, mocking.

His eyes snapped open. Amazement penetrated Steve's fogged senses.

Standing before him was Spider McCoy, so identified by the red spider on the black mask which covered his face. Two men stood by him—both evil-eyed, thin-lipped, hawk-nosed.

Dazedly Steve shook his head. Before answering he looked about. They were in a small stone dungeon. A torch in a bracket threw wierd shadows on the wall. Steve was held on his feet by his wrists being bound to rings high on the wall. He grinned crookedly.

"Yeah, a little better. Thanks, Spider! Kind of you to take care of me when I crashed."

"Well, ain't that nice of me now!" Spider McCoy roared with laughter. "We don't want you to die—yet!" His voice dropped till it grated on Steve's nerves. "Slick and I are going to pull a little job tonight. Brand here is goin' to see that you don't suffer 'till we get back. Then, space-dick, when your inspector comes tomorrow, I'm goin' to send you to 'im—in a box!"

Spider snapped his fingers under Steve's nose. With another coarse guffaw the bandit leader and Slick left.

Brand sat on a bunk, a cigarette drooping from his twisted lips. "Well; smart guy, looks like you're in one hole you can't get out of!"

Steve grinned. "It does *seem* that way, doesn't it?"

"Huh? What you mean?"

"You poor fool! Do you think I came here without being watched from another plane high above? Right now there's a fleet of ships on their way here. I spotted your hideout before I crashed and——"

"You lie!"

Brand leaped to his feet, rage on his lips. But uncertainty was in his eyes, as if he couldn't quite discount Steve Raymond's story. Snarling, he drew his ray gun and advanced!

With the speed of a panther Steve struck! His foot lashed out—the point of his boot caught this Brand under the chin and there was a sudden sickening crack. Lifeless, Brand collapsed. It was a simple matter for Steve to work his tiny knife from its case on the inside of his cuff, and free himself.

"Lucky Spider used rope," he breathed. "Now, to get back to Marvin's field office!"

But how?

Steaming jungle on all sides of him. He was only a few miles from the base—he'd been working his way back when he crashed. But a few miles from civilization, in the Martian jungle, alone, on foot, might well mean death! Grimly Steve tightened his belt. Armed with Brand's

ray-gun, he set out. . . .

IT was noon when Steve started. In minutes the sweat was streaming from his body.

Cruel thorns tore his clothing to ribbons and sliced his skin. But always he pushed on. Twice he twisted away from the long feelers on monster parasitic plants. Then he sank into a morass, and when he escaped he was so weak he collapsed and lay for many minutes before he could rise and struggle on. But there was only one thought in his mind—"Keep going. . . . Can't stop!" He began to babble the words aloud, and the rhythm of them kept him going.

The sun was close to the horizon when Steve staggered from the jungle onto the field. Across it were the buildings. He broke into a wobbling run.

Inspector Scott, just arrived from Earth, was talking to Jerry Marvin when the door flew open and a ragged, disheveled man burst into the room.

"Steve!" Scott gasped. "What the—"

But sudden madness leaped into Marvin's eyes as he saw the swaying wreck before him. His claw-like hand darted to his ray-gun. With an insane shriek, Marvin leaped!

"Look out, Inspector!" Steve Raymond catapulted forward.

Steve hit him once, and Marvin crumpled like a broken doll.

"The fever!" gasped Scott. "It strikes like that!"

"Yeah, too bad," grunted Steve. "Inspector, I've a little story to tell you." When Steve had finished, Scott said:

"So, Spider McCoy got away eh? Well, you did your best, Steve. I'll—"

"Oh, no!" Steve pointed to Marvin, still out. "There's Spider McCoy!"

"*What?*" Inspector Scott was suddenly incredulous. "Steve, are you crazy?"

"Nope! I didn't just run out of gas accidentally, Inspector. That mechanic deliberately drained my tank so I'd crash. It was luck that McCoy found me. Marvin had a habit of snapping his fingers—McCoy did that, too! And who, besides Marvin, knew you were coming here today? Nobody! Yet McCoy knew because he and Marvin were the same man! And why did McCoy bother with a mask? To hide that scar on his cheek."

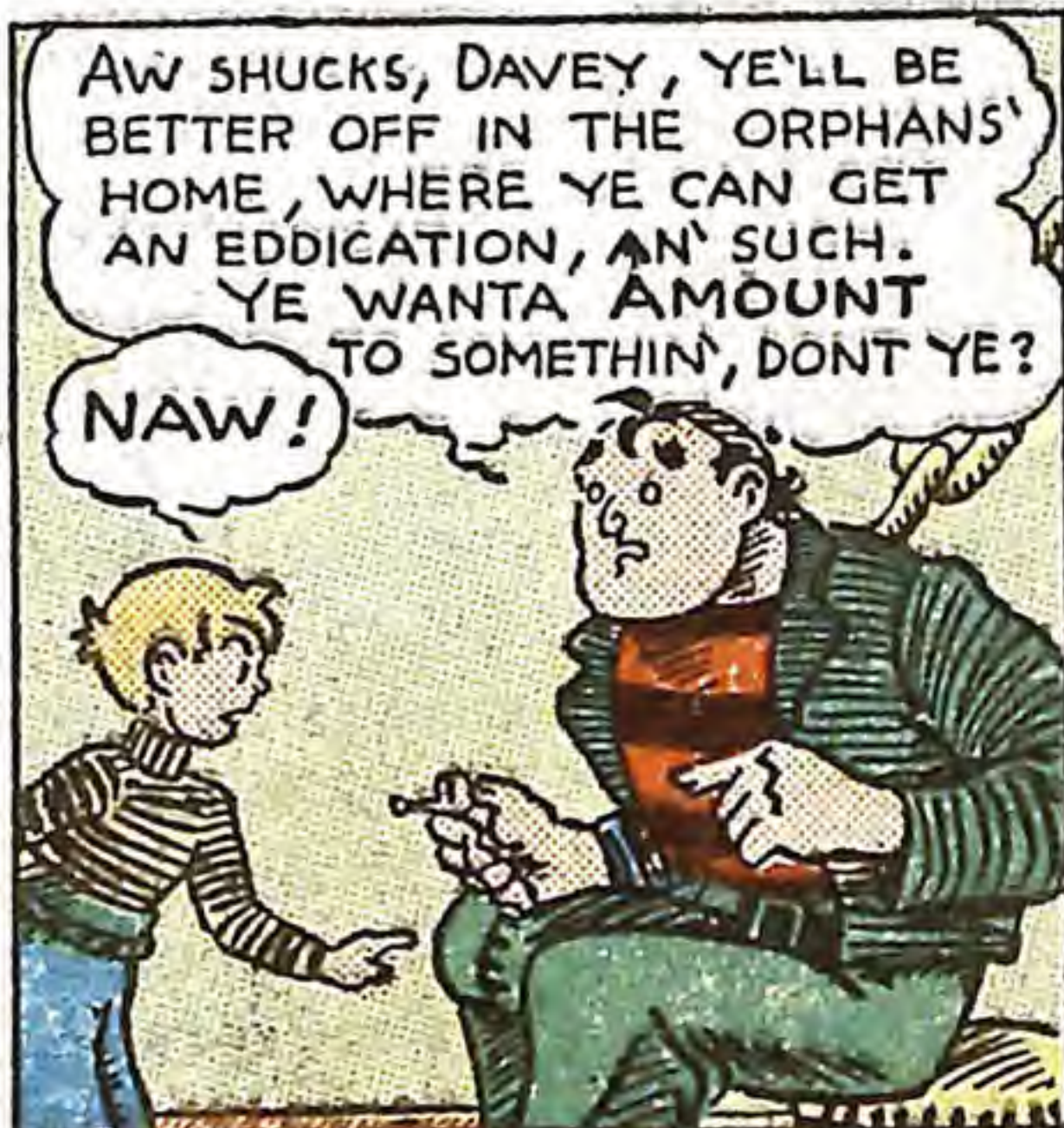
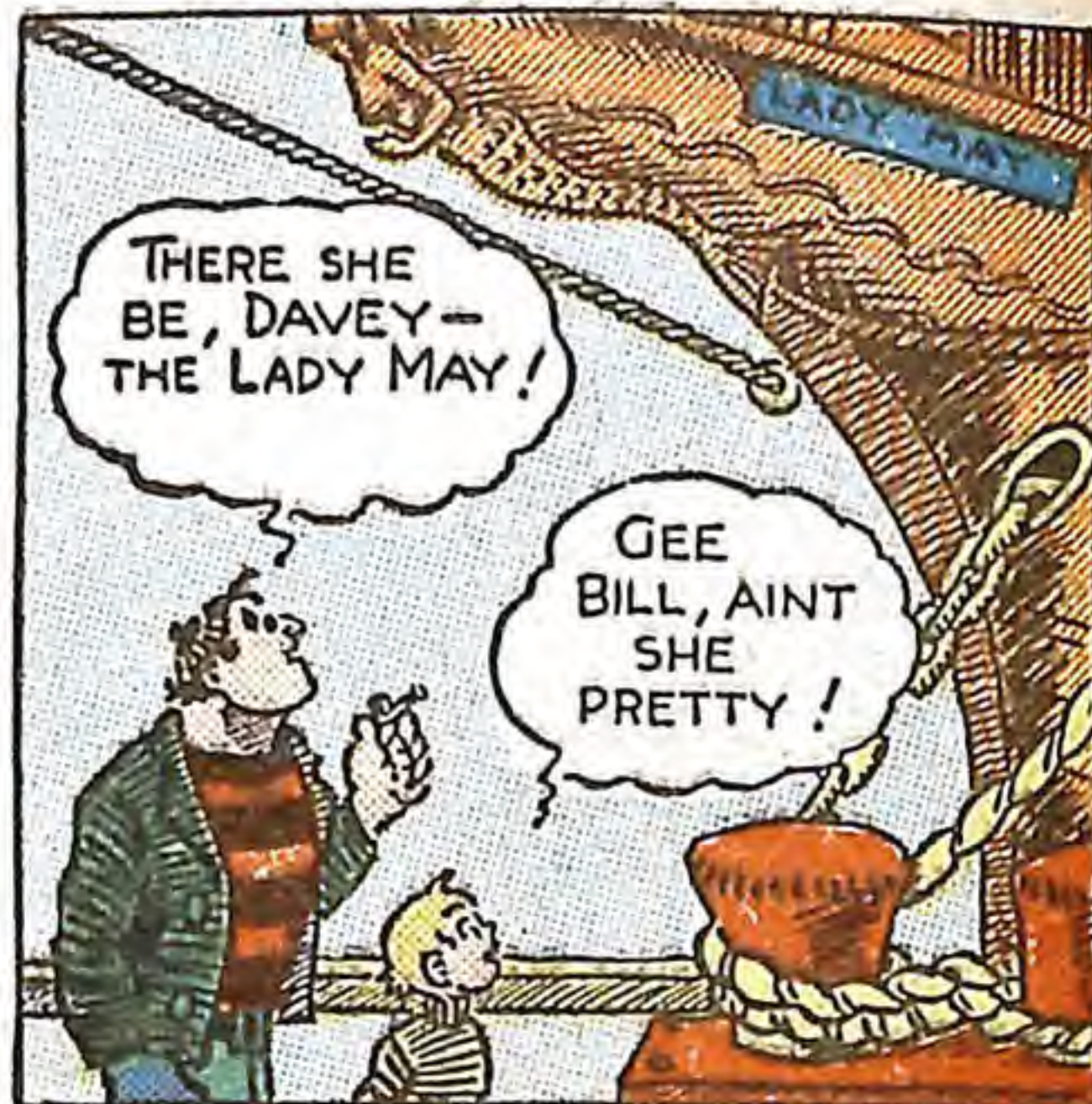
"But the fever——"

"The fever was a fake! Marvin pulled it to attack me and finish me, because he knew he'd given himself away. And when I showed up he was in a spot! Oh, he was smart, but like all crooks, just a little *too* smart!"

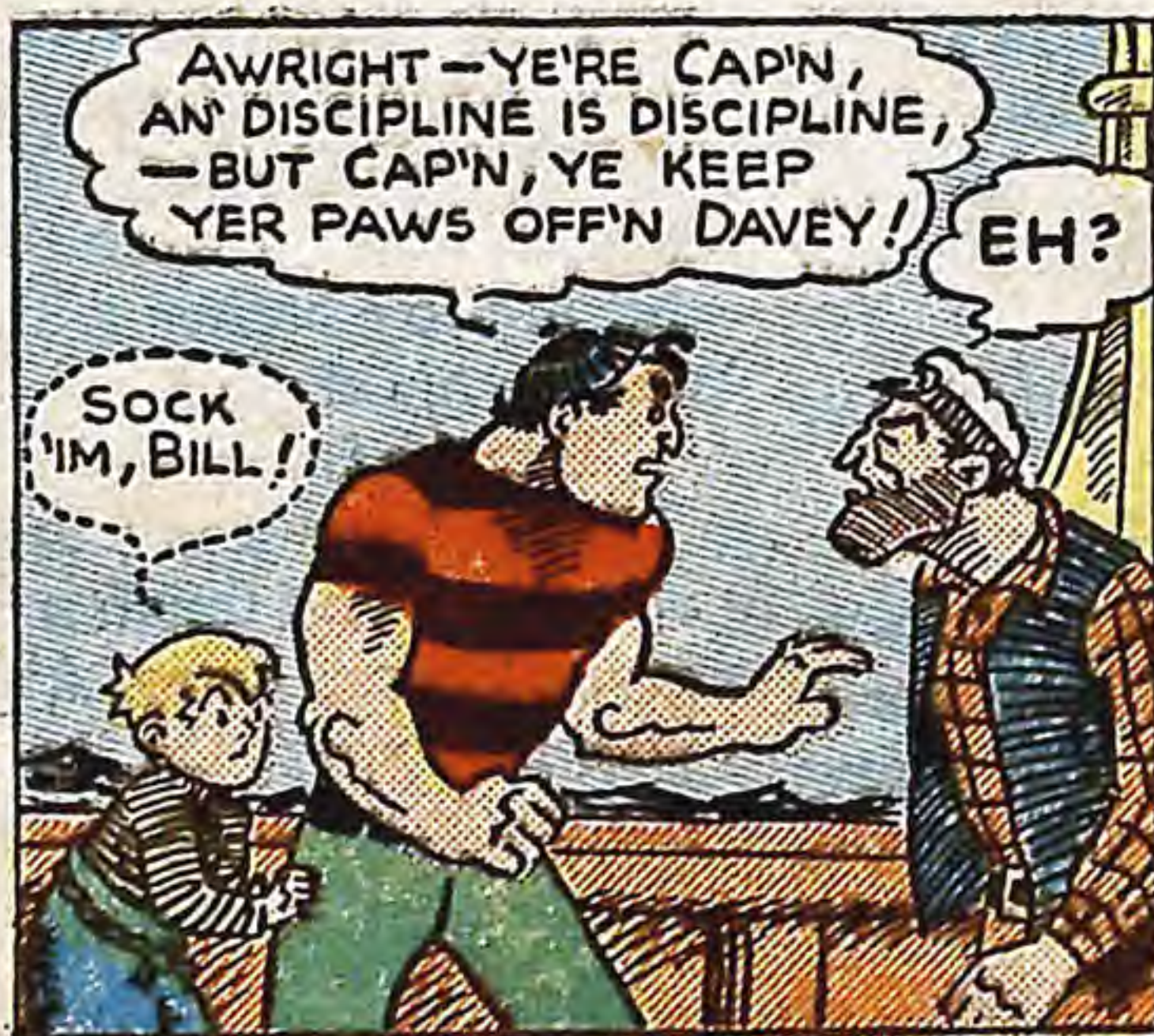
THE END

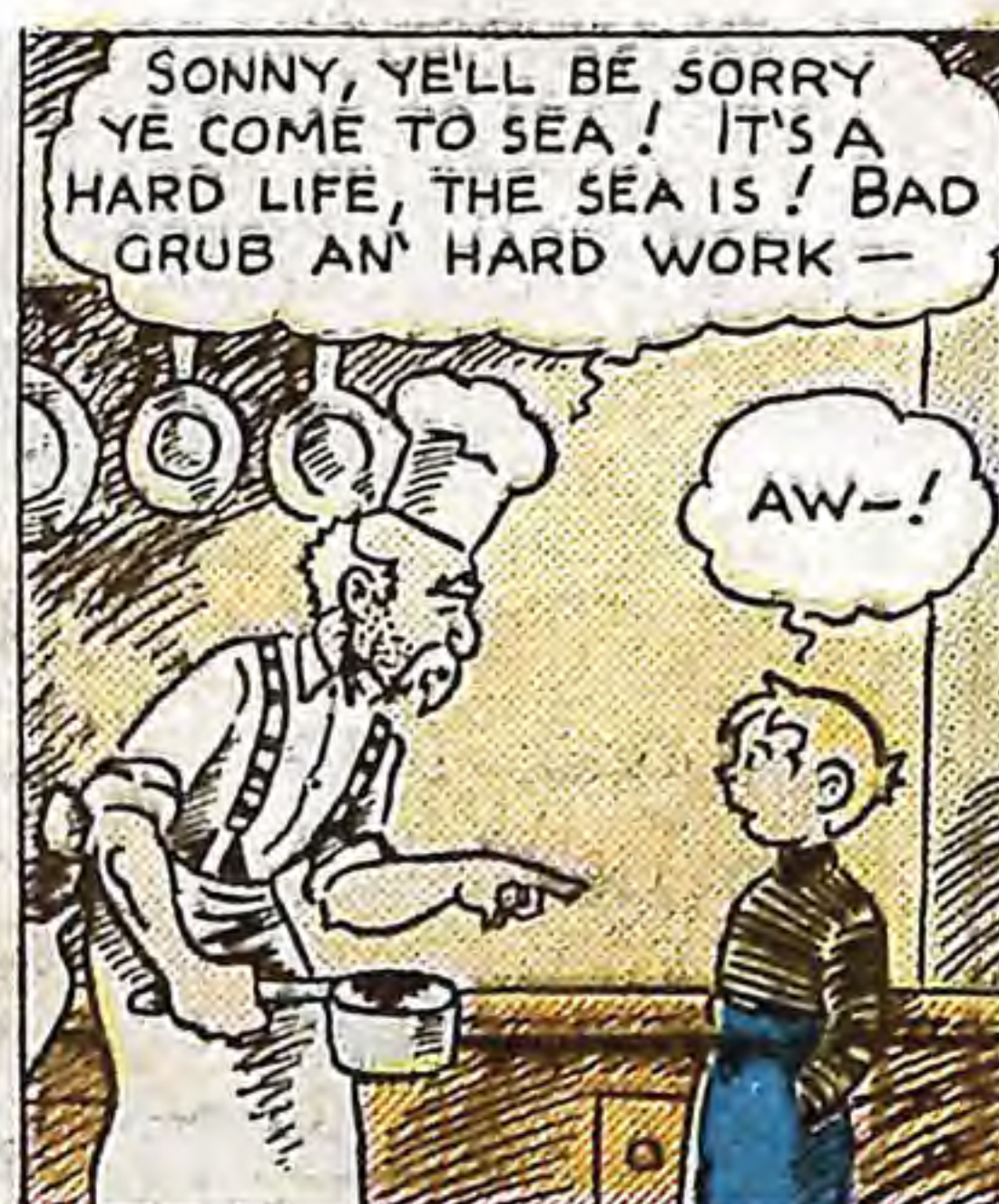
Bill and Davey

Bp
JAMES P. McCAGUE-

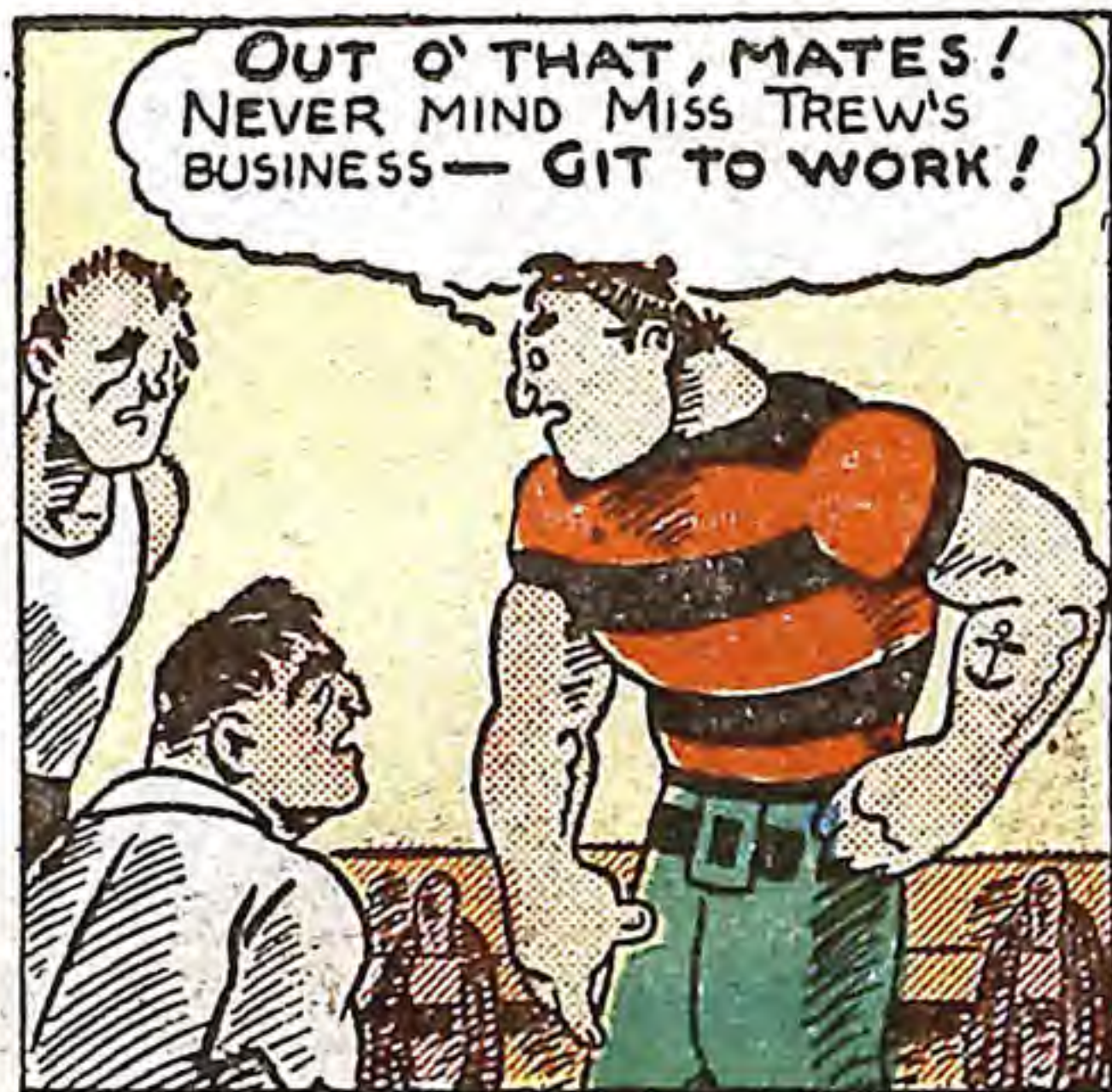
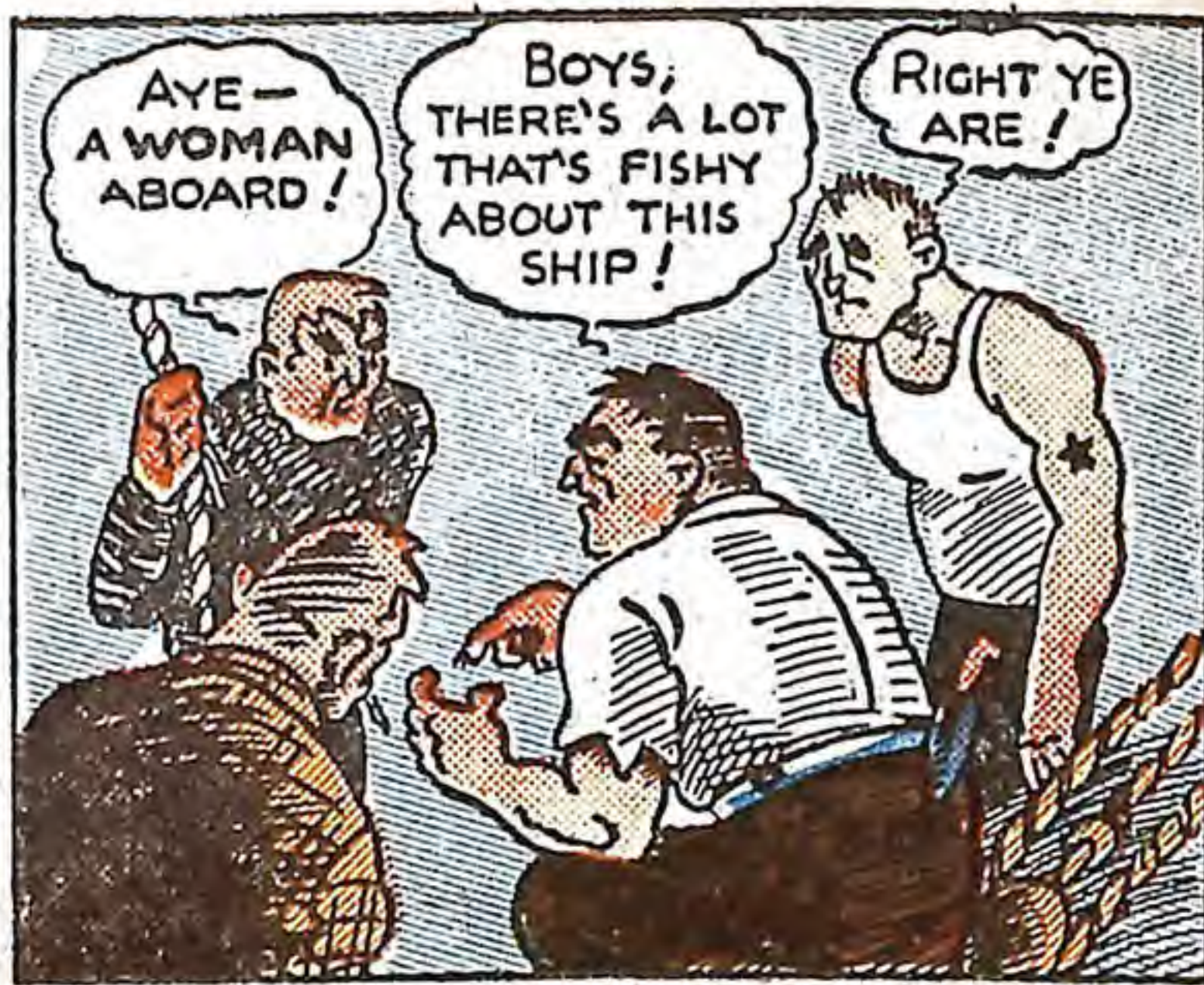
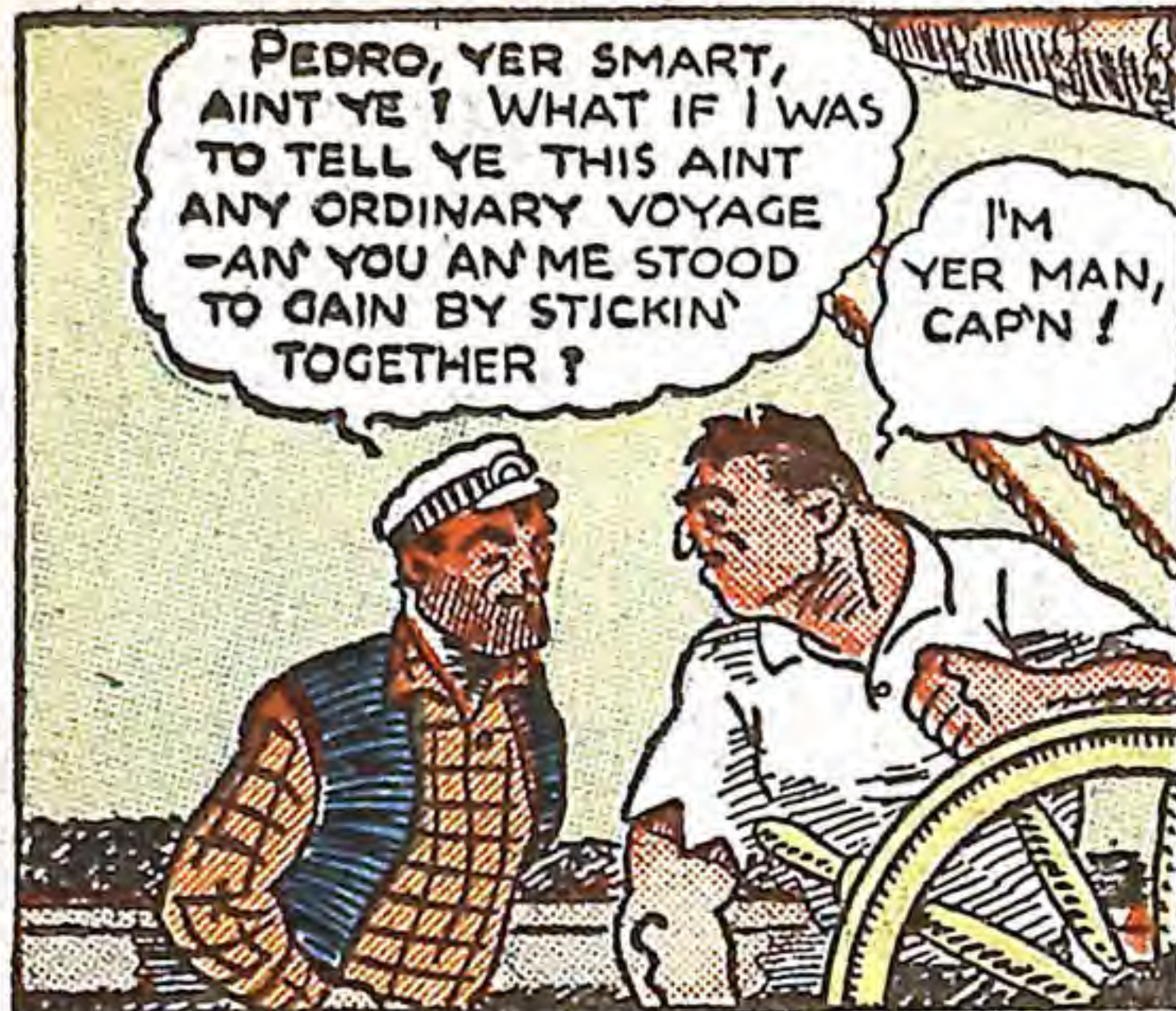


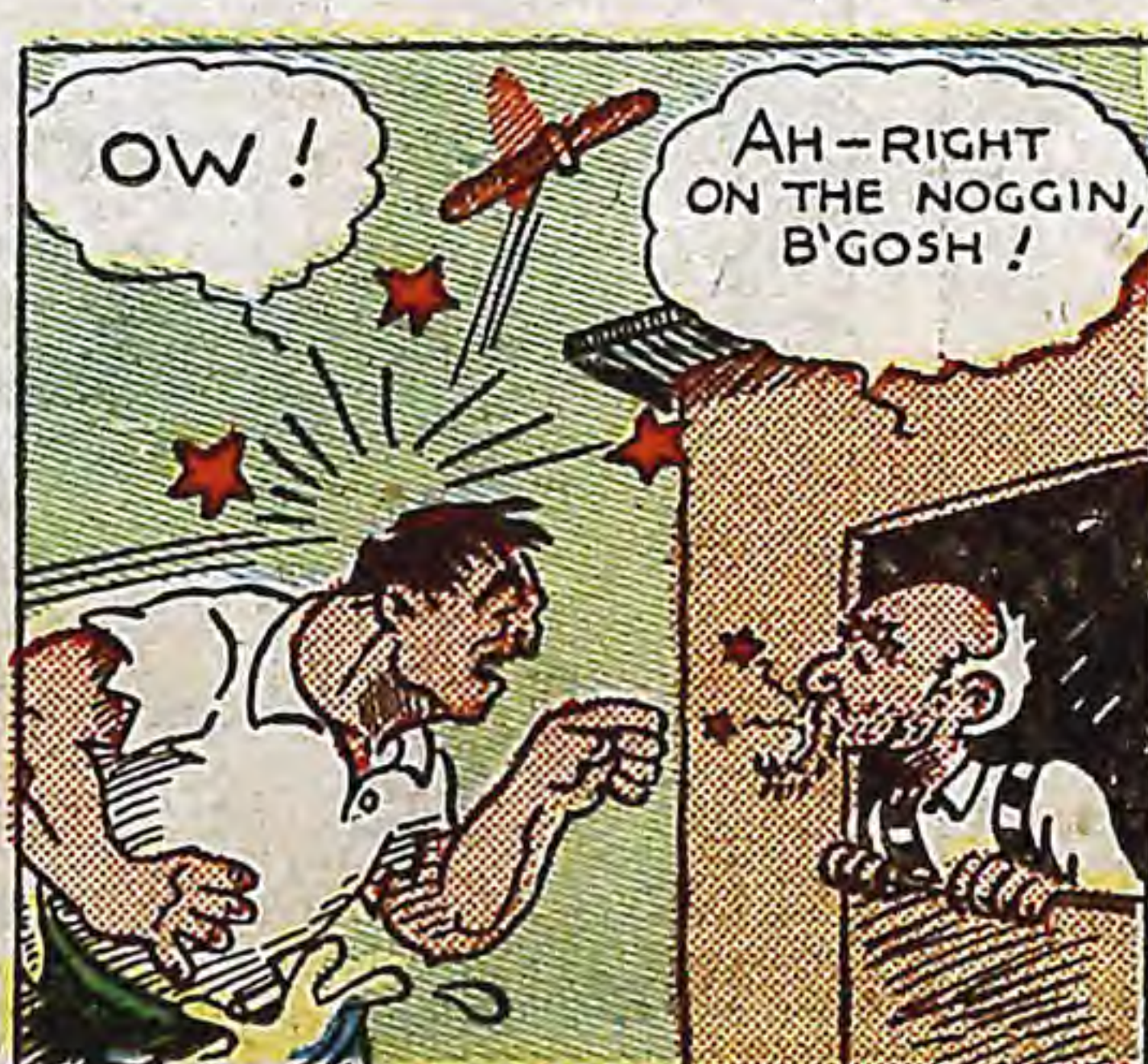
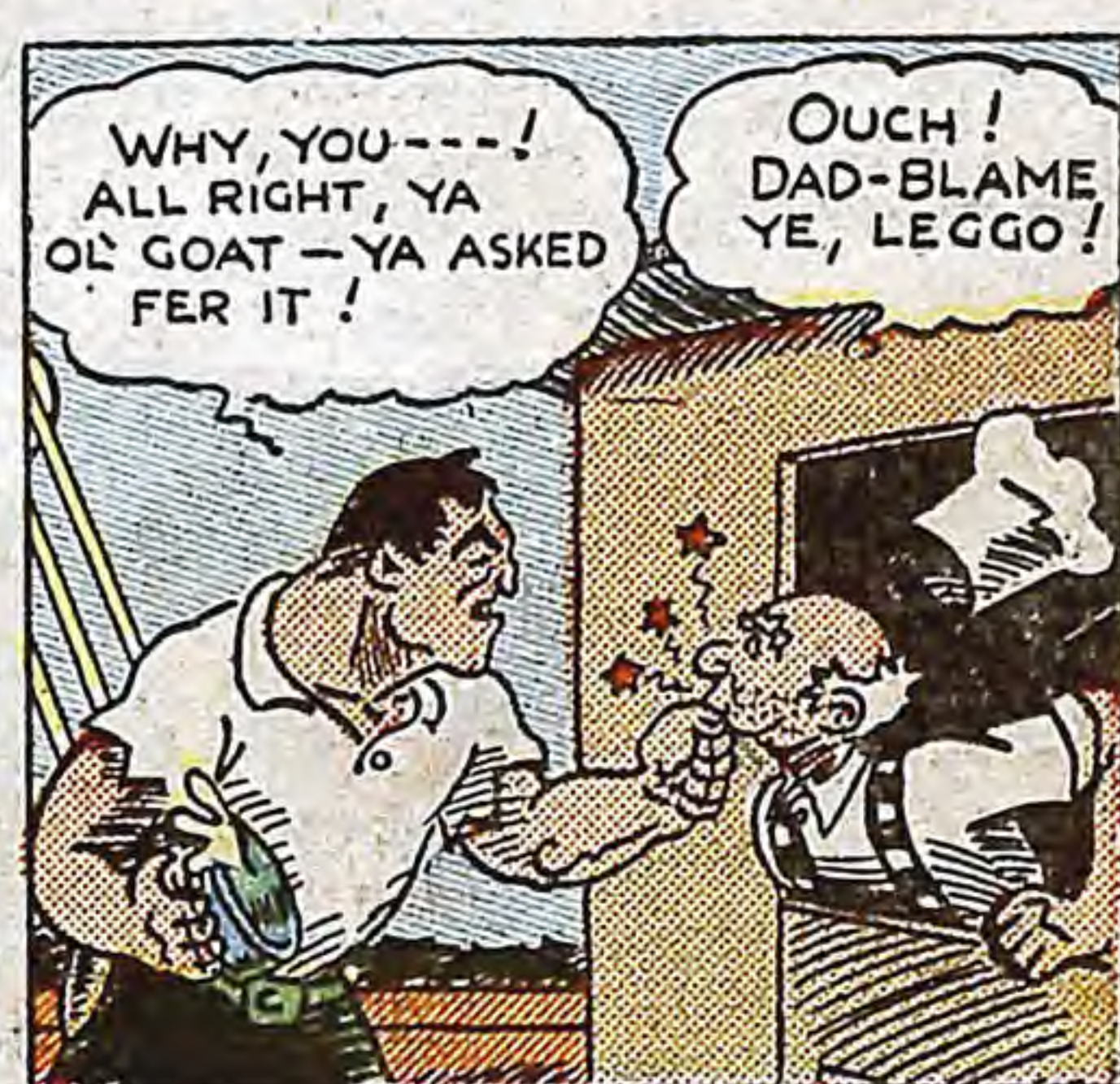
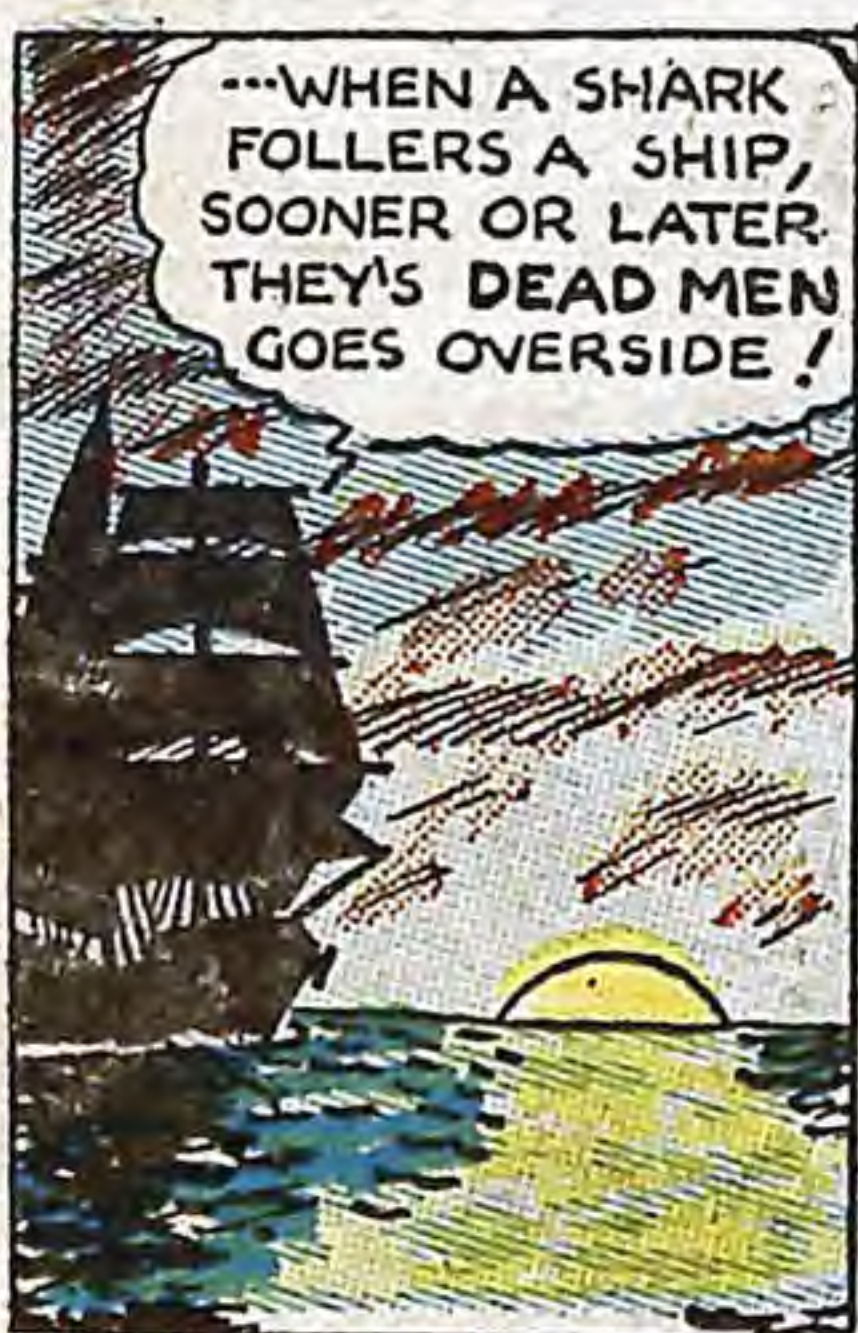
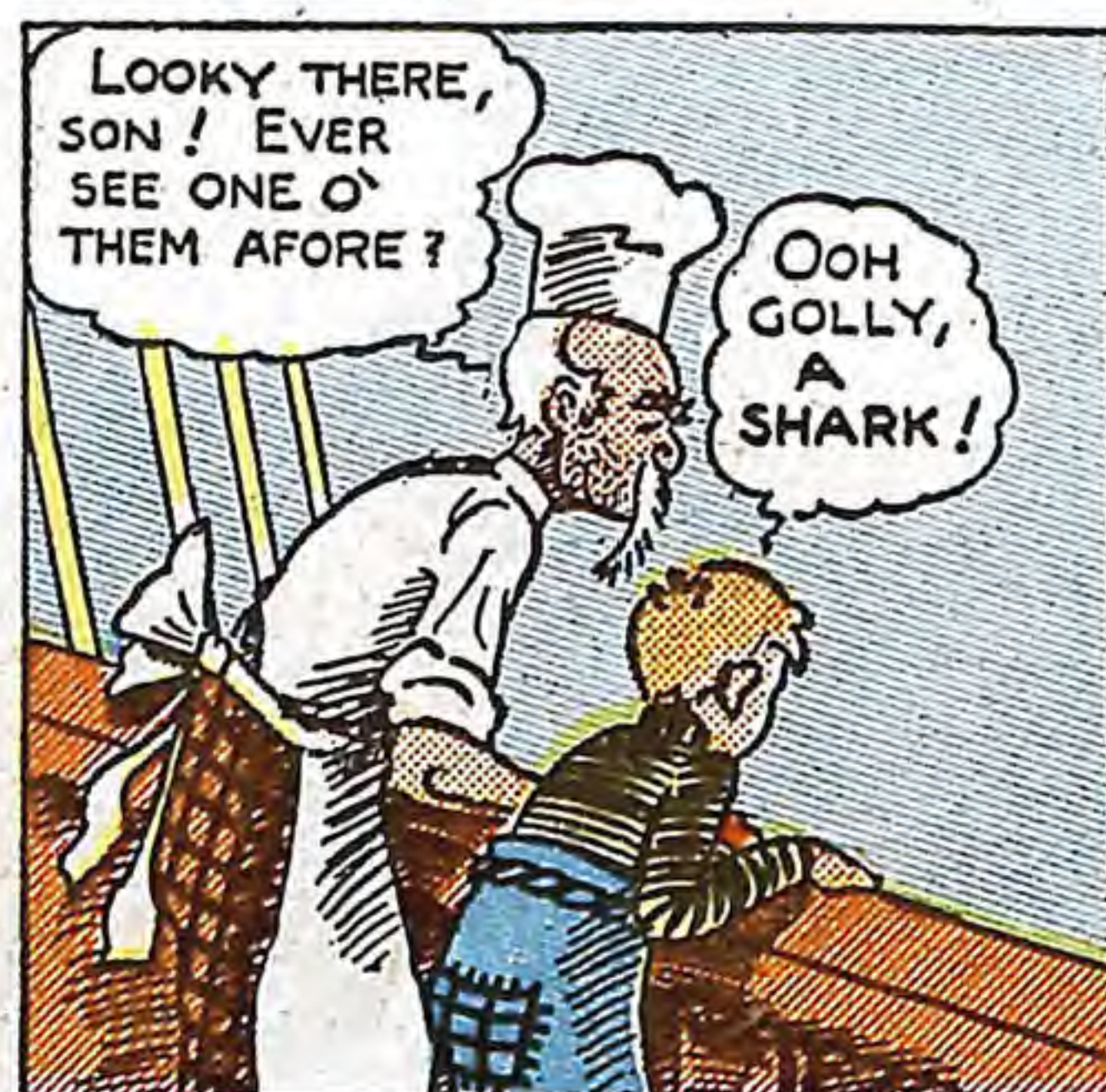
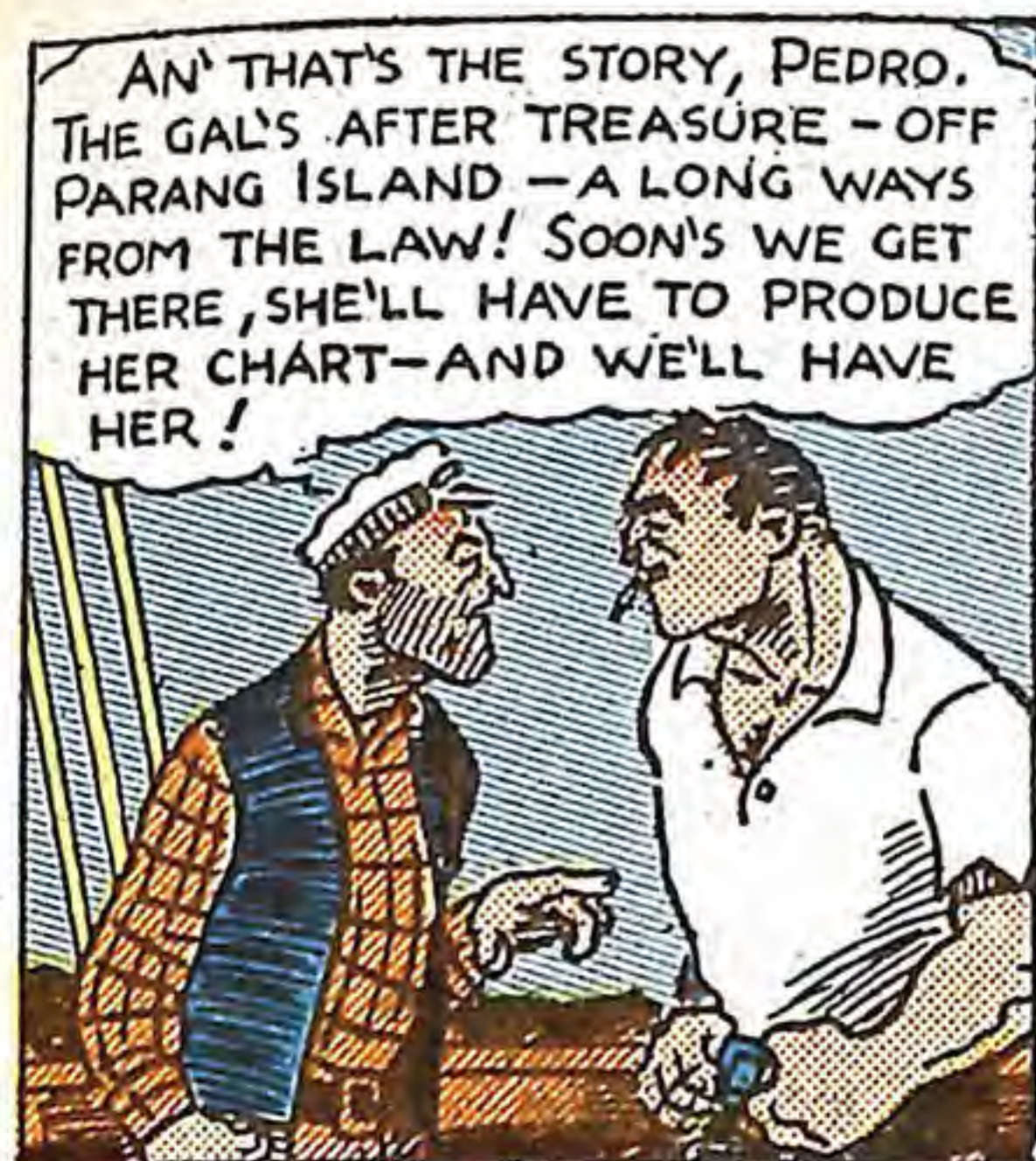
A FEW HOURS AFTER DAWN, AND THE LADY MAY IS WELL AT SEA, ROLLING WESTWARD BEFORE A SPANKING BREEZE—WITH DAVEY ABOARD!

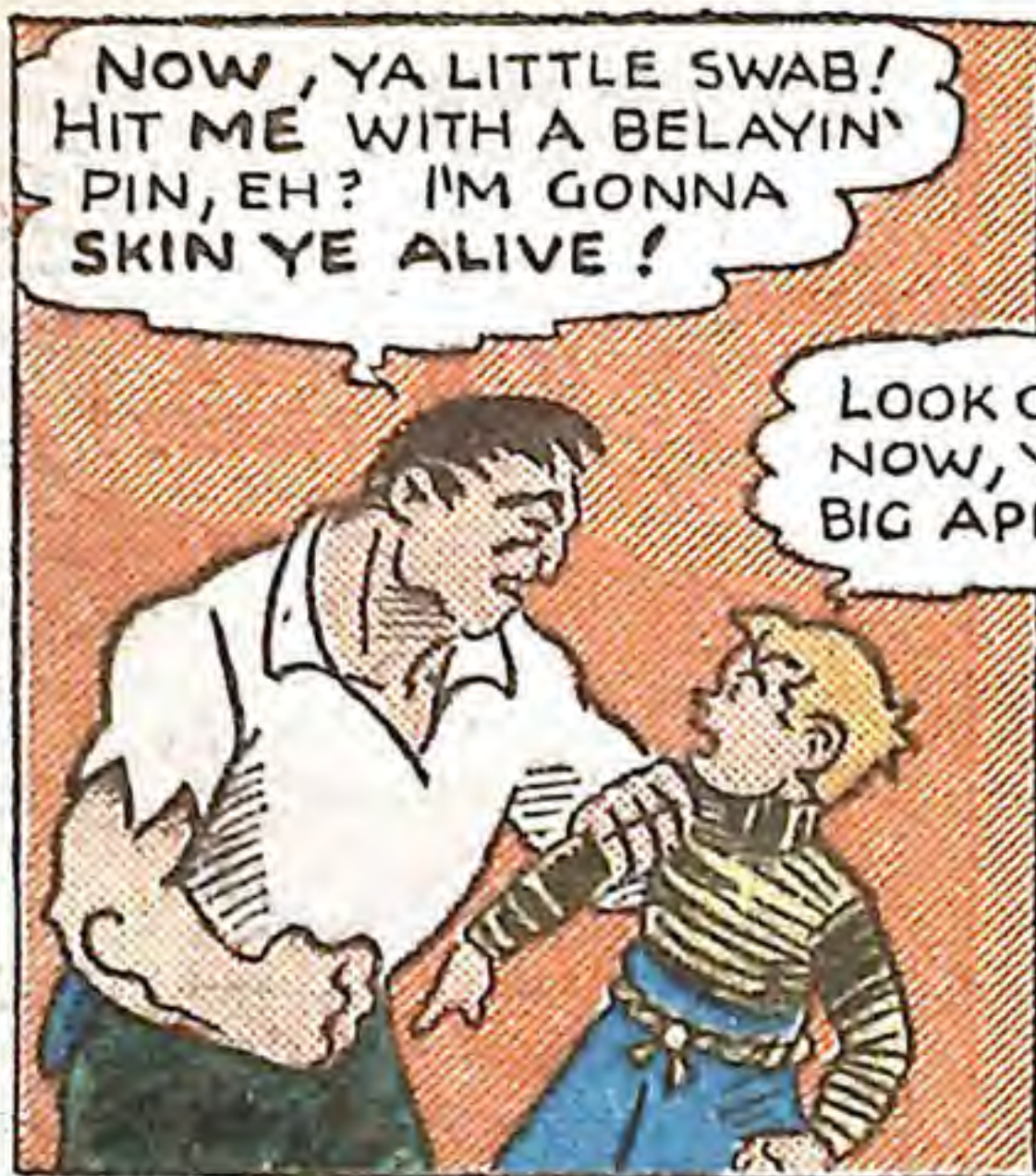




AND AFT,
BY THE
WHEEL,
LISTEN
TO
THIS--









NO BILL, I'M AFRAID IT WAS MORE THAN THAT! CAPT. LASH IS DETERMINED TO GET RID OF YOU—AND PEDRO IS HIS MAN!



PLEASE, FOR MY SAKE, YOU WILL BE ON YOUR GUARD, WONT YOU?

WELL-ER—GOLLY, MISS TREW—!

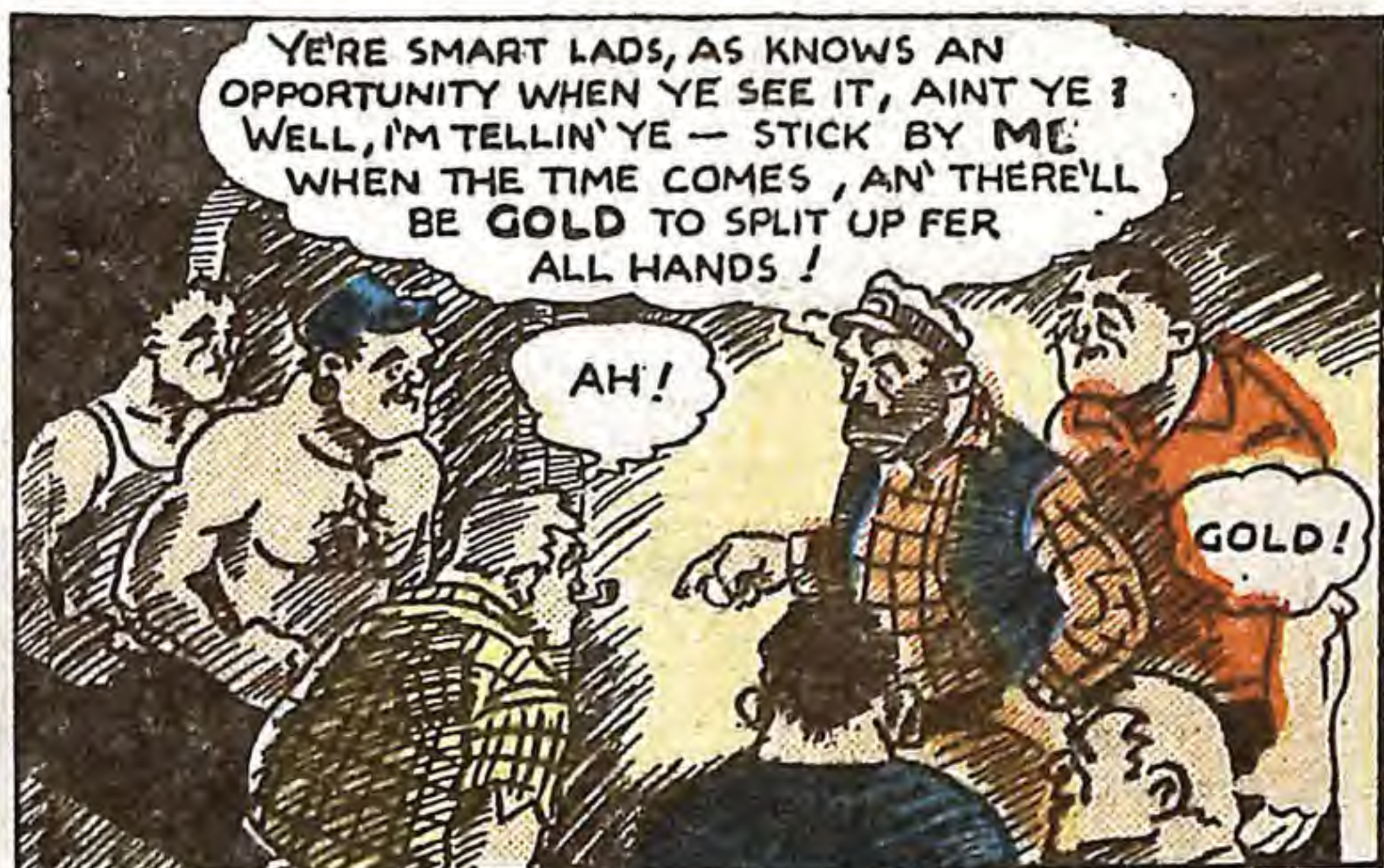


"FER MY SAKE"—GOSH, A HOMELY OL' WALRUS LIKE ME!



CAP, THE BOYS UP FORRARD ARE GETTIN' THE WIND UP ABOUT THIS CRUISE. THEY'D JOIN UP WITH US, I THINK!

AYE, I'LL TALK TO 'EM!



YE'RE SMART LADS, AS KNOWS AN OPPORTUNITY WHEN YE SEE IT, AINT YE? WELL, I'M TELLIN' YE—STICK BY ME! WHEN THE TIME COMES, AN' THERE'LL BE GOLD TO SPLIT UP FER ALL HANDS!

AH!

GOLD!



NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, CAP—THAT GANG 'UD KNIFE THEIR OWN GRAN'MOTHERS FER A SHARE O' TREASURE!

AYE—AN' THAT PUTS THE GAME IN OUR HANDS! NOW, WE'LL TAKE CARE O' THAT DUMB HULK OF A BOSUN!



THE CAPTAIN'S WATCH IN A DARK, MOONLESS NIGHT---



BOSUN, THAT'S A SLOPPY FURL ON THAT FORE UPPER TOPSAIL TO LEEWARD! GET ALOFT AN' PASS A GASKET AROUND IT.

AYE AYE CAP'N!

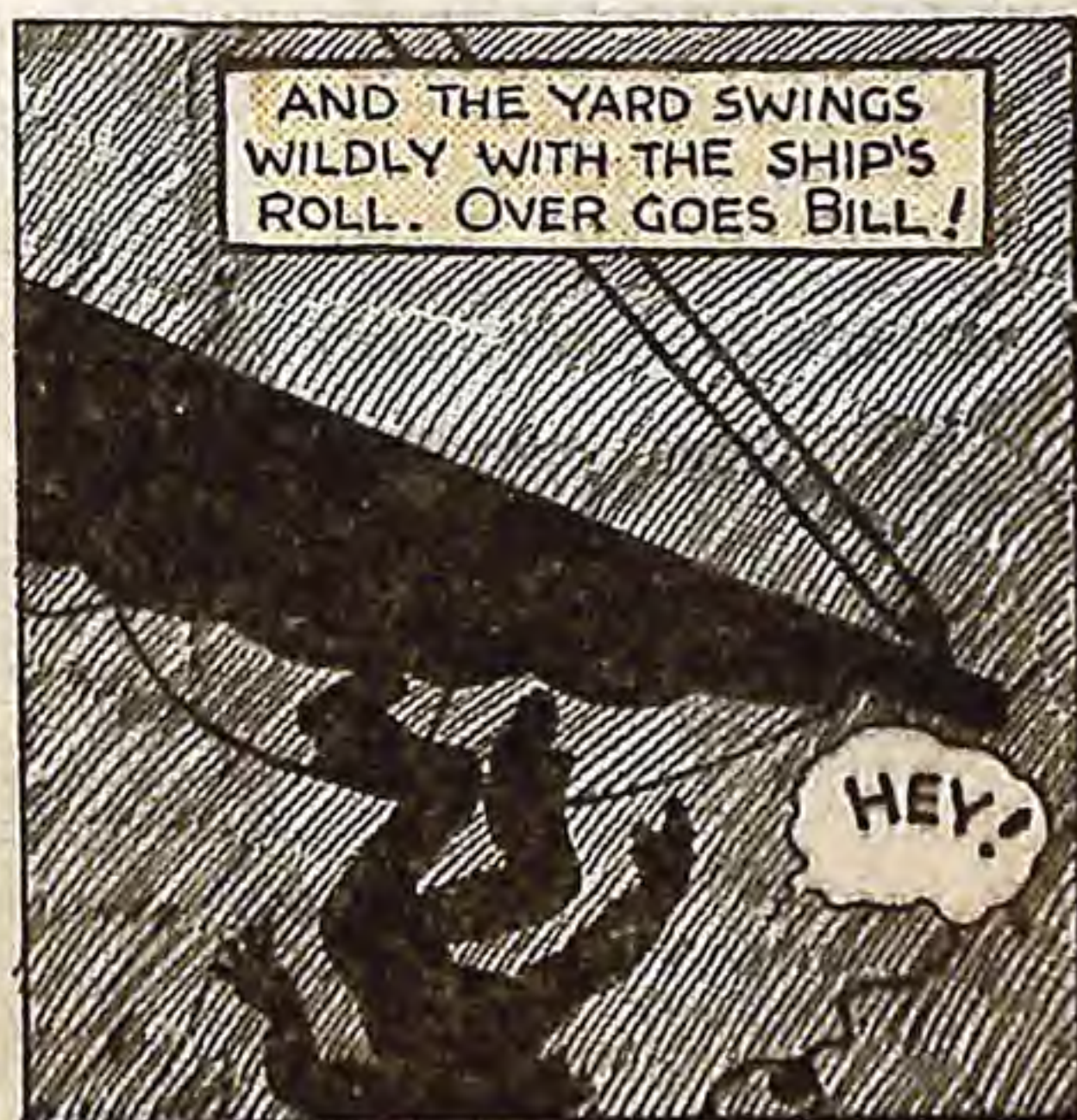


AS BILL MOVES OUT ALONG THE LEE YARDARM---



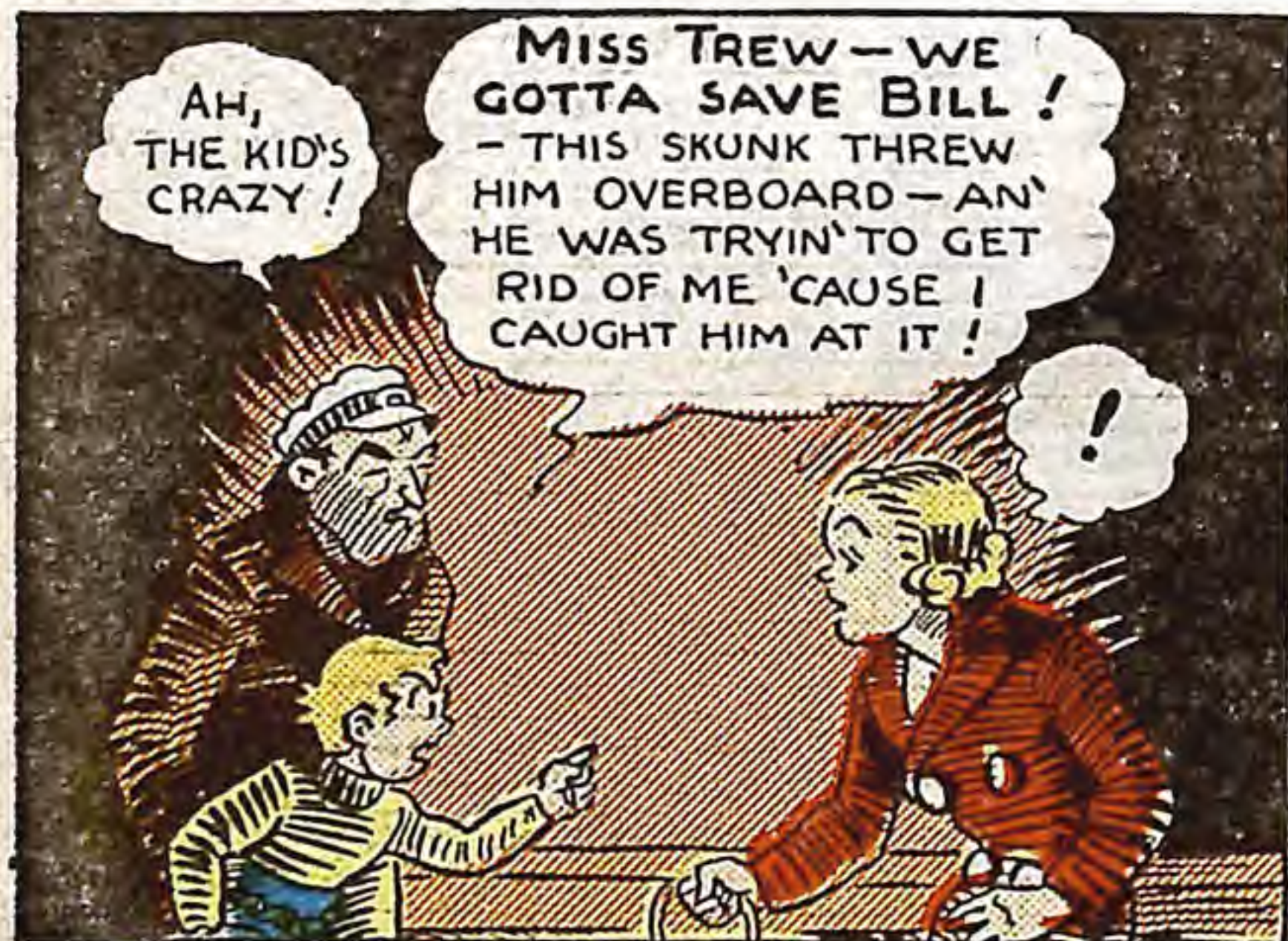
CAPT. LASH, ON DECK, CASTS LOOSE THE LEE BRACE---

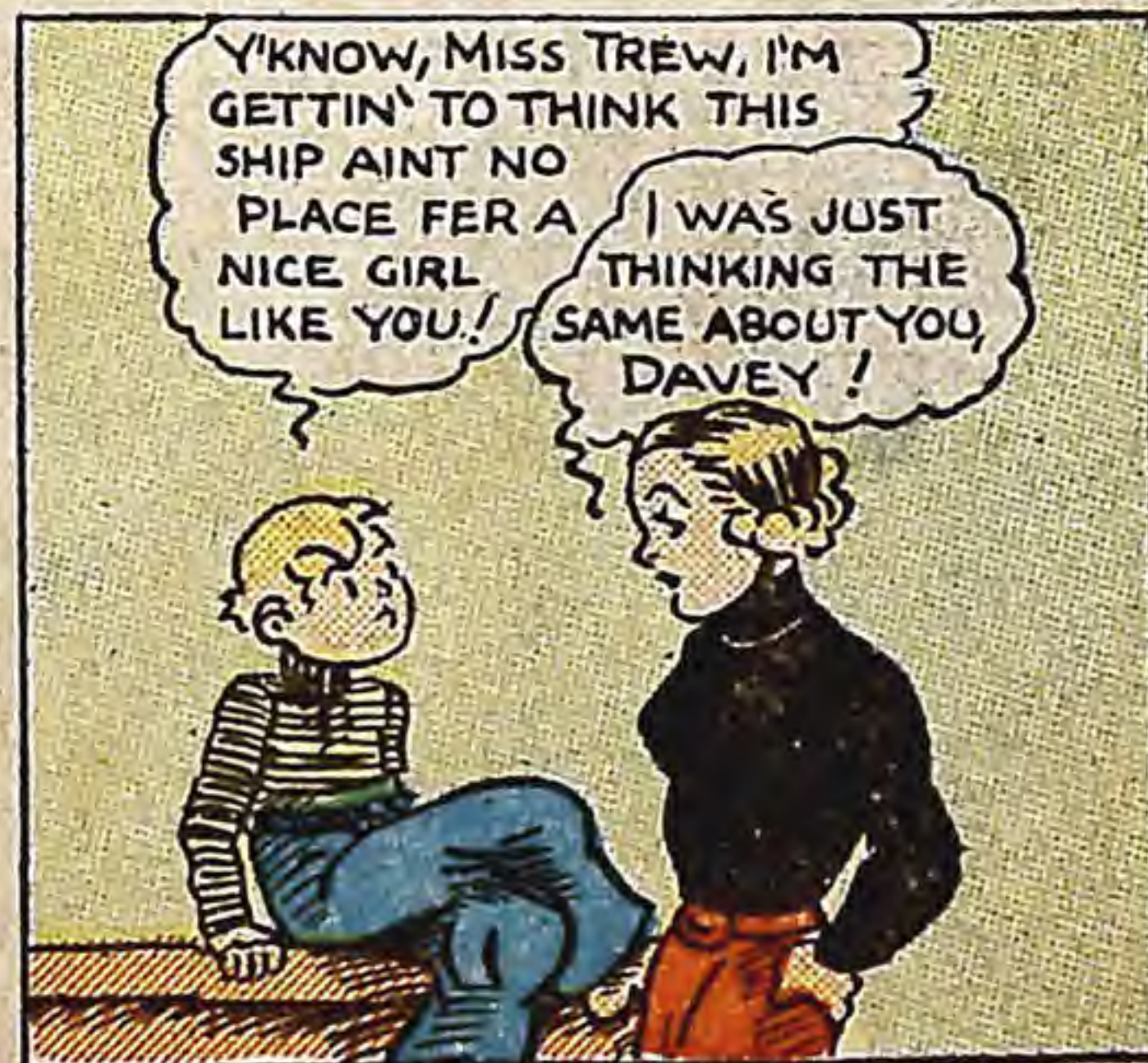
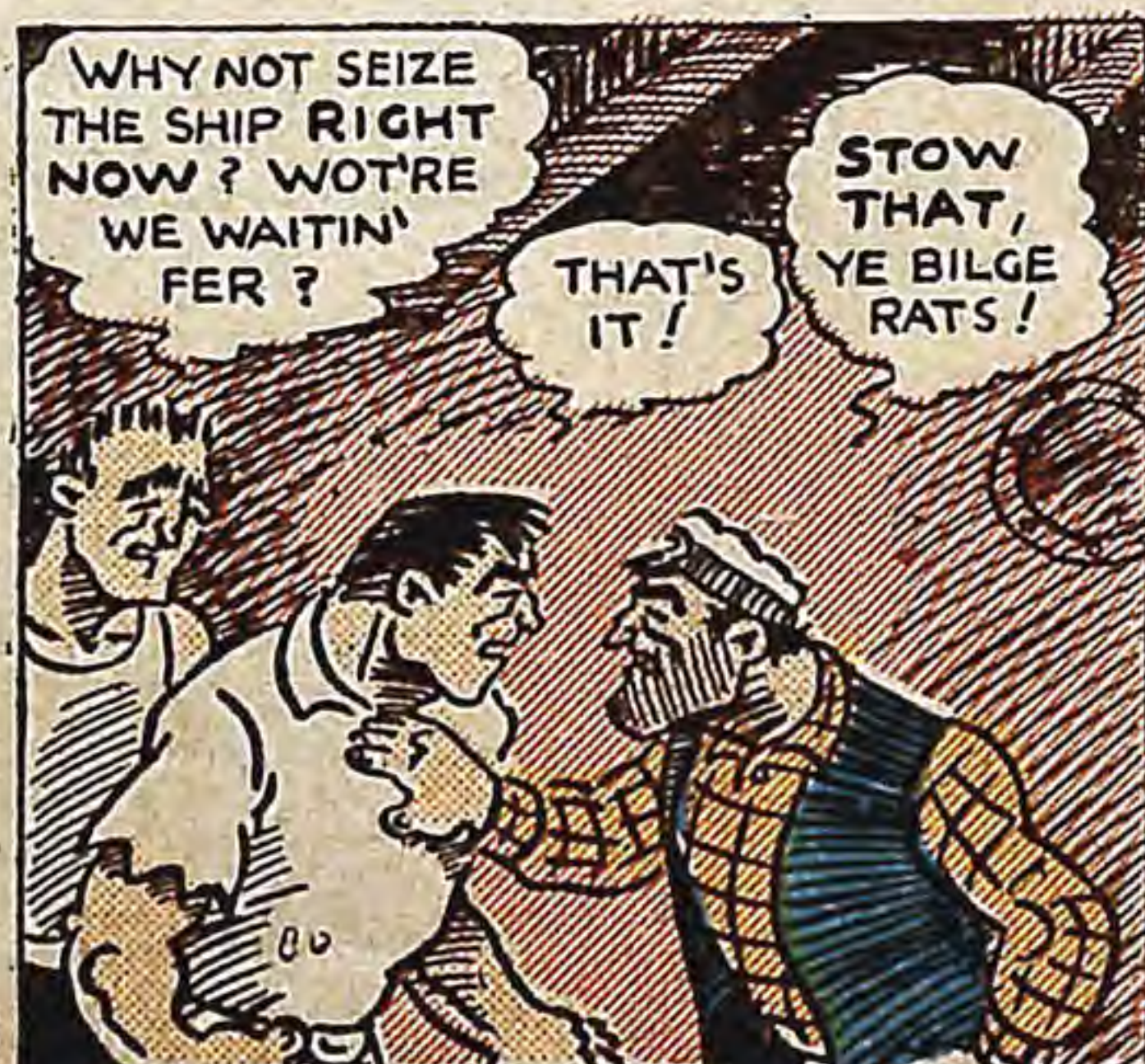
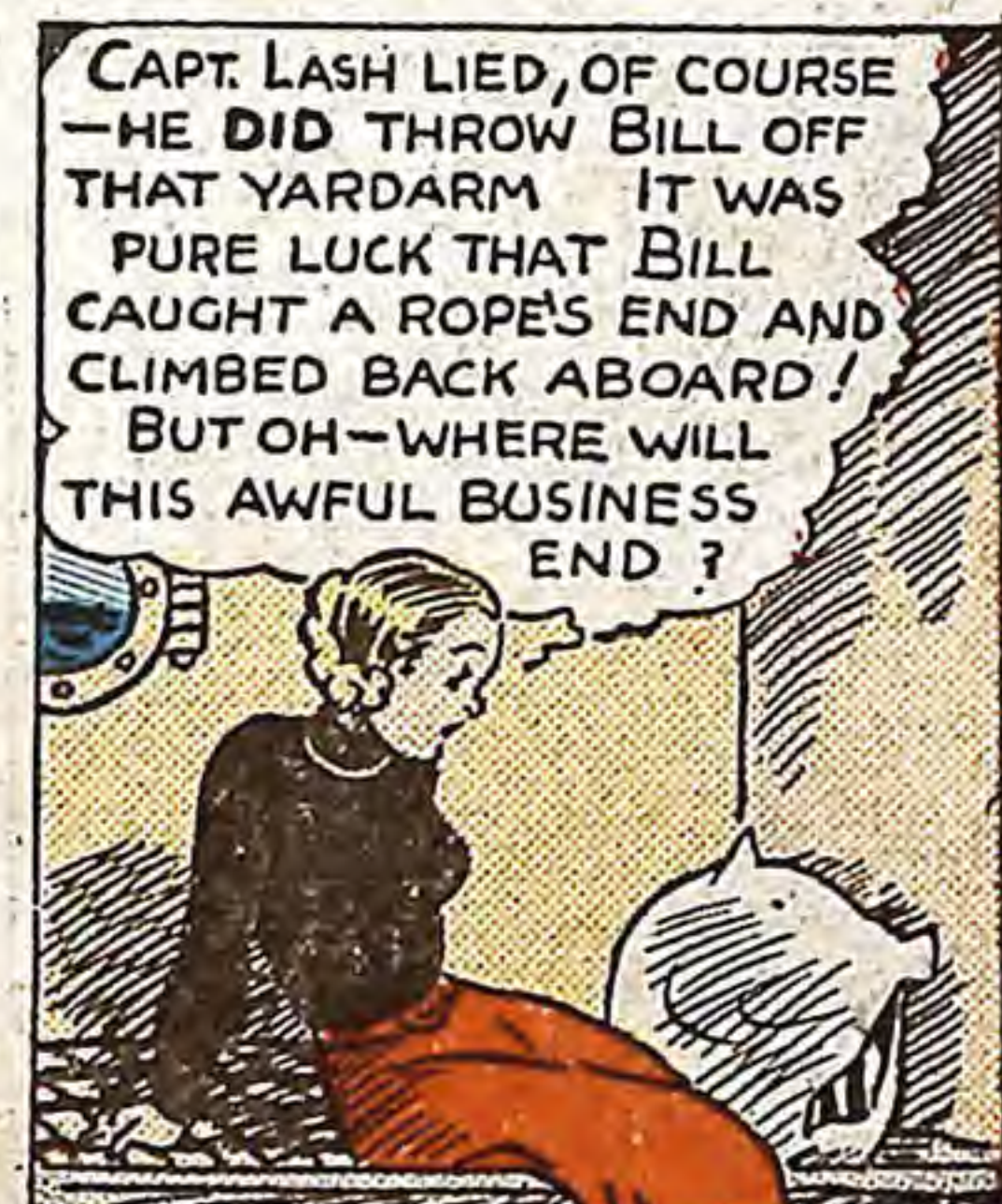
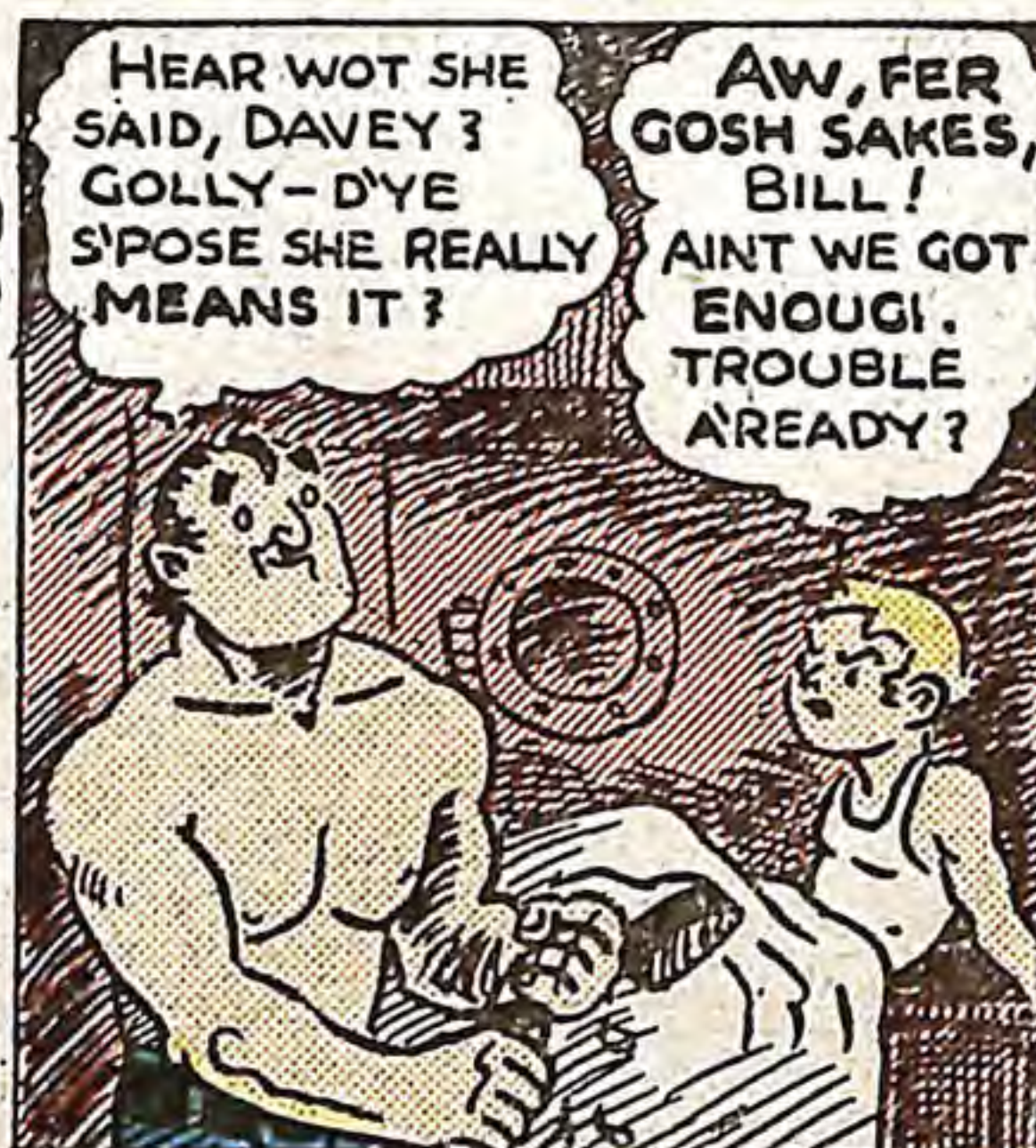
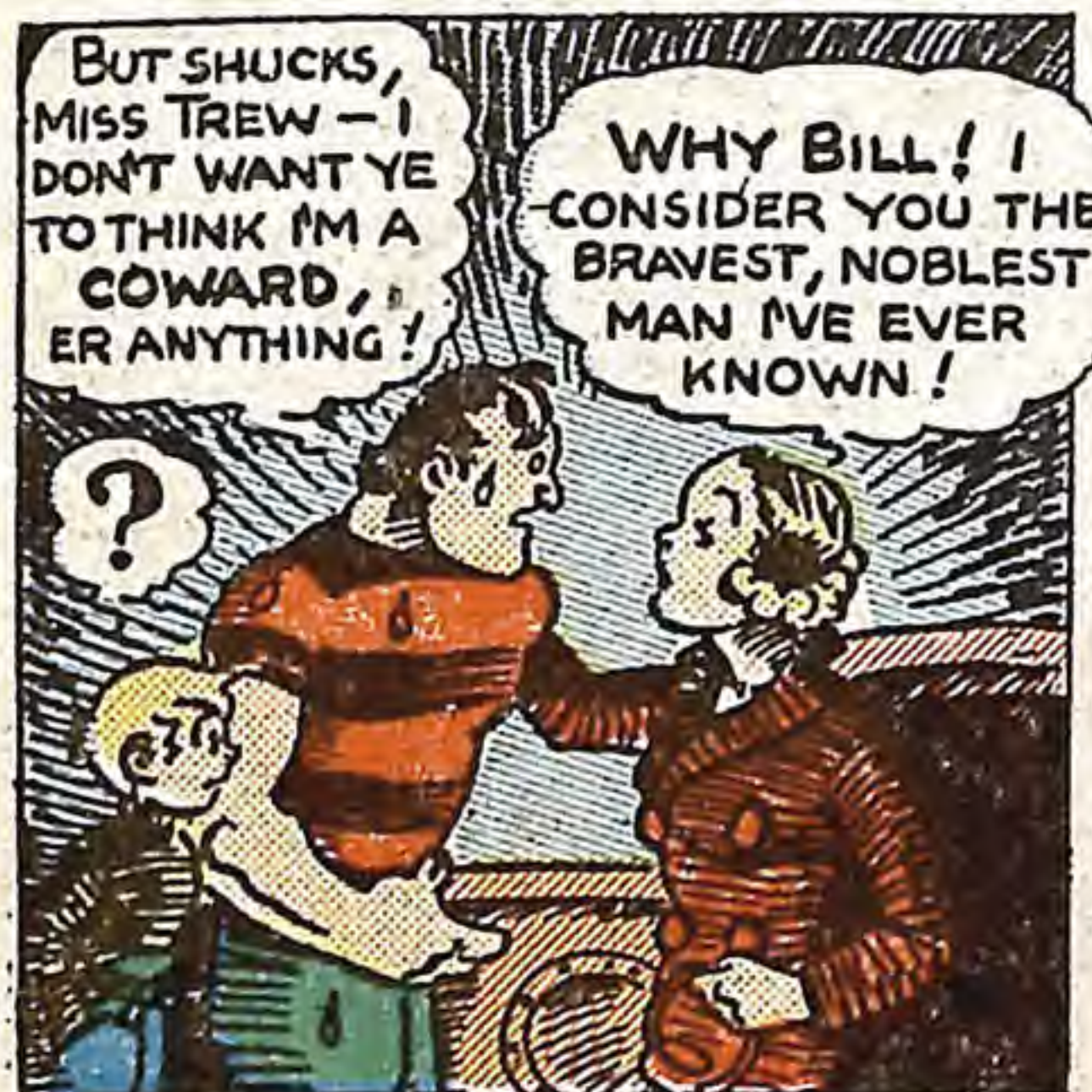
THIS'LL DO FER HIM!

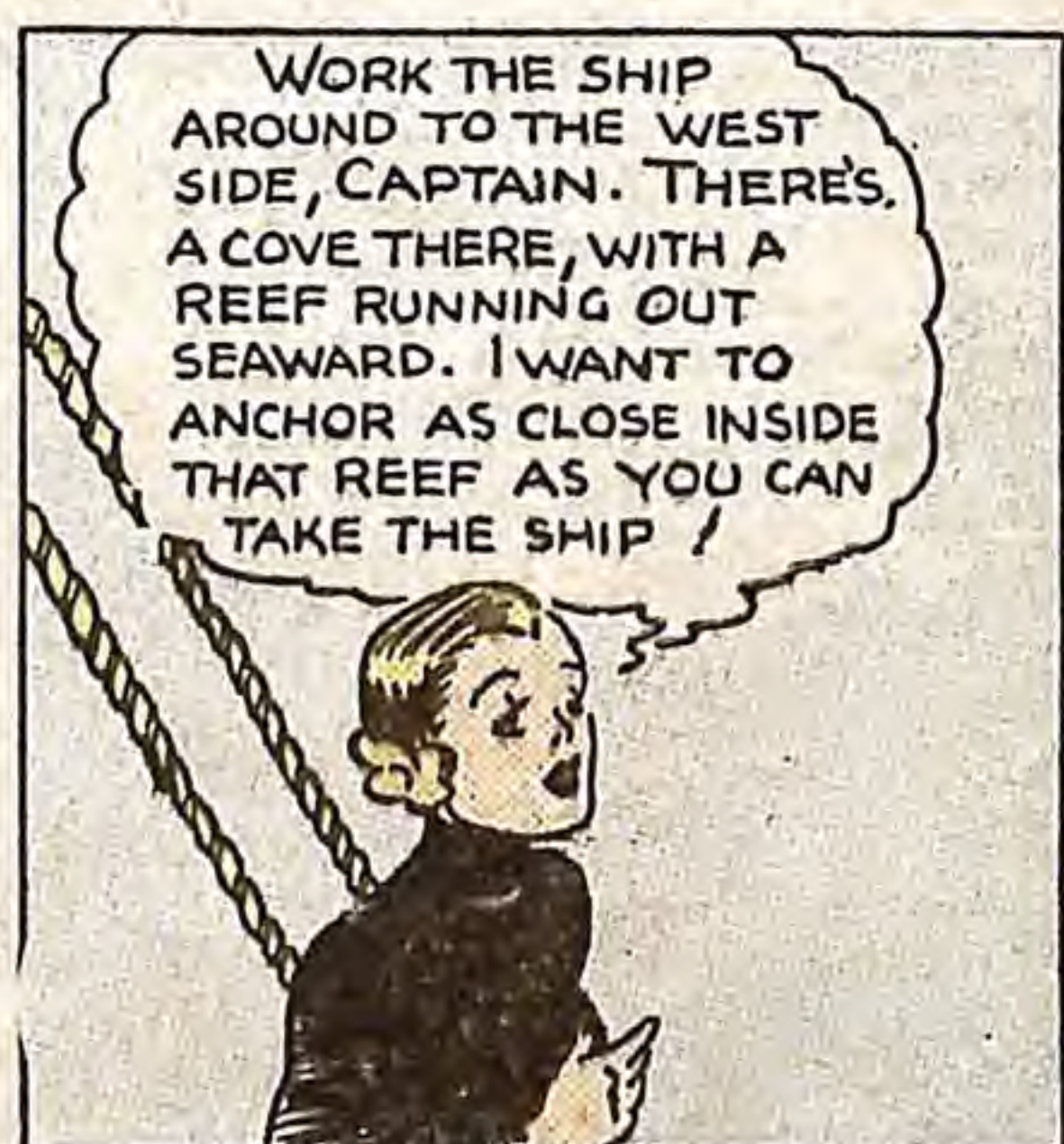


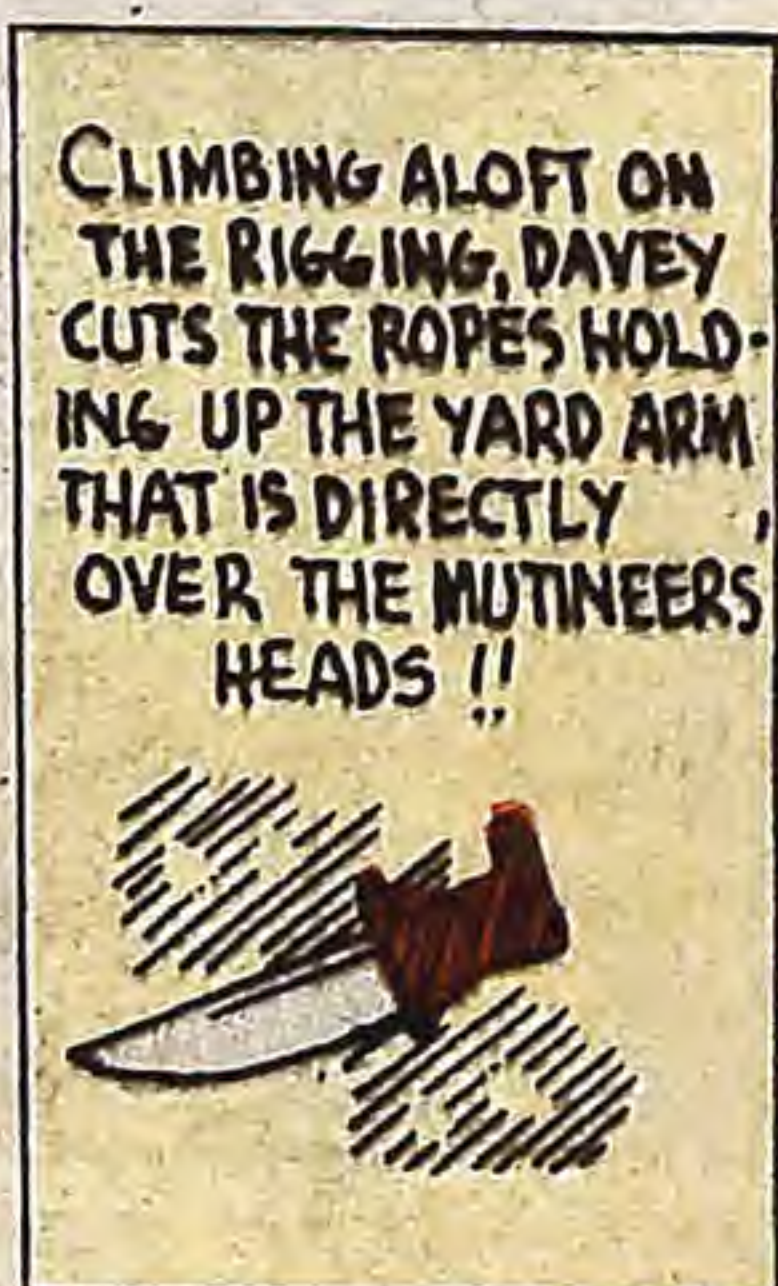
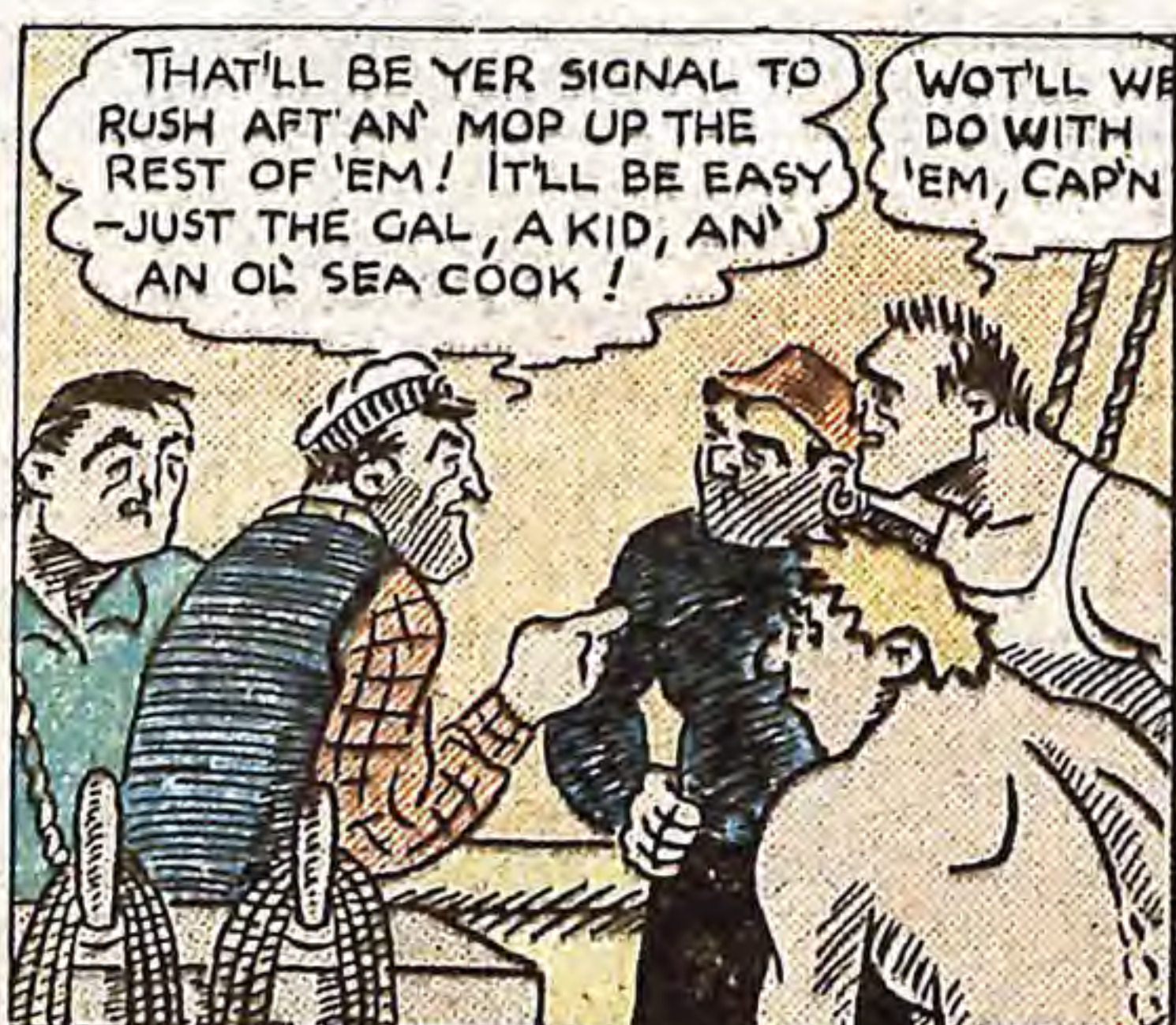
AND THE YARD SWINGS WILDLY WITH THE SHIP'S ROLL. OVER GOES BILL!

HEY!







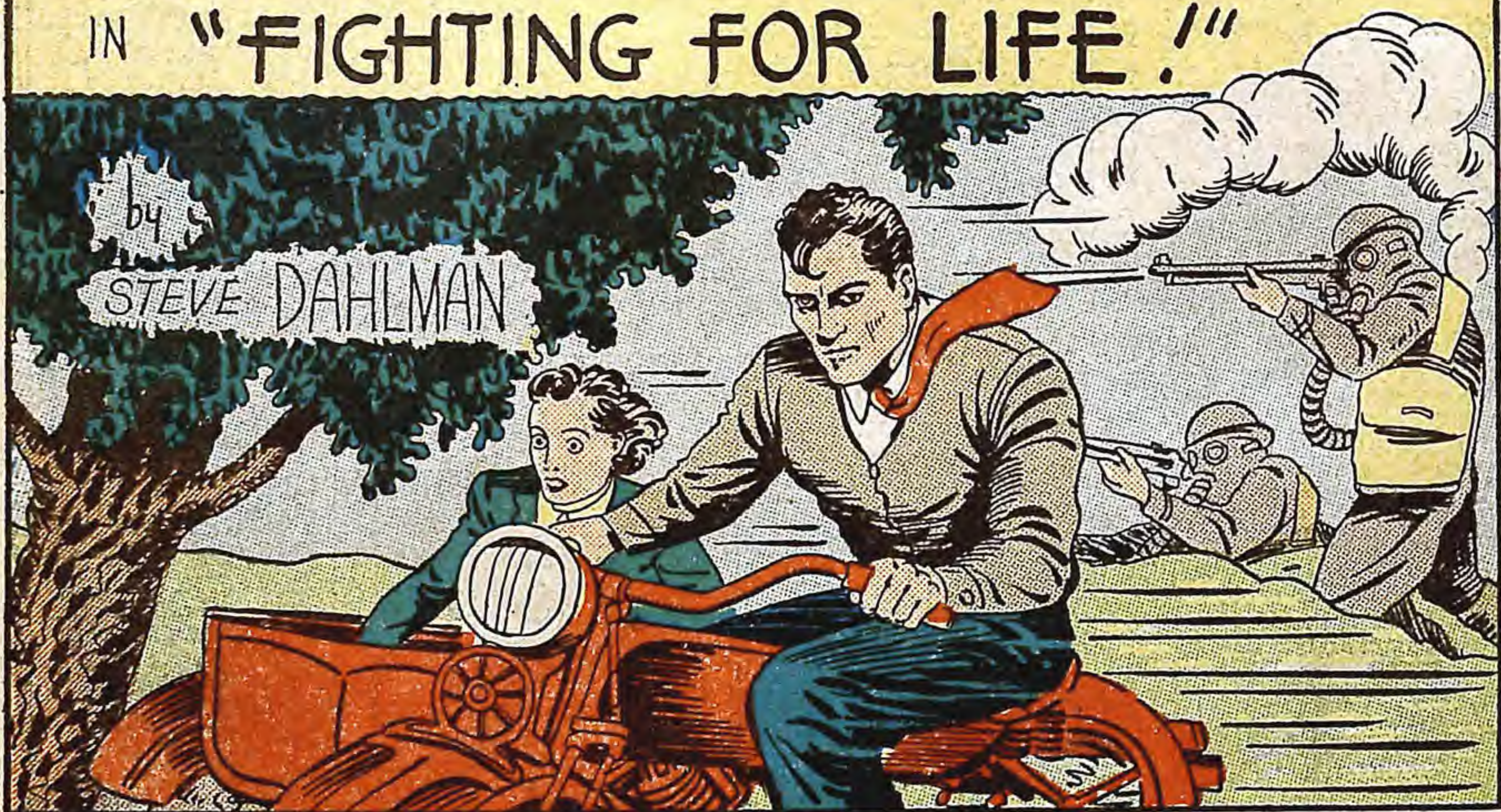


LARRY KANE

The Adventure-Hunter

IN "FIGHTING FOR LIFE!"

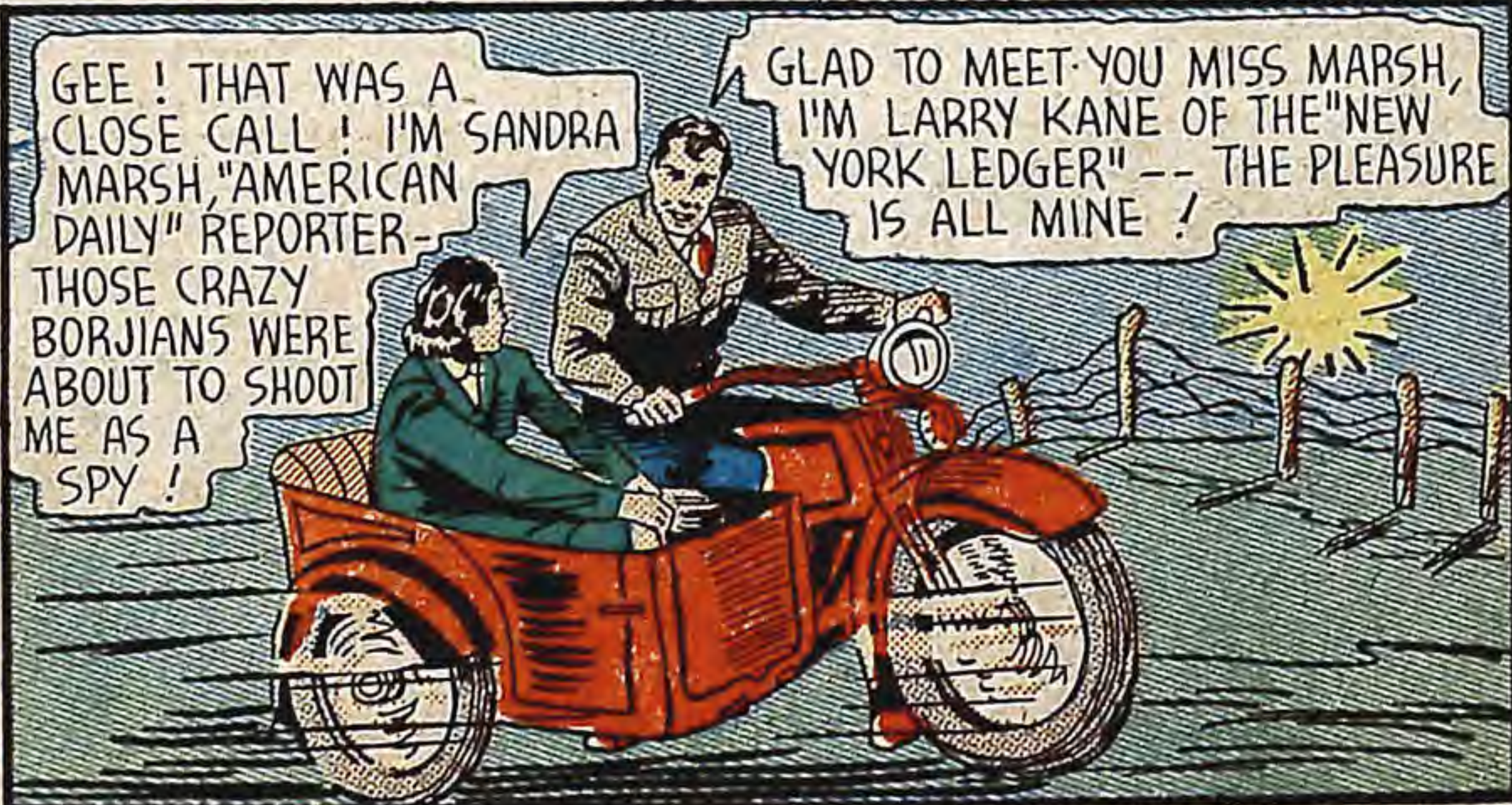
by
STEVE DAHLMAN

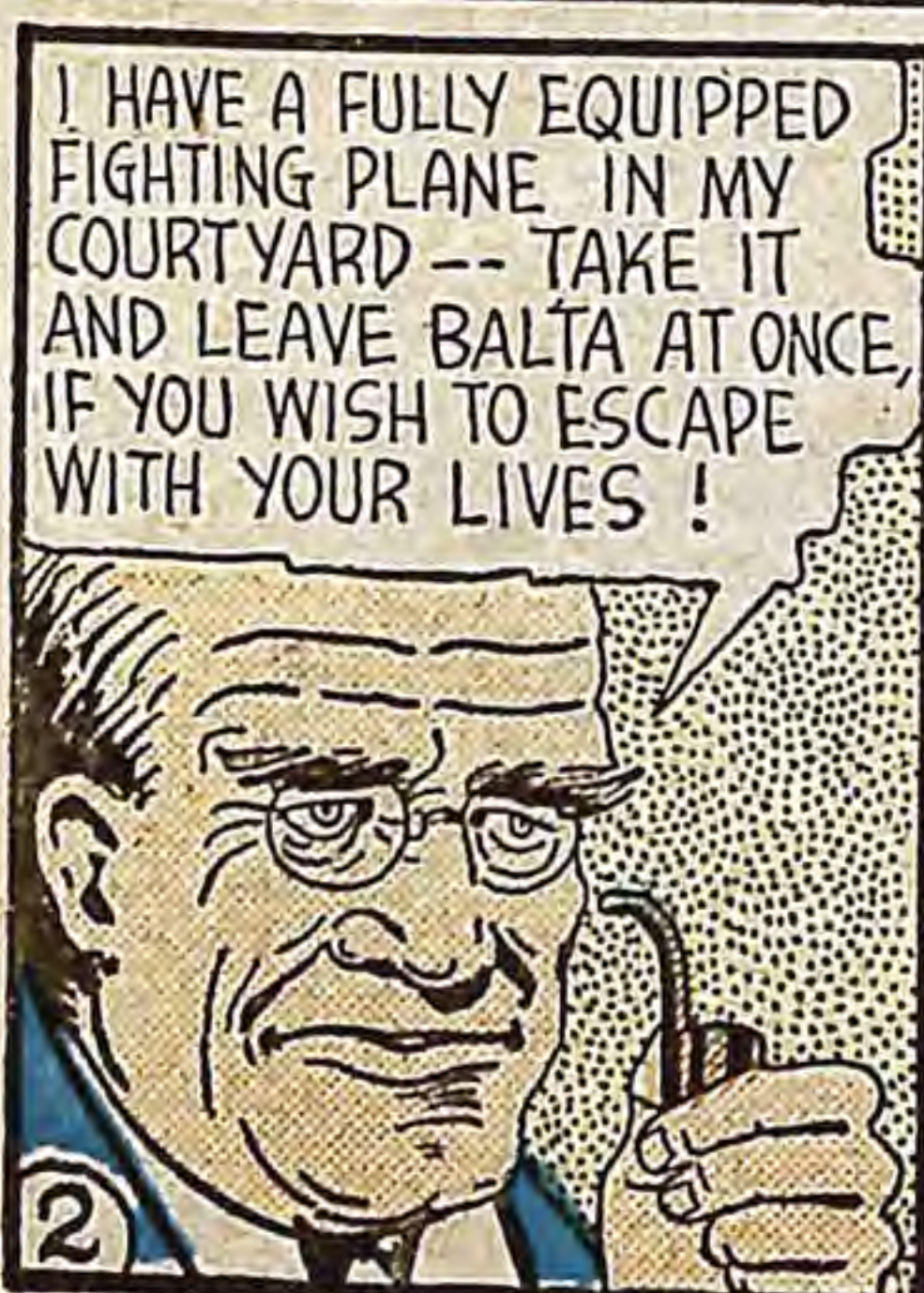
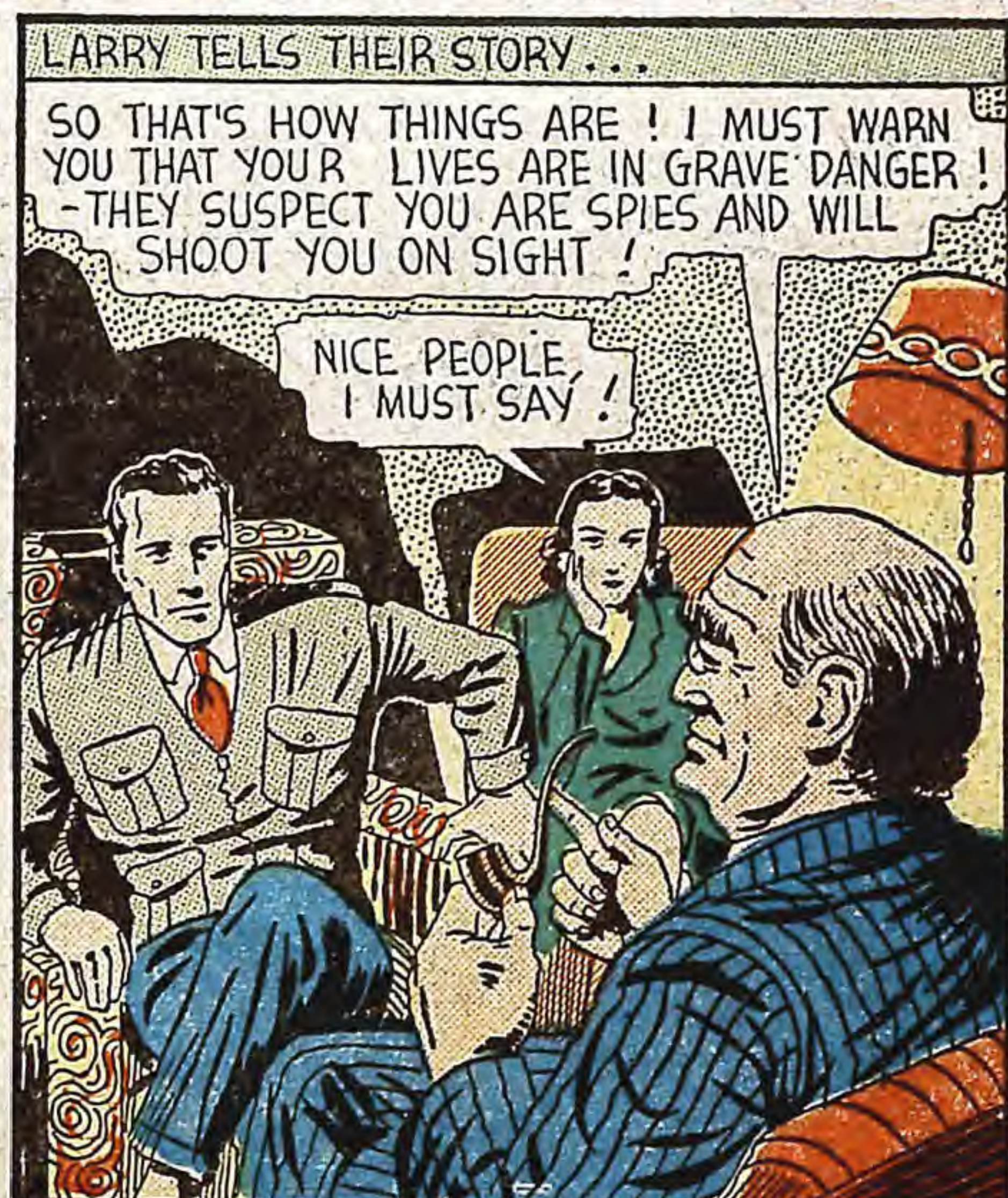


WHILE ACTING AS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT FOR A NEW YORK NEWS-PAPER IN WAR-TORN BALTA, LARRY KANE RESCUES A PRETTY GIRL FROM A FIRING SQUAD OF THE AGGRESSOR ARMY OF BORJIA, AND SPEEDS HER AWAY ON HIS MOTORCYCLE !

GEE ! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL ! I'M SANDRA MARSH, "AMERICAN DAILY" REPORTER--THOSE CRAZY BORJANS WERE ABOUT TO SHOOT ME AS A SPY !

GLAD TO MEET YOU MISS MARSH, I'M LARRY KANE OF THE "NEW YORK LEDGER" -- THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE !

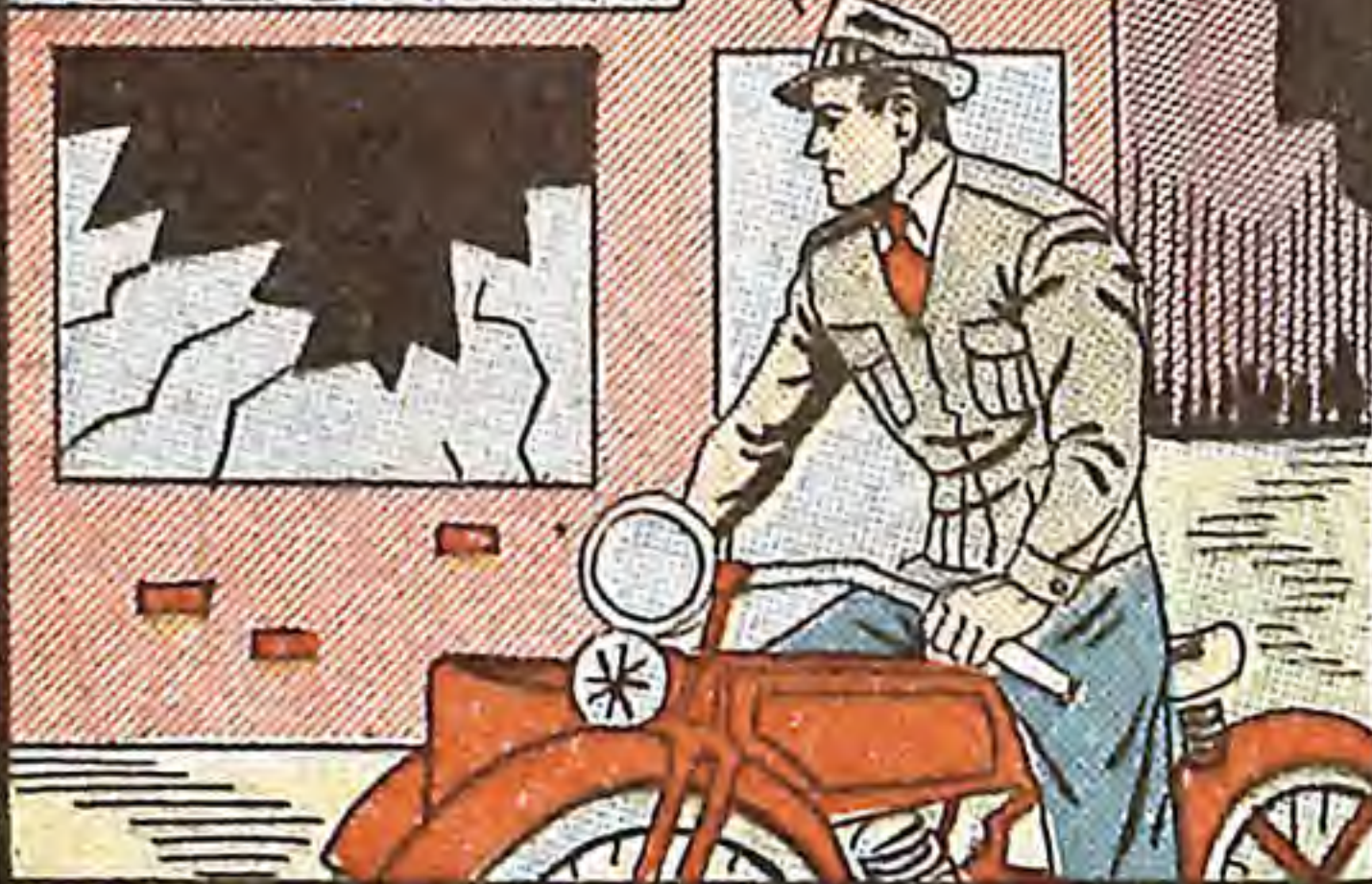




UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, LARRY MAN-AGES TO REACH THE NEXT TOWN UNHARMED

HERE'S THE PLACE ALL RIGHT
- NOW TO WIRE AMERICA !

TELEGRAPH



LARRY FINDS THE INSTRUMENTS
OUT OF ORDER

GOSH, I HOPE I
CAN MAKE THIS
JIGGER WORK !



IT WORKS ! - NOW TO
WIRE THE BIG NEWS !



LARRY IS DISCOVERED BY THE BORJIAN TROOPERS !

ARREST THE DOG !

UP WITH
YOUR
HANDS !

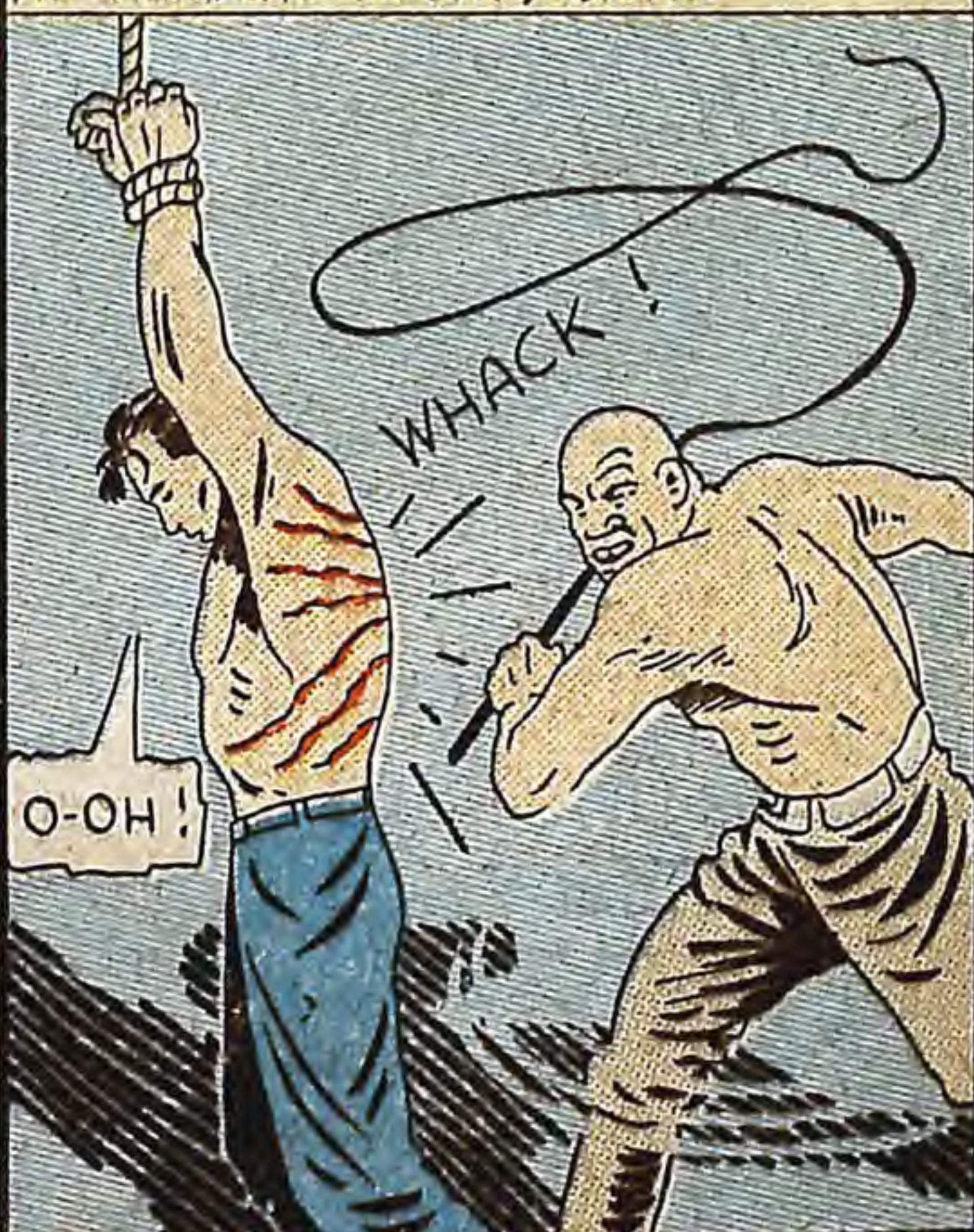


HE IS TAKEN TO A DUG-OUT HEADQUART-ERS

IT IS DER ONE WHO RESCUED DER
PRETTY SPY, MY GENERAL !



LARRY IS BRUTALLY WHIPPED -- BUT
HE REMAINS SILENT, UNTIL ---



--- HE SLIPS INTO MERCIFUL
UNCONSCIOUSNESS !

WHERE ISS DIS SPY,
YOU SWINE ?



WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO
KNOW !



NEXT MORNING AT THE AMERICAN CONSULATE...

MR. KANE MUST BE IN GREAT DANGER! - I MUST TRY TO FIND HIM!



-- BUT MISS MARSH IT WOULD BE SUICIDE FOR YOU TO LEAVE THIS BUILDING!

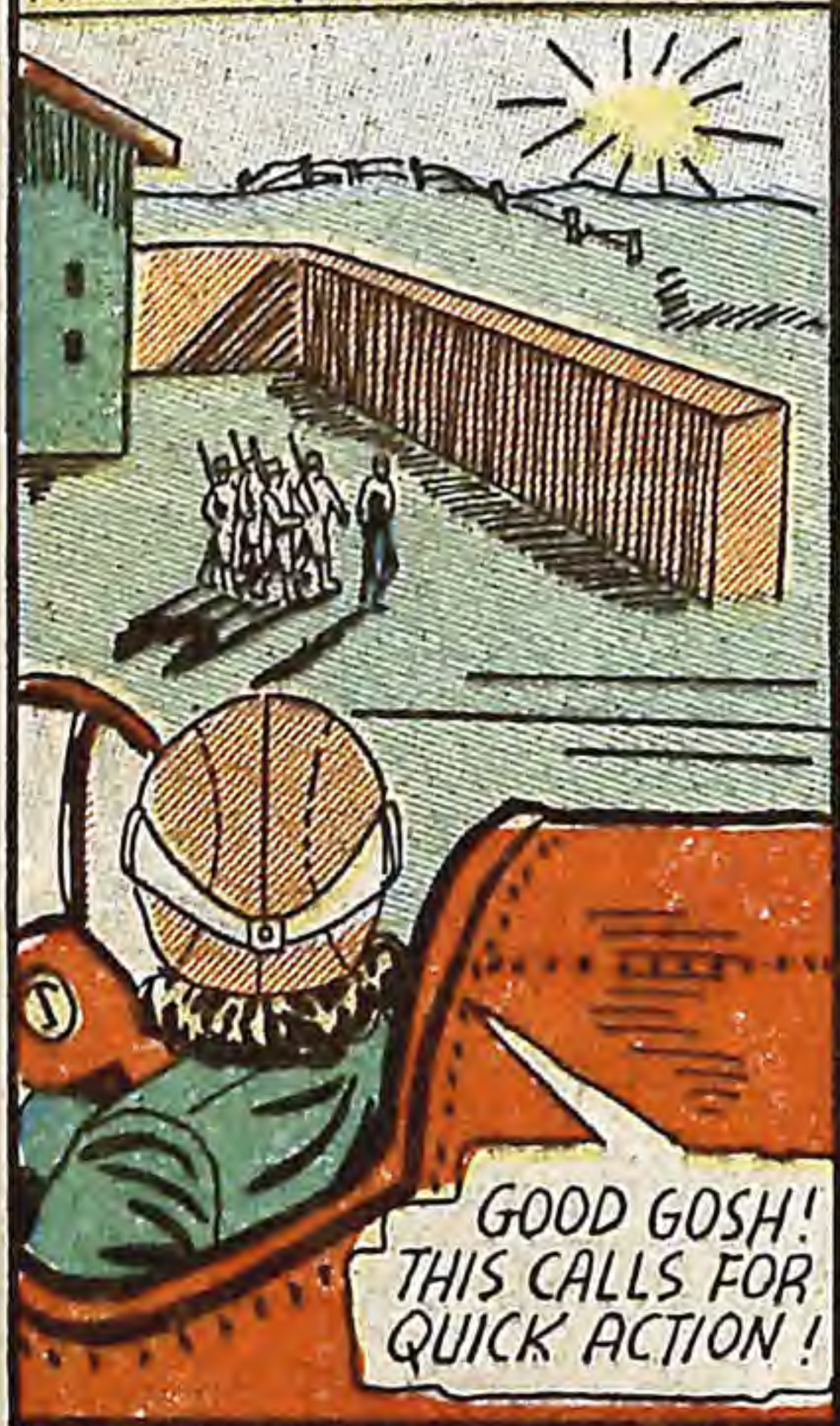
HE SAVED MY LIFE, NOW I MUST TRY TO SAVE HIS! THANK HEAVENS I CAN FLY A PLANE!



WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY, SANDRA TAKES OFF IN HAYWARD'S PLANE.

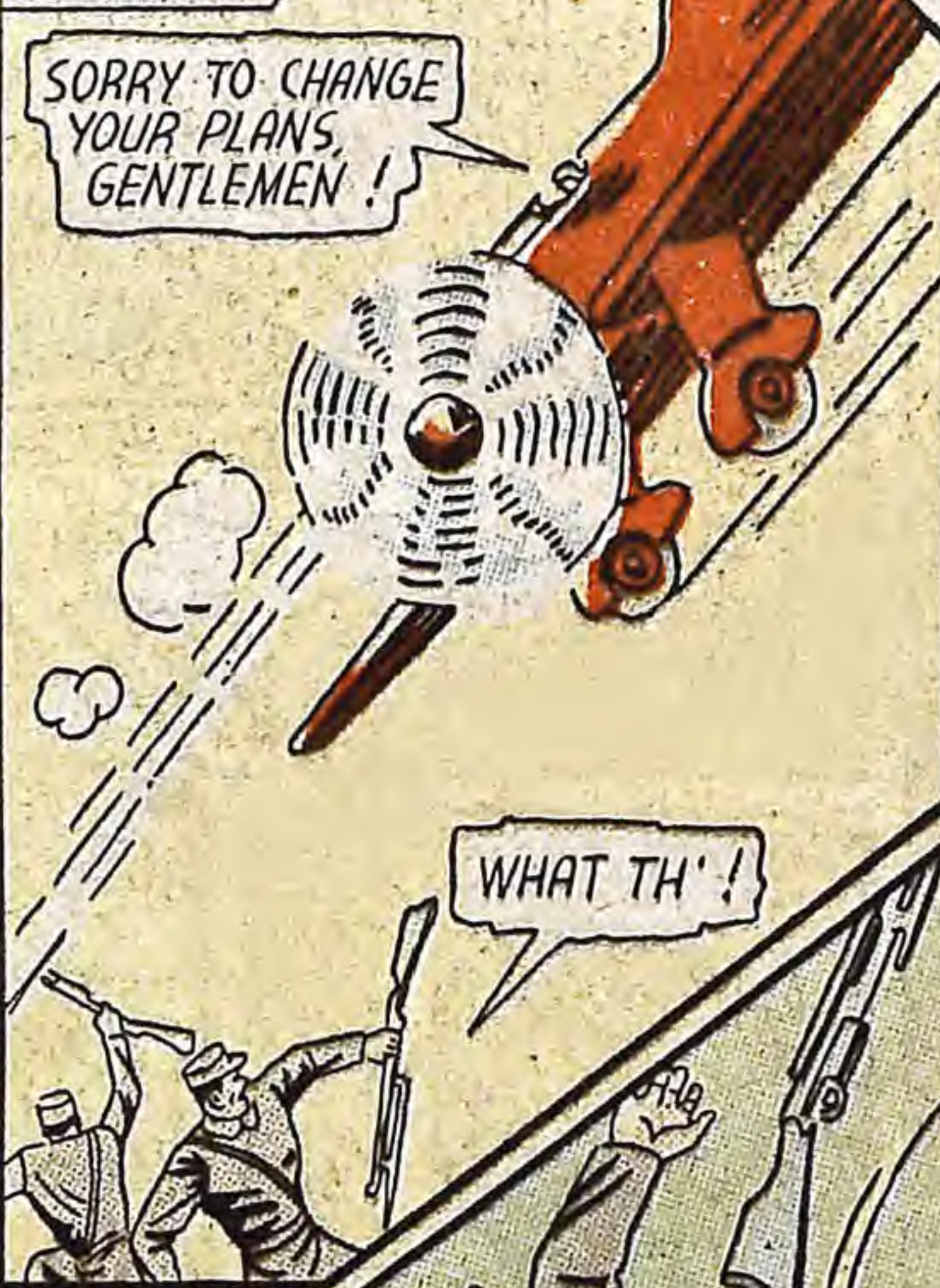


AS SHE SPEEDS OVER THE NEXT TOWN SANDRA SEES LARRY BEING LED TO A WALL BY A FIRING-SQUAD!

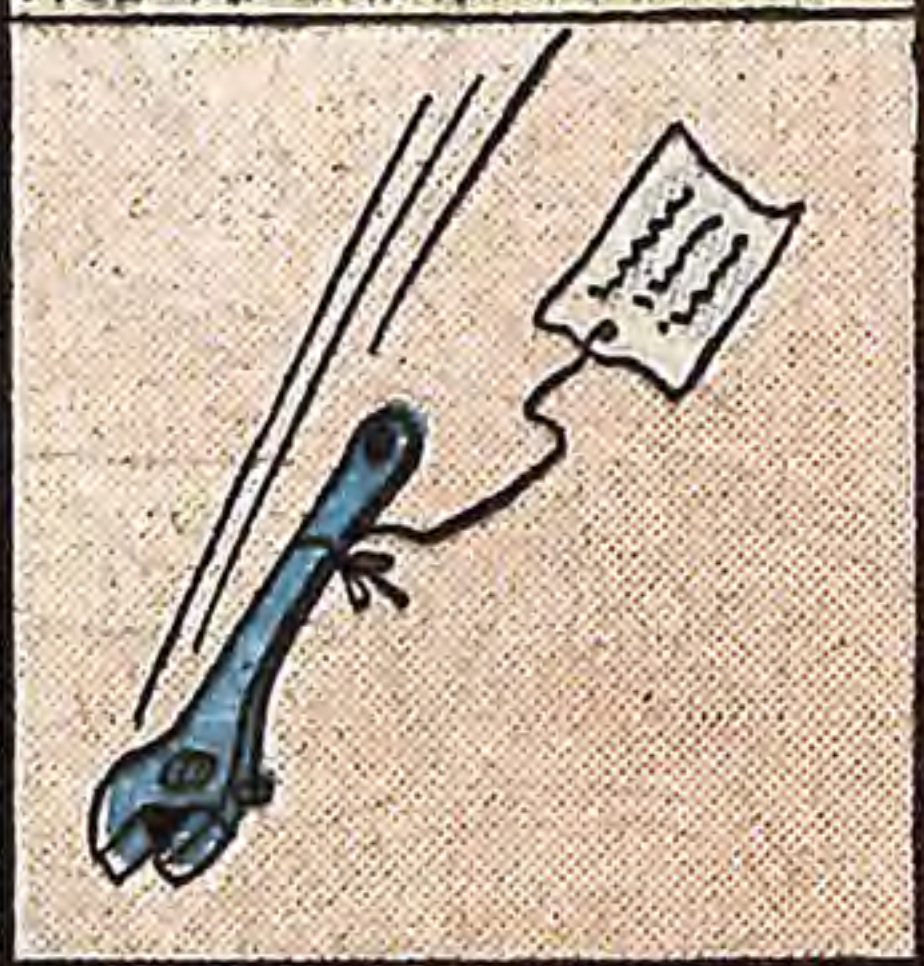


GOOD GOSH! THIS CALLS FOR QUICK ACTION!

SHE SWOOPS LOW AND SHOWERS THE TROOPERS WITH MACHINE-GUN BULLETS!



SANDRA DROPS A MESSAGE TO LARRY...



DIDN'T YOU BOYS EVER PLAY 'TEN-PINS' BEFORE?



LARRY CUTS HIS BONDS WITH A DEAD SOLDIER'S BAYONET AND HASTILY READS THE MESSAGE.



I SHALL LAND THE PLANE ON THE FLATS AT THE EDGE OF TOWN - SANDRA

HE FIGHTS DESPERATELY WITH THE BORJIAN GUARDS!

WITH SMASHING BLOWS, LARRY CRASHES THROUGH THE OPPOSING STORM-TROOPERS!



HERE'S A LITTLE REMEMBRANCE, BIG BOY!

JUMPING ABOARD AN ARMY TRUCK, HE SPEEDS TO MEET SANDRA... THIS ISN'T EXACTLY A ROCKET-SHIP FOR SPEED, BUT IT'LL DO!

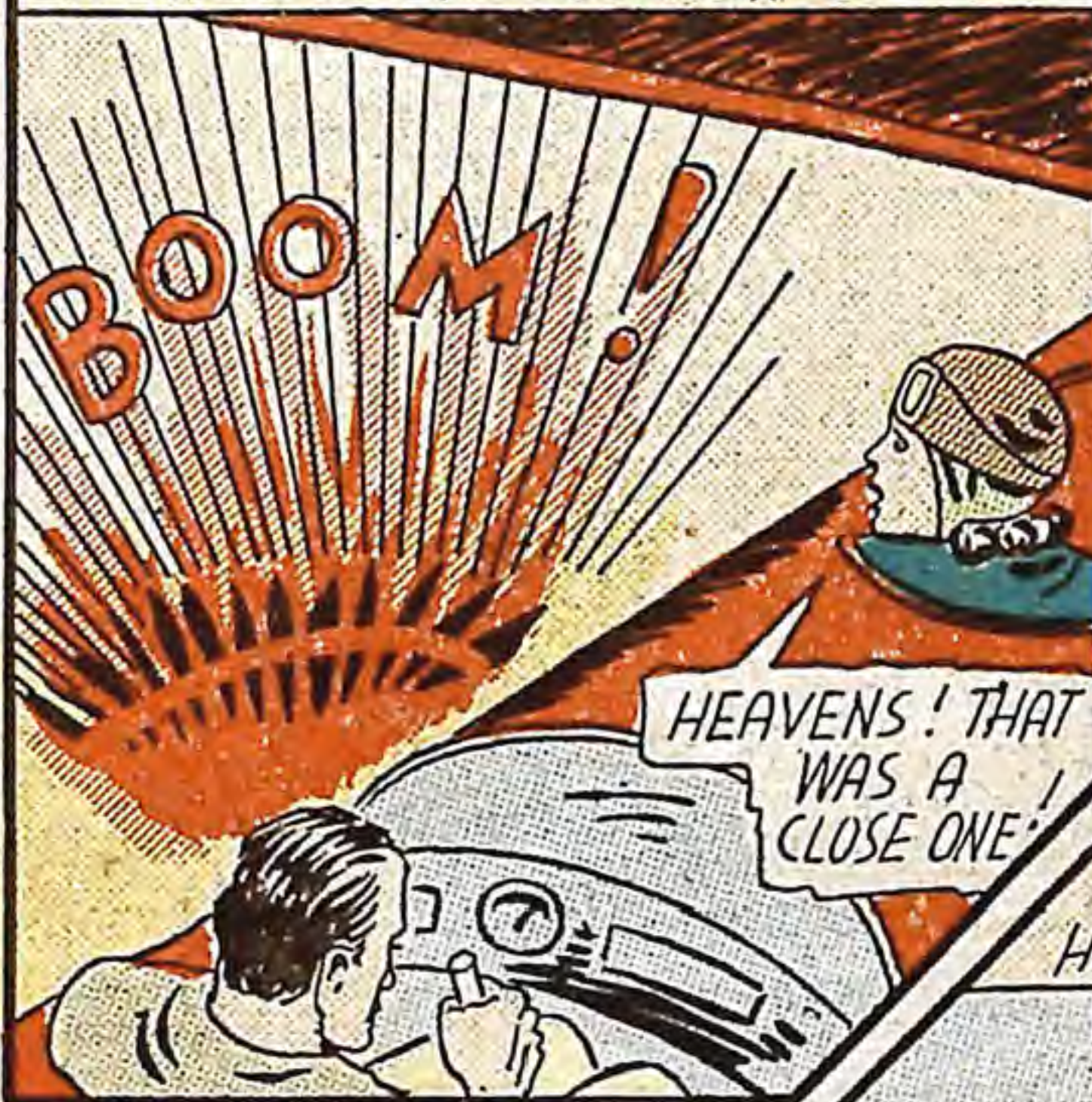


HE ARRIVES AT THE PLANE. HURRY, I SEE A BORJIAN BOMBER APPROACHING!



COMING!

AS LARRY GUNS THE MOTOR, A BOMB EXPLODES A FEW FEET AWAY!



HEAVENS! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

JUST WAIT A MINUTE, FUNNY-FACE -- I'LL SHOW YOU A FEW YANKEE TRICKS!



WITH MOTORS ROARING, SANDRA AND LARRY KANE HEAD FOR SAFETY -- WHOSE THAT COMING UP AHEAD, LARRY?

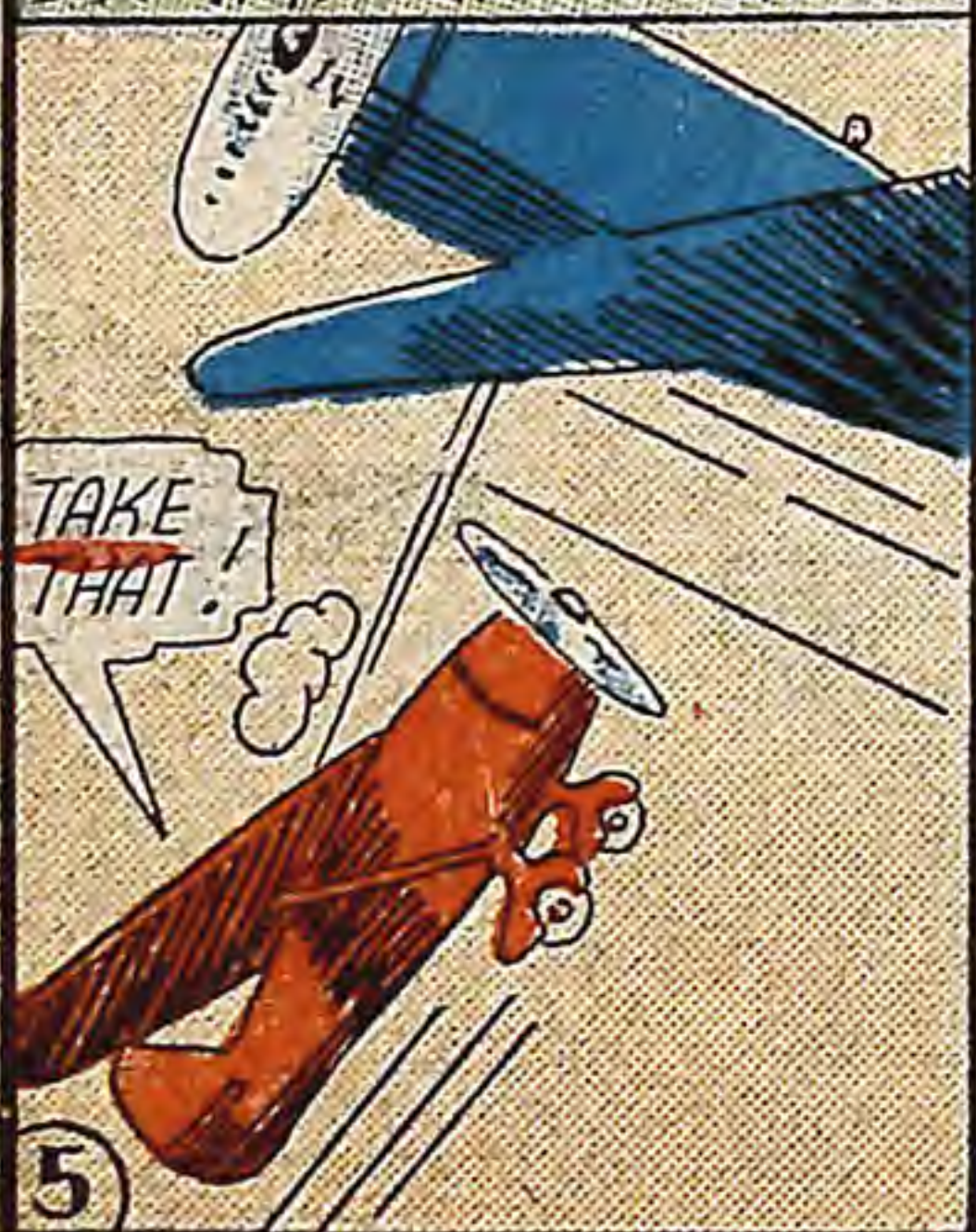
WHOSE THAT COMING UP AHEAD, LARRY?

HOLY SMOKES! FOUR MORE ENEMY PLANES! NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!



(CONTINUED)

LARRY ATTACKS THE ENEMY SHIP WITH FLAMING LEAD!



TAKE THAT!



THE BORJIAN BOMBER GOES DOWN IN FLAMES!

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT TO THE DARING LARRY KANE? BE SURE TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES!

JON LINTON

flyer
scientist
adventurer



TIME: 2000 A.D.

PLACE: JON LINTON'S SPACE SHIP, SPEEDING AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE THRU SPACE, HEADED FOR THE OUTER LAYER OF OUR GALAXY.

CHARACTERS:

JON LINTON: FAMOUS YOUNG INVENTOR WHO HAS SAVED THE EARTH FROM DESTRUCTION. TRAVELING WITH HIM IS **DR. KANE:** HIS ELDERLY FRIEND. ALSO, THERE IS **LISA KANE:** DR. KANE'S LOVELY DAUGHTER.

CONTROLS HOPELESSLY JAMMED, THE MYSTERIOUS NEW FUEL ELEMENT, 132, DRIVES THE SHIP THRU SPACE AT A SPEED APPROACHING THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

by
HARRY
FRANCE
CAMPBELL

JON, WE **MUST** REDUCE THIS **SPEED**—GET CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

IF I CAN GET NEAR THE ROCKET ROOM, WE **MAY** BE ABLE TO CONTROL FROM THERE.



THE DOOR'S **RED HOT!** NOT A **CHANCE**. **BOY**, THIS ELEMENT 132 IS HOT STUFF.



AT THE ROOM HOUSING THE ROCKET FEED—

DR. KANE, LOOK BEHIND US! WHAT DO YOU SEE?

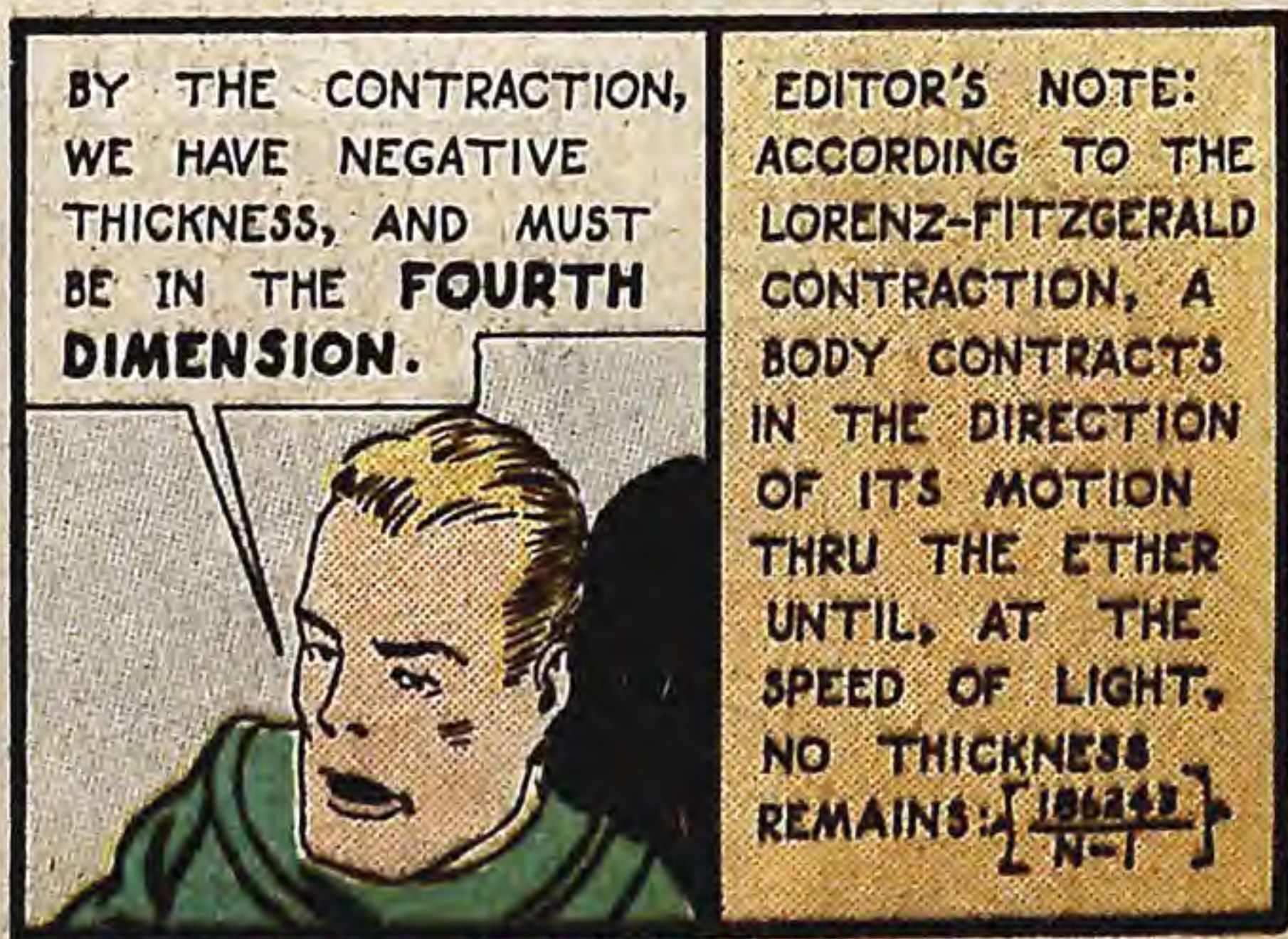
WHY, **NOTHING!**

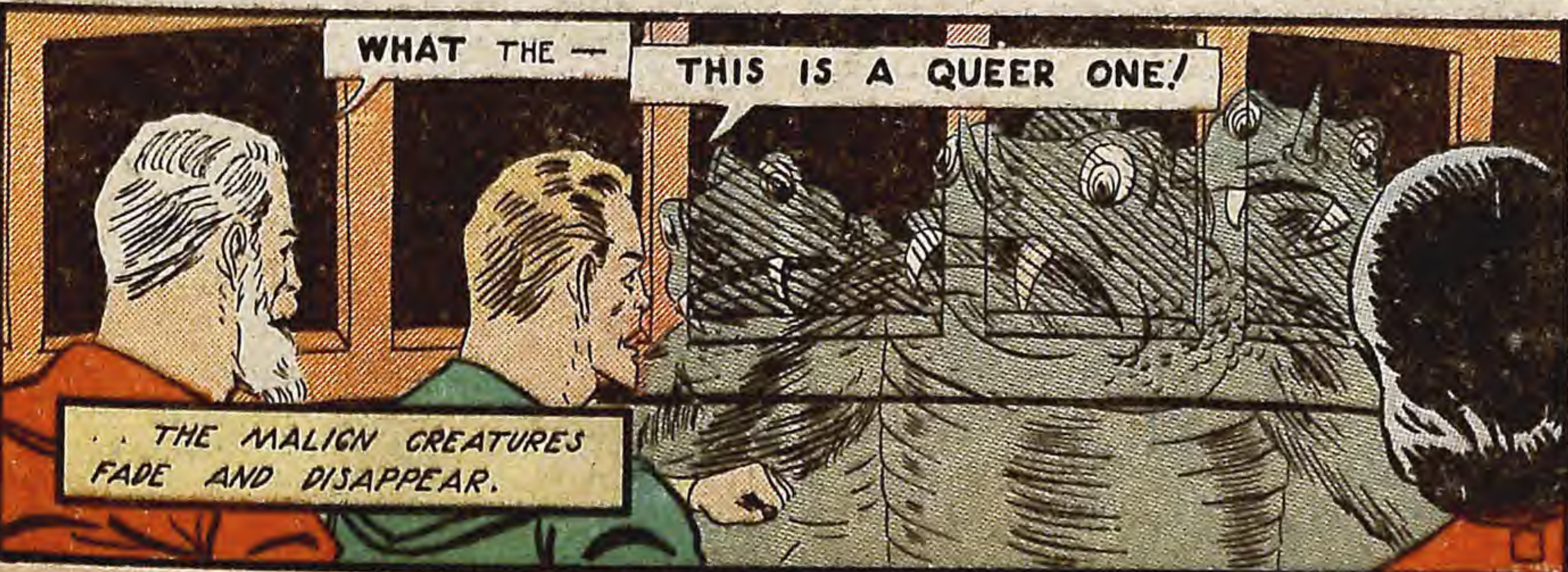
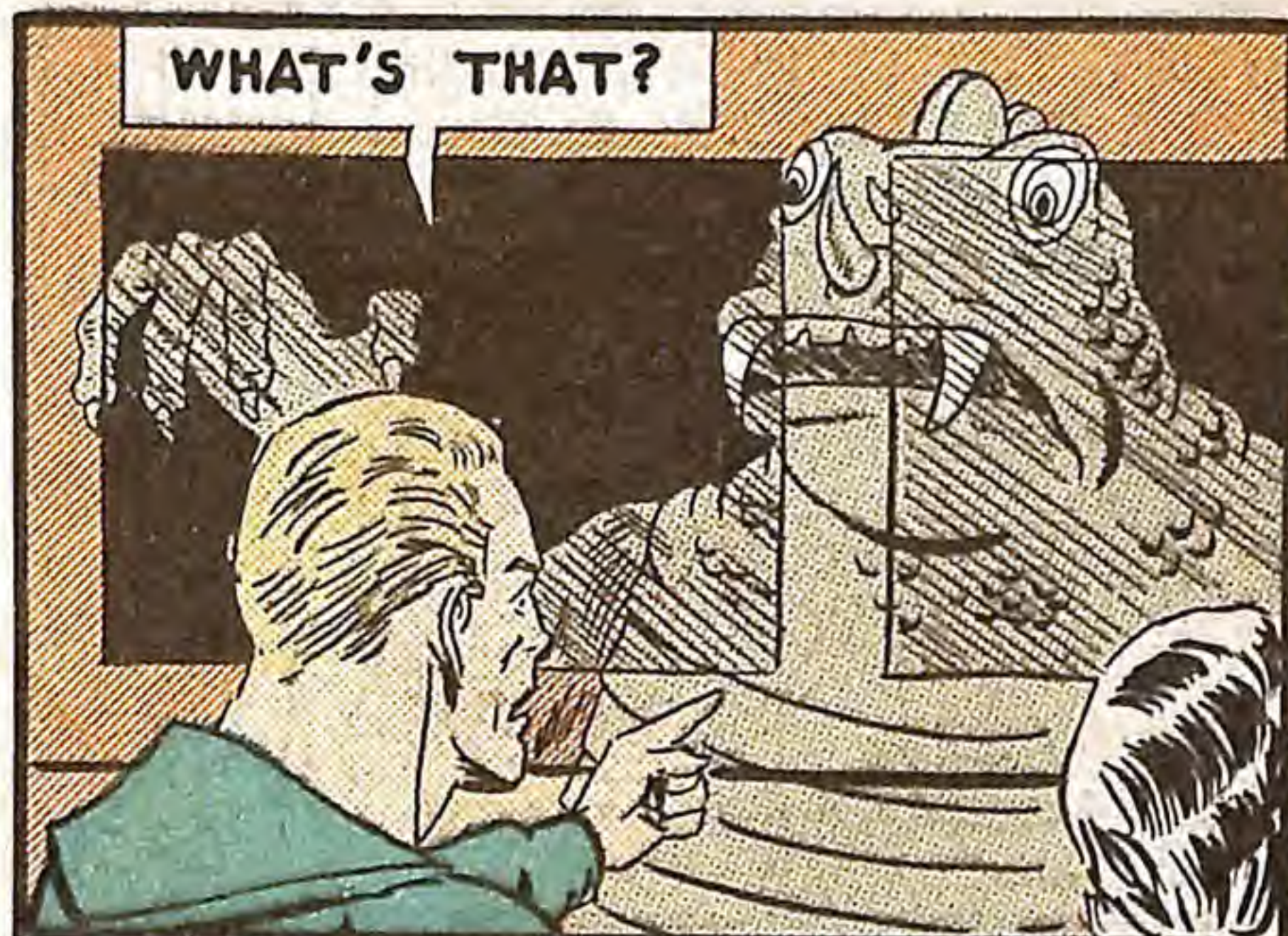


THAT'S IT! **NOTHING!** I'M AFRAID I KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

I **DON'T** UNDERSTAND!







FOURTH DIMENSIONAL CREATURES!
WE PASSED THRU THE **FOURTH**
DIMENSION AND LEFT THEM
BEHIND.



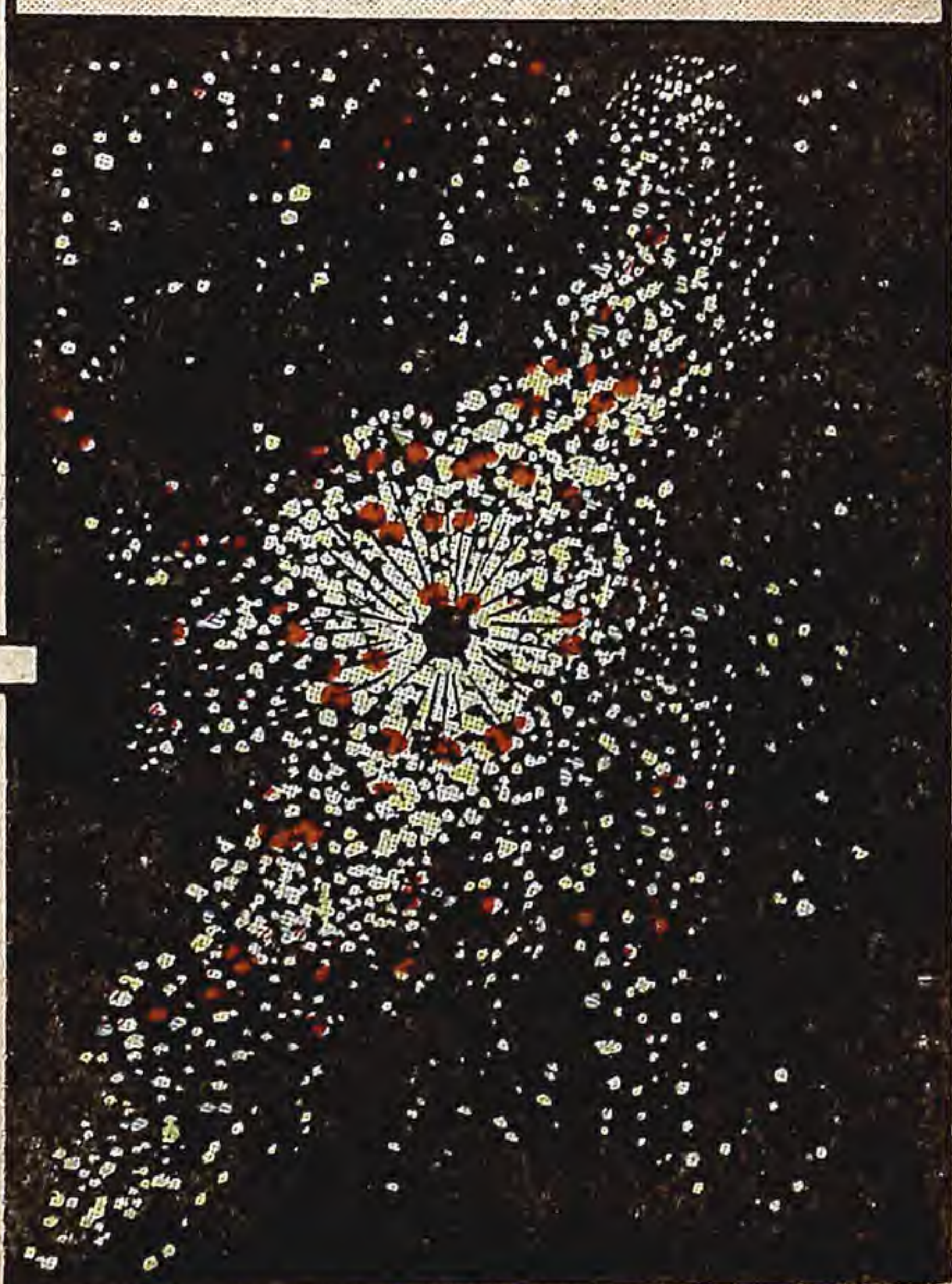
SMALLER AND SMALLER THEY BECOME



A WEEK LATER - STARS SHRINK AND
GATHER CLOSER TOGETHER.



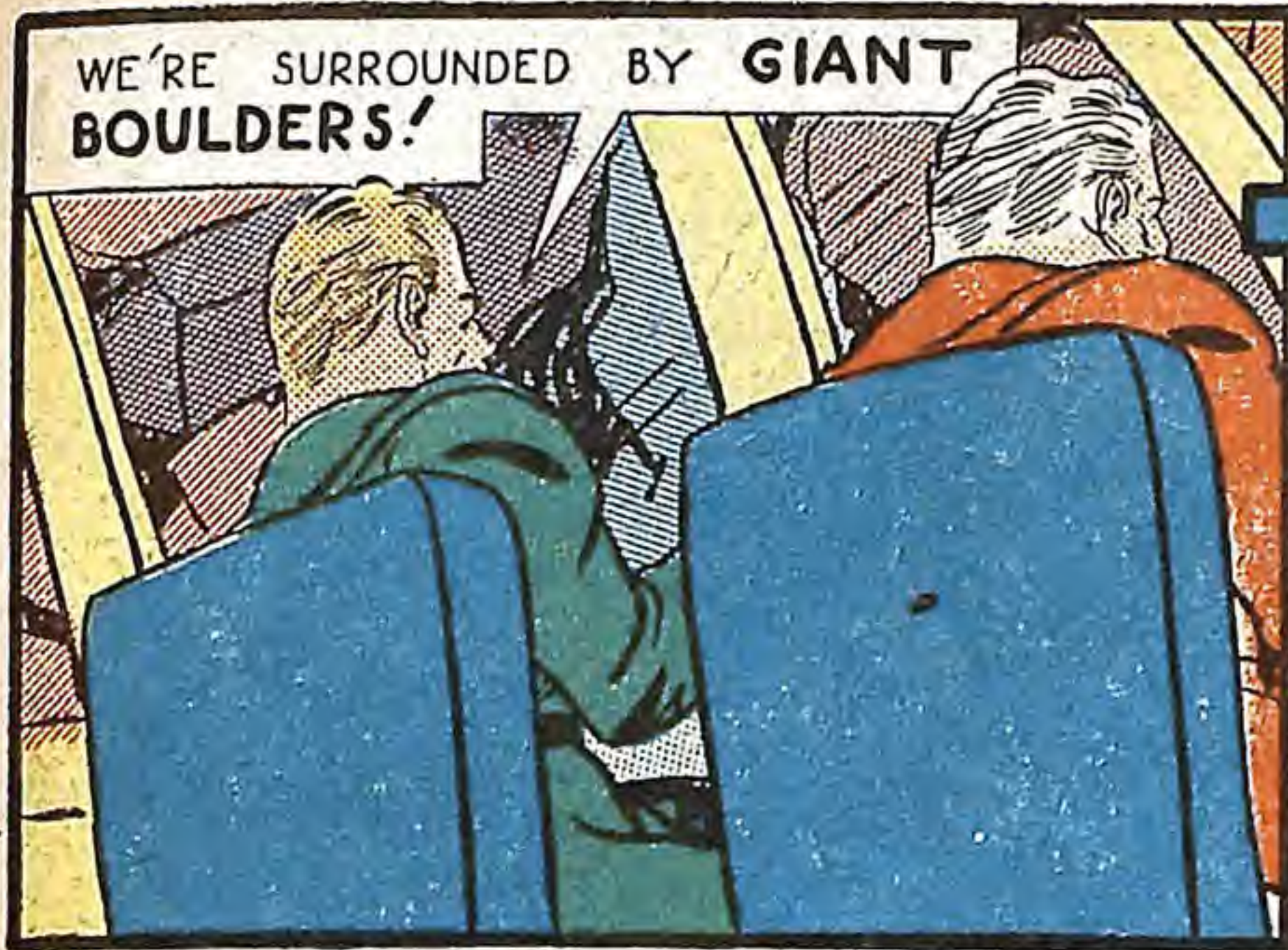
ONCE MORE A COLLISION SEEMS
UNAVOIDABLE



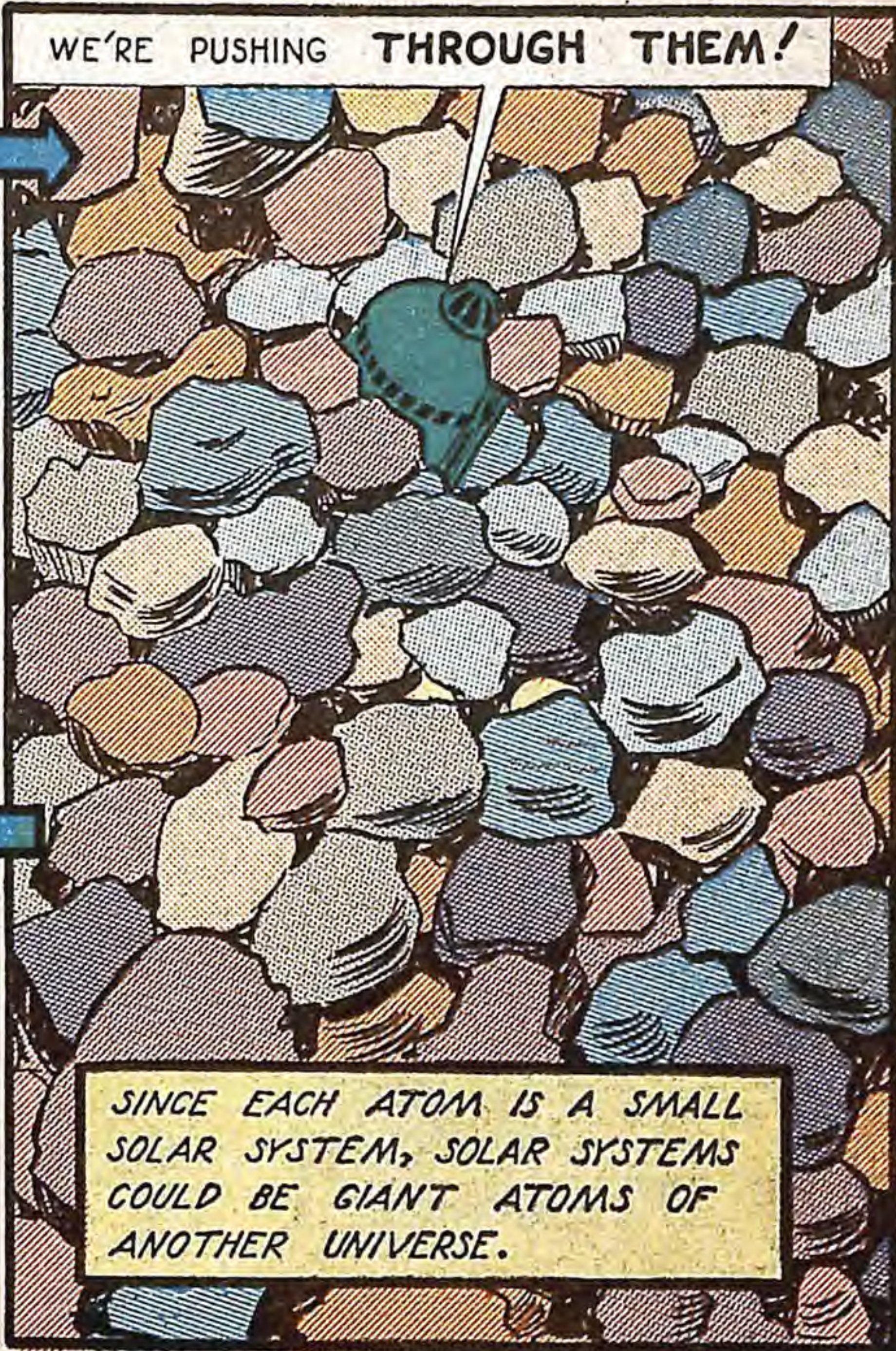
A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT . . .



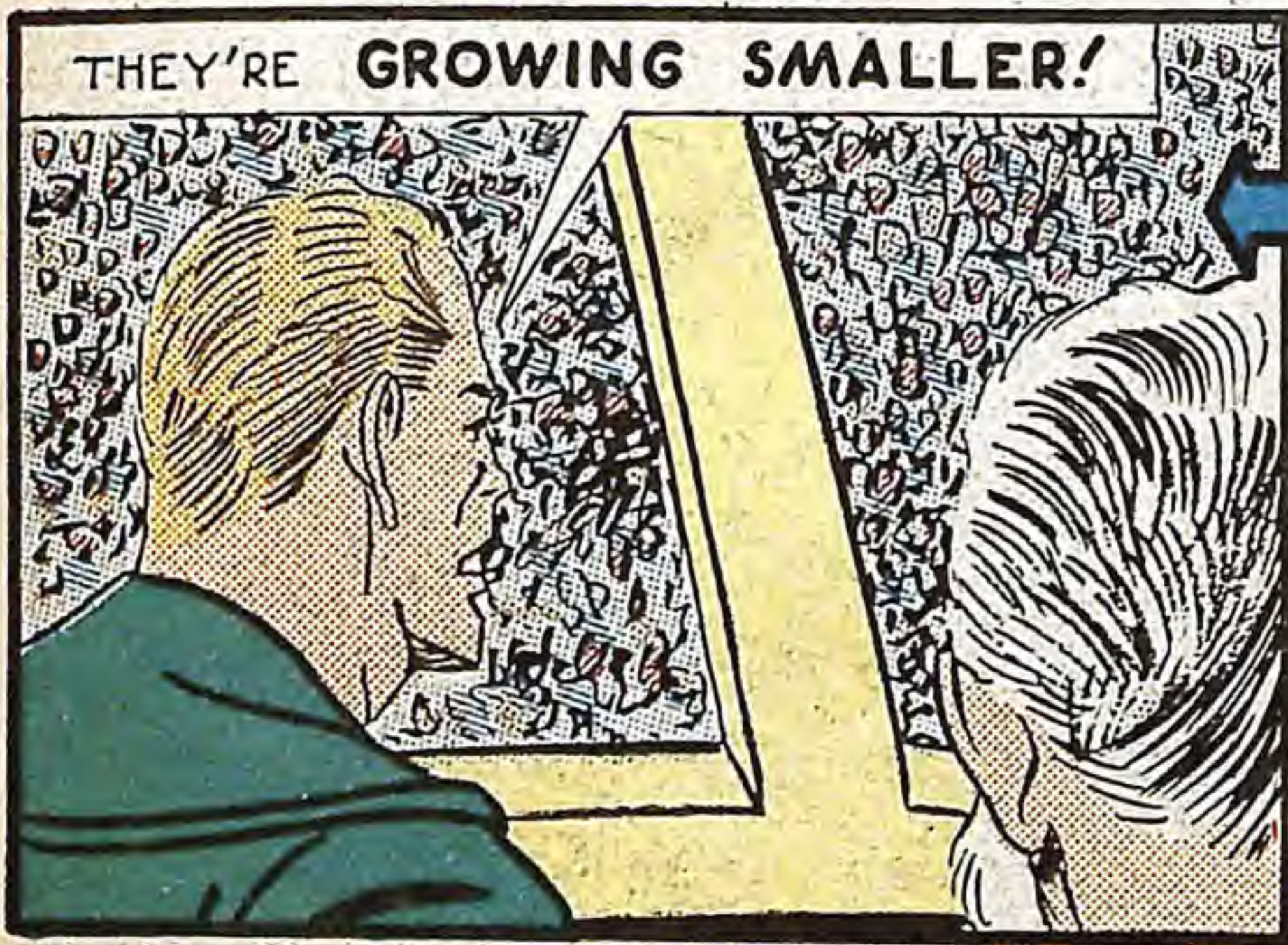
WE'RE SURROUNDED BY GIANT BOULDERS!



WE'RE PUSHING THROUGH THEM!

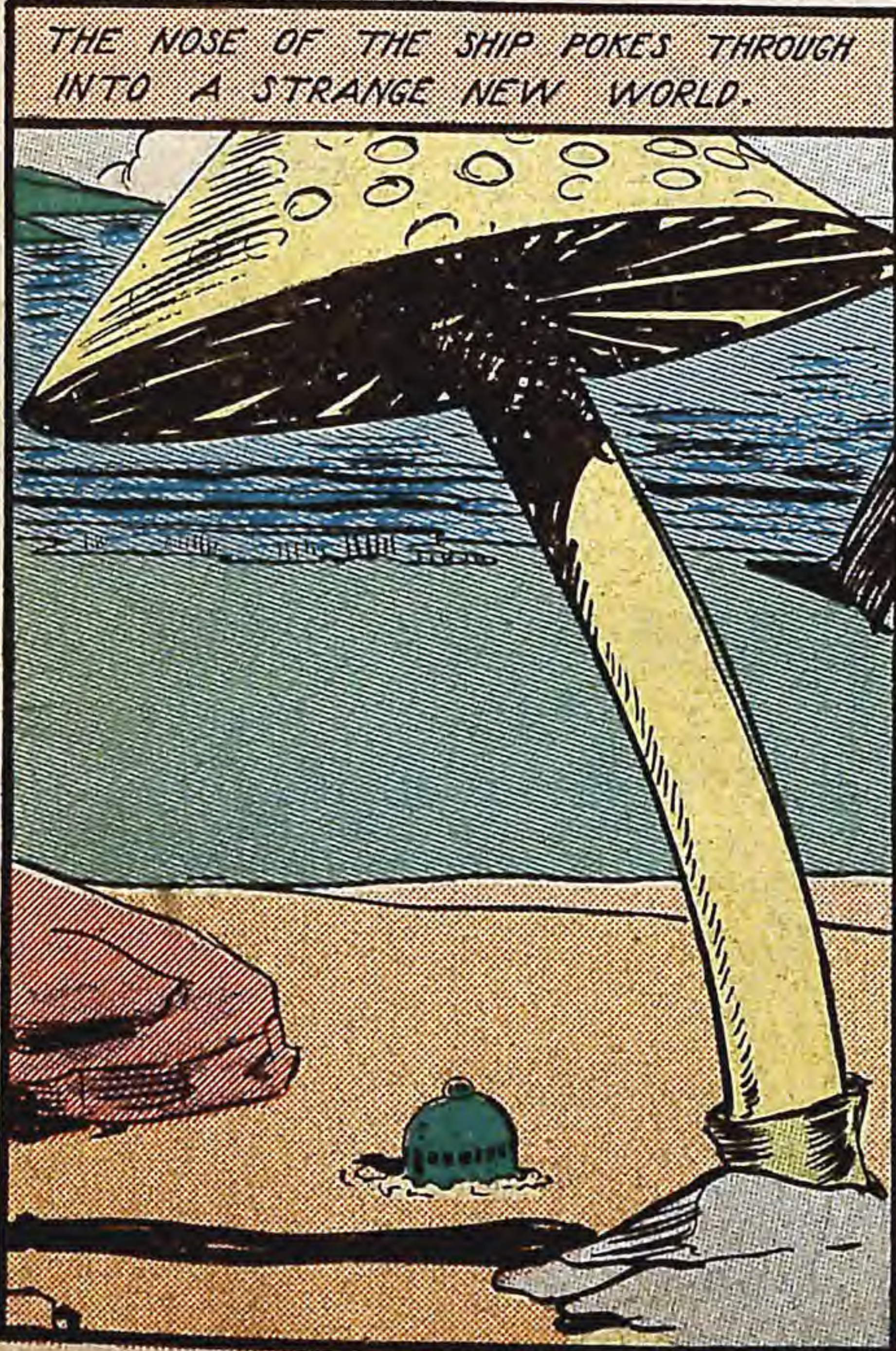


THEY'RE GROWING SMALLER!

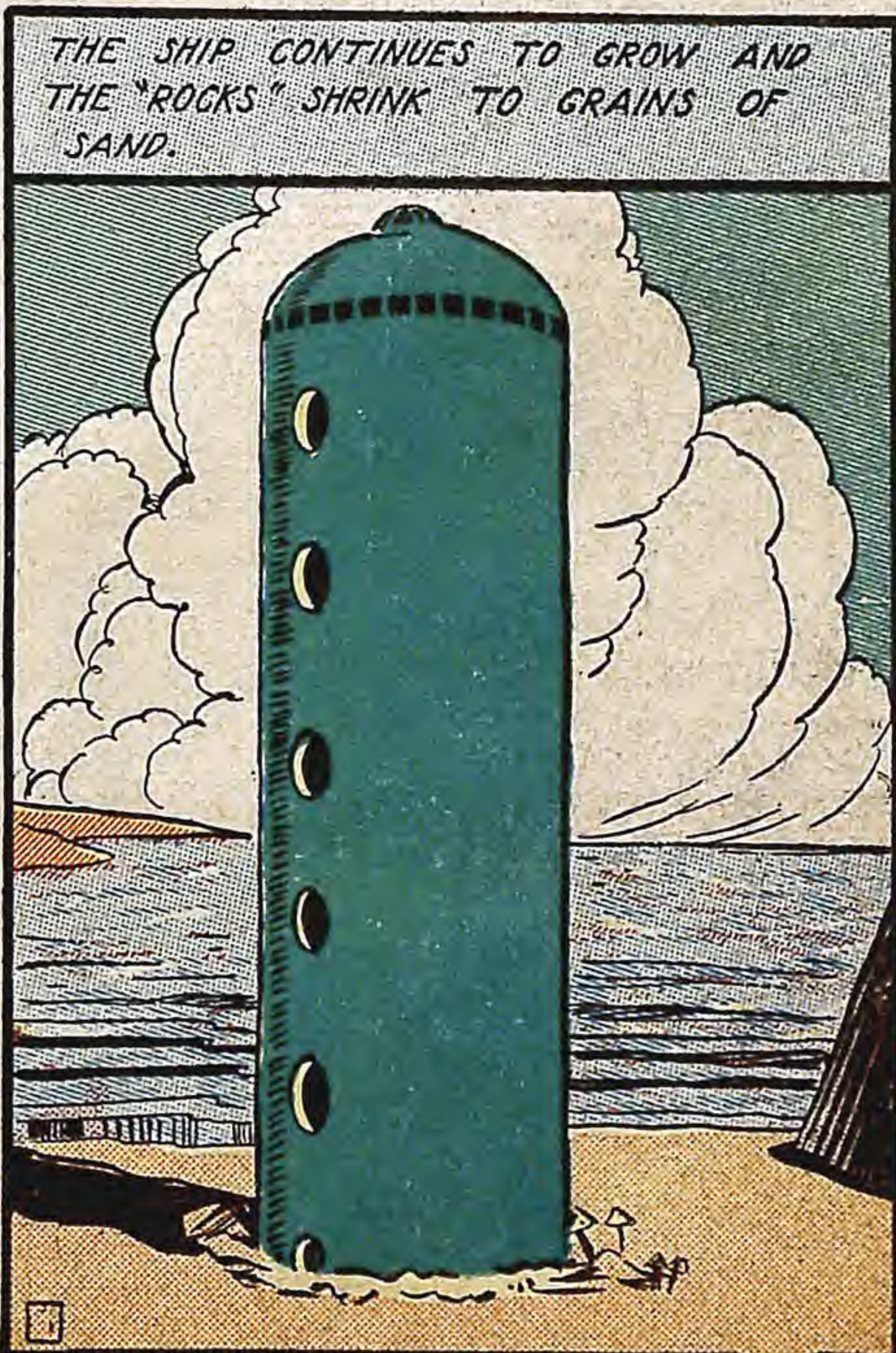


SINCE EACH ATOM IS A SMALL SOLAR SYSTEM, SOLAR SYSTEMS COULD BE GIANT ATOMS OF ANOTHER UNIVERSE.

THE NOSE OF THE SHIP POKES THROUGH INTO A STRANGE NEW WORLD.

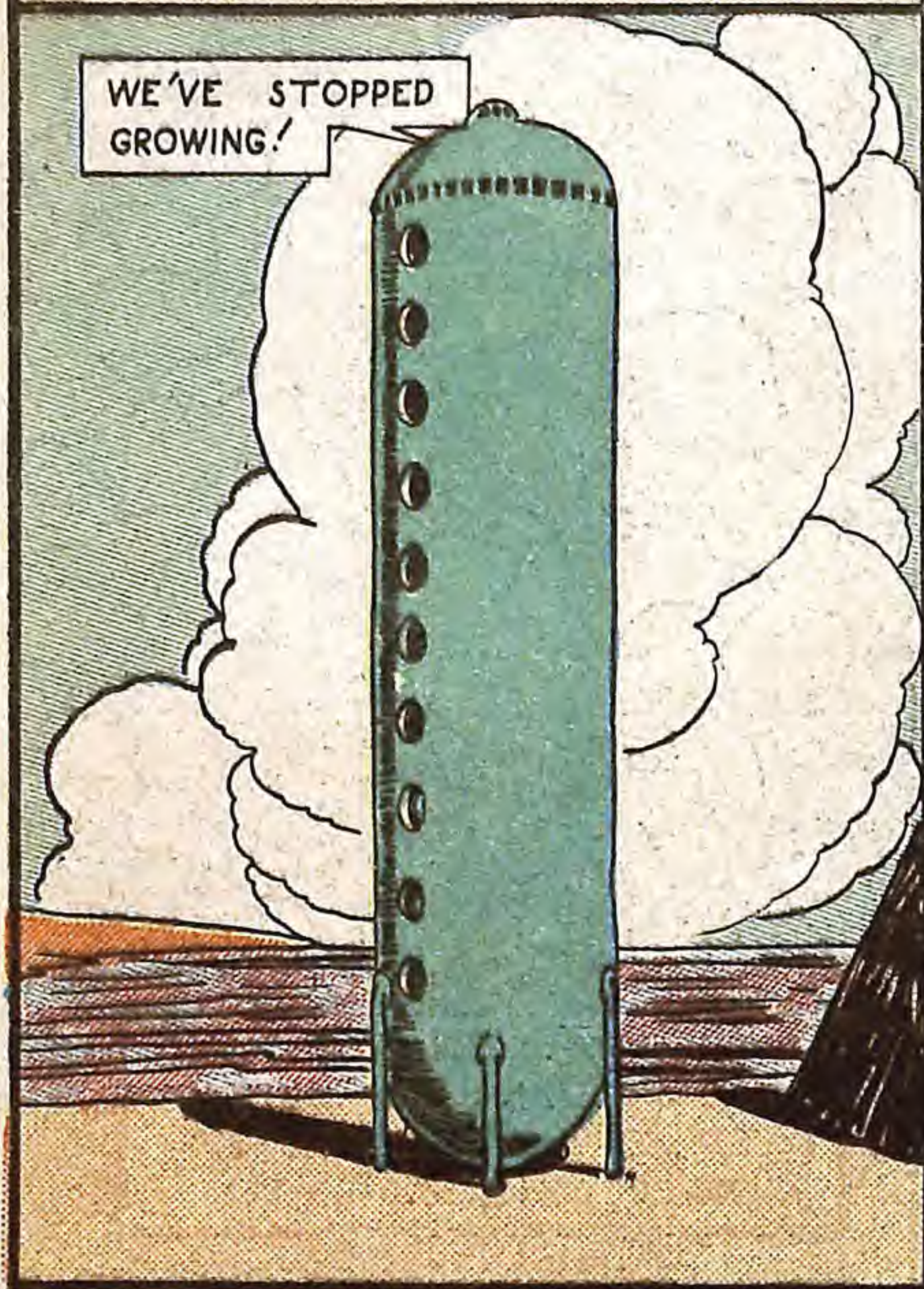


THE SHIP CONTINUES TO GROW AND THE "ROCKS" SHRINK TO GRAINS OF SAND.

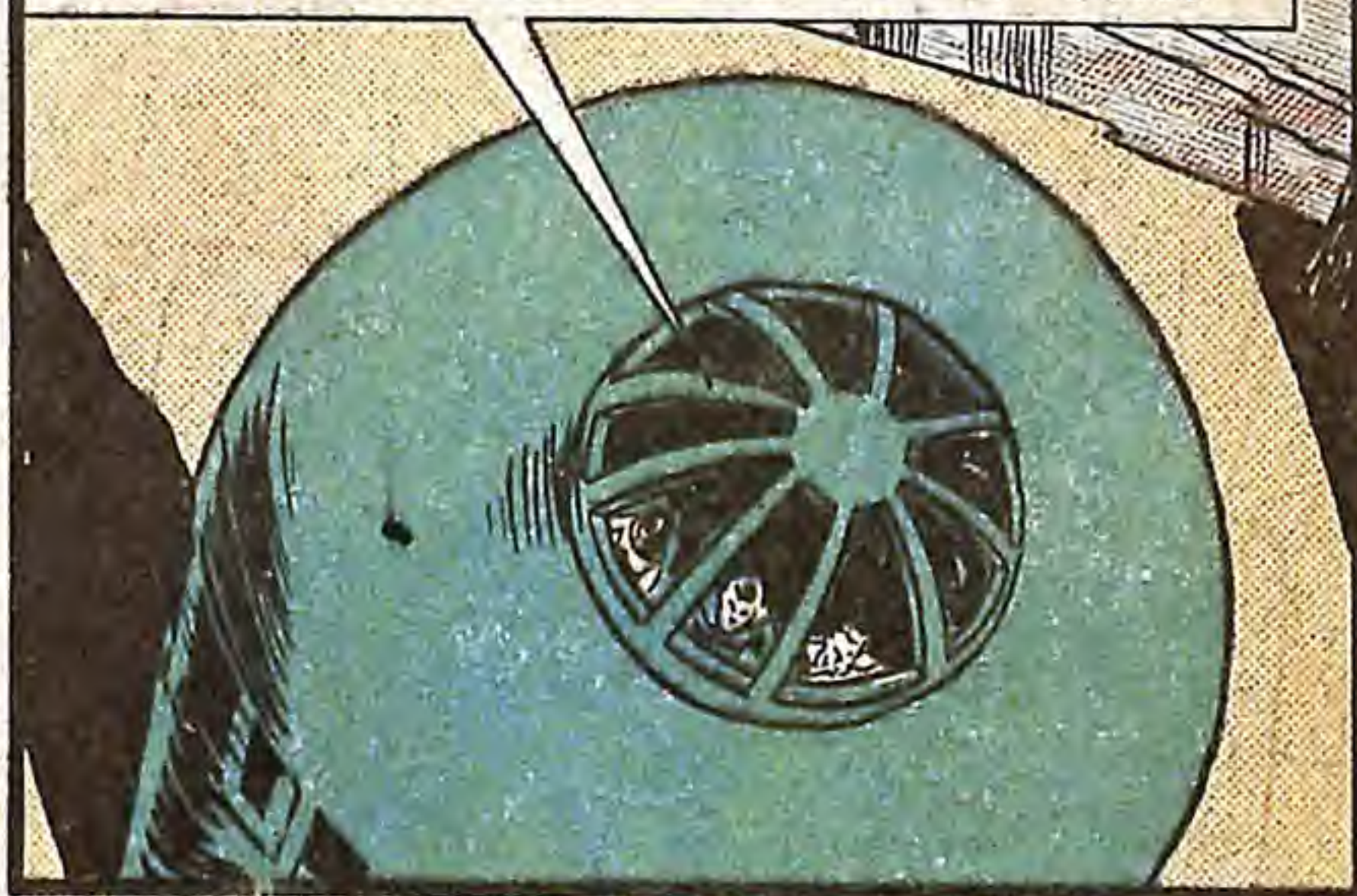


LARGER AND LARGER GROWS THE SHIP...

WE'VE STOPPED
GROWING!



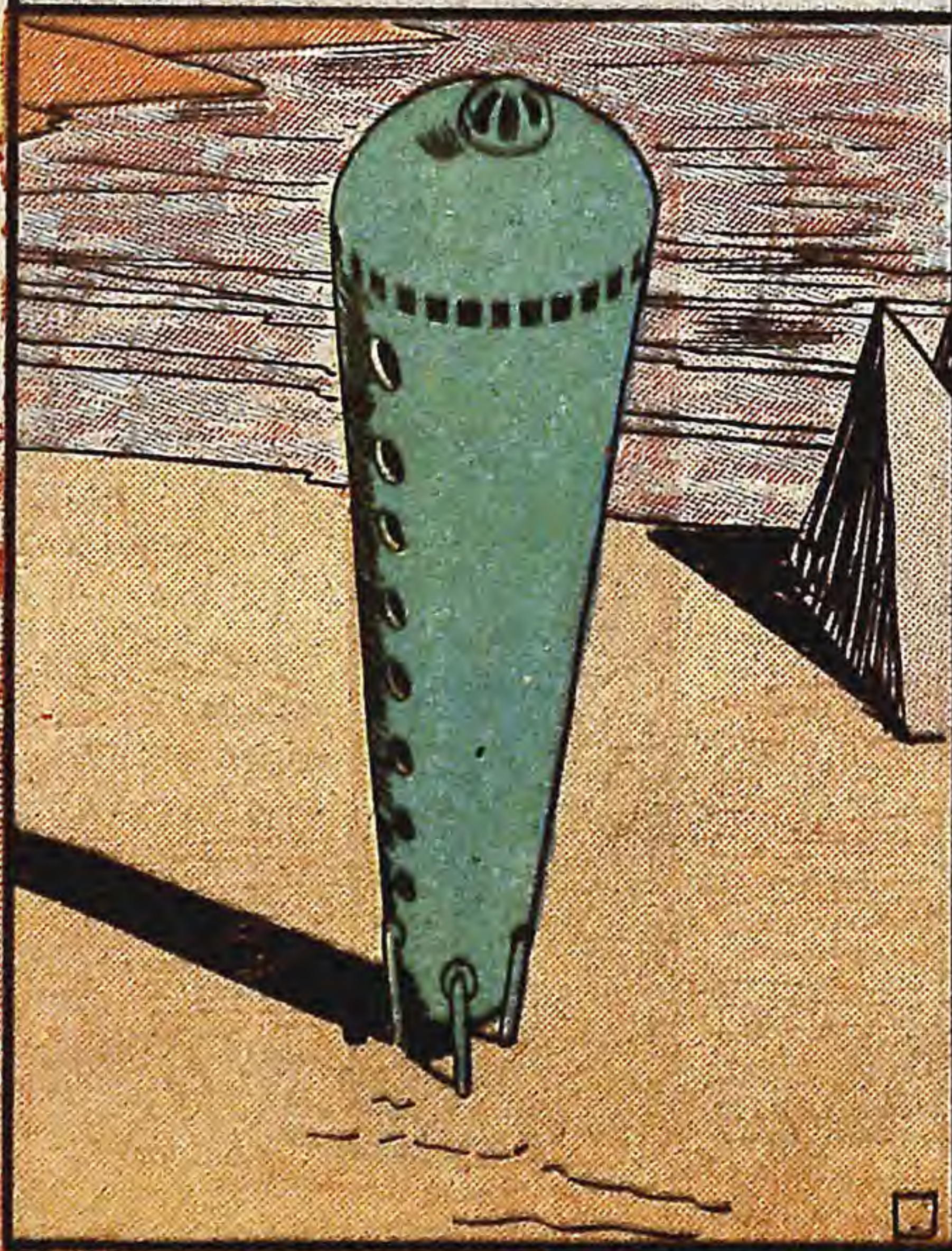
WE'VE STOPPED! THE FUEL'S GONE!



WHAT A STRANGE COUNTRY!



NOW THE SPACE SHIP RESTS ON A
BEACH BY A VIOLET OCEAN, BENEATH
A GREEN SKY.



THE TEMPERATURE'S 40° CENTIGRADE.
LIVEABLE, ALL RIGHT. DR. KANE,
HOW'S THE AIR TEST?



20% OXYGEN AND 80% NITROGEN AND
OTHER GASSES. IT'S SIMILAR TO OURS
ON EARTH.

O.K. WE CAN LIVE
ALL RIGHT.



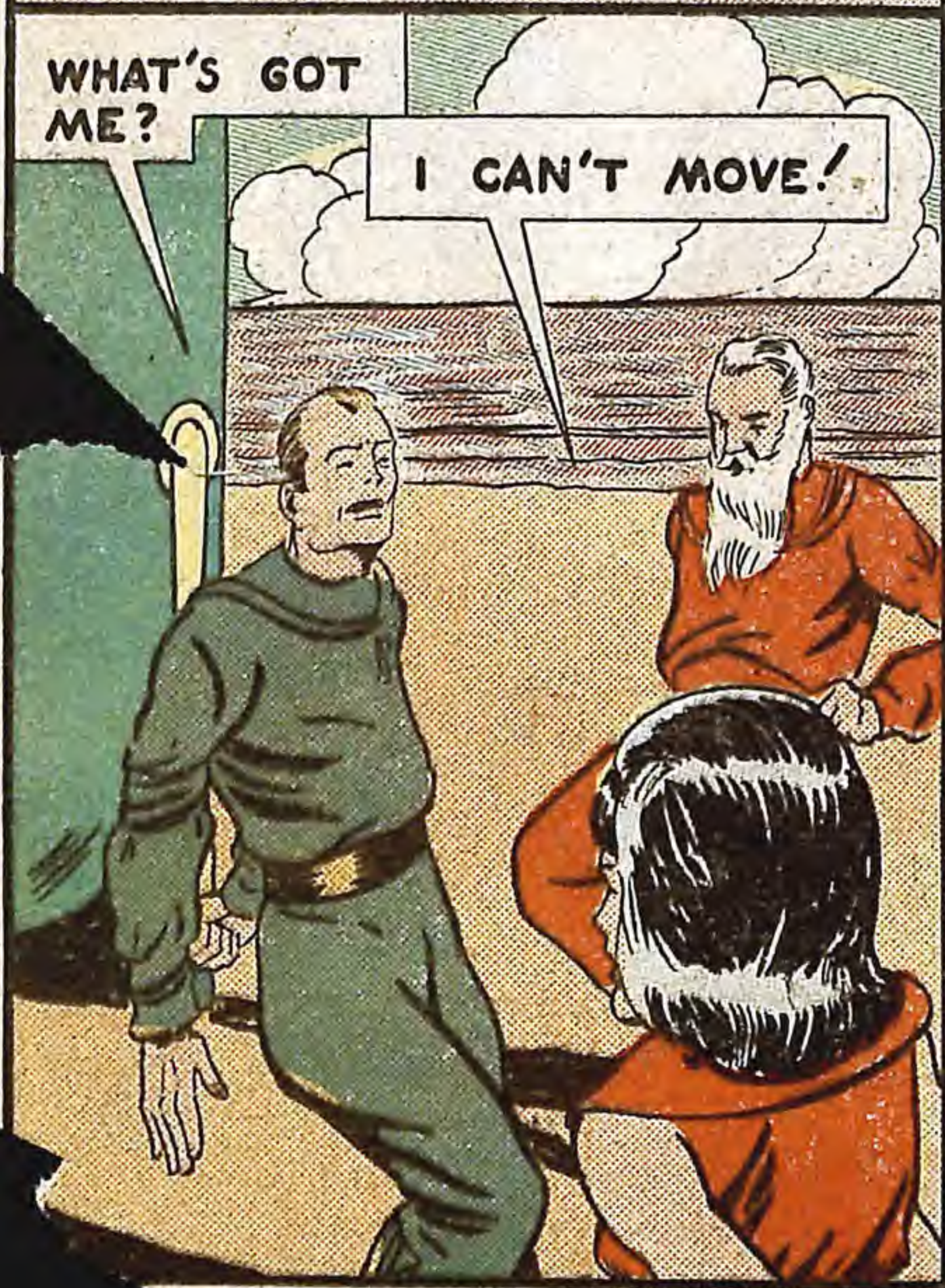
GET OUT OF HERE AND
AROUND.



SUDDENLY, INVISIBLE HANDS SIEZE THE
THREE SPACE TRAVELERS...

WHAT'S GOT
ME?

I CAN'T MOVE!



IF YOU WANT A **SCRAP**, JUST
LET ME **SEE** WHAT I'M
FIGHTING!



IF THIS ISN'T THE WORLD OF
THE FIFTH DIMENSION, I'M
SADLY MISTAKEN!

FIFTH DIMENSION?
—INCREDIBLE!



I CAN'T **SEE** ANYTHING, BUT IT'S
GOT **ME**, TOO!



JUST AS SUDDENLY, THE
THREE ARE RELEASED.

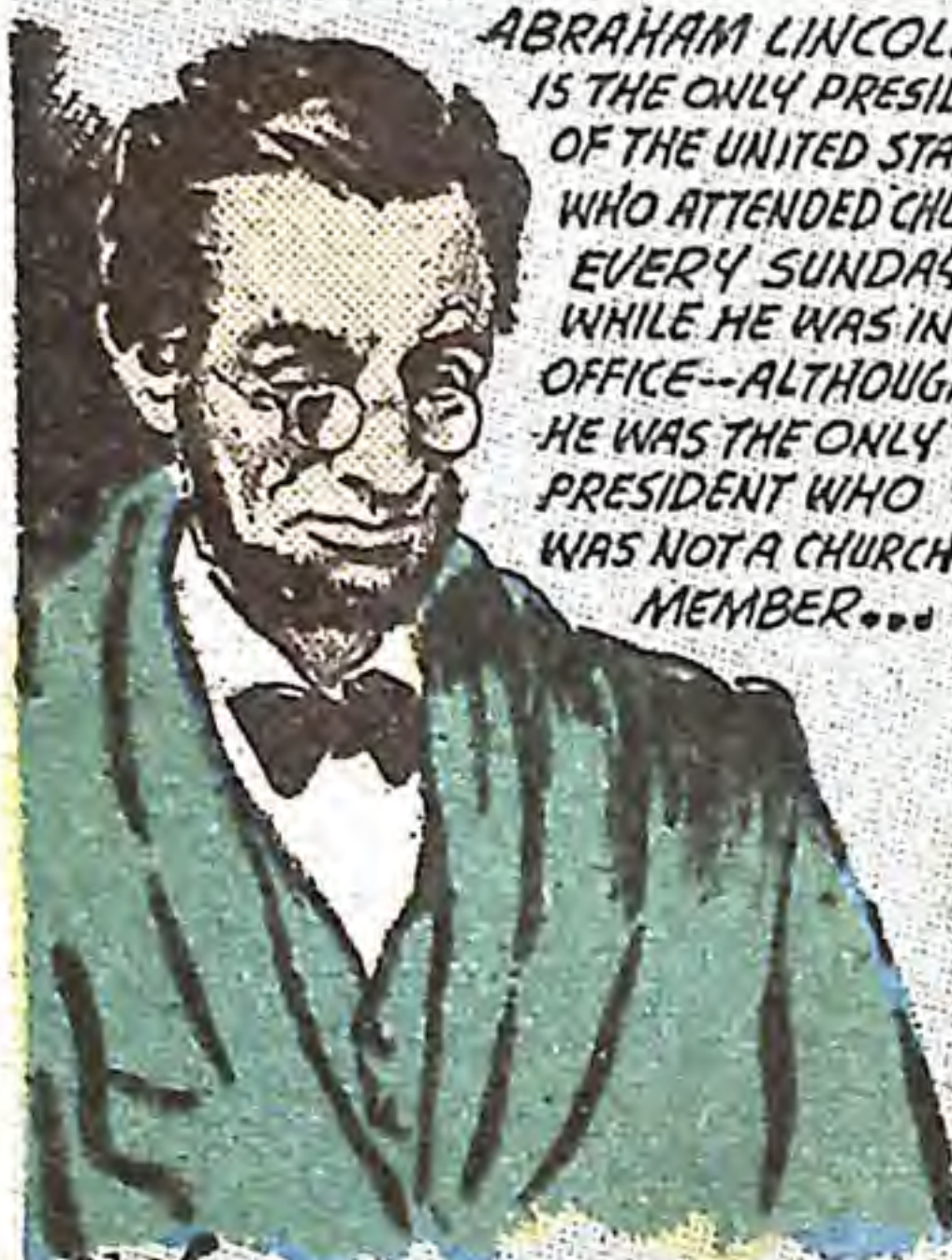
I'M FREE!

SO AM I!



WHAT IS
THIS STRANGE
COUNTRY?
AND ARE
THESE INVISIBLE
CREATURES WHO
SIEZED THE 3
FRIEND OR FOE
???
**SEE THE
NEXT AMAZING
MYSTERY
FUNNIES!**

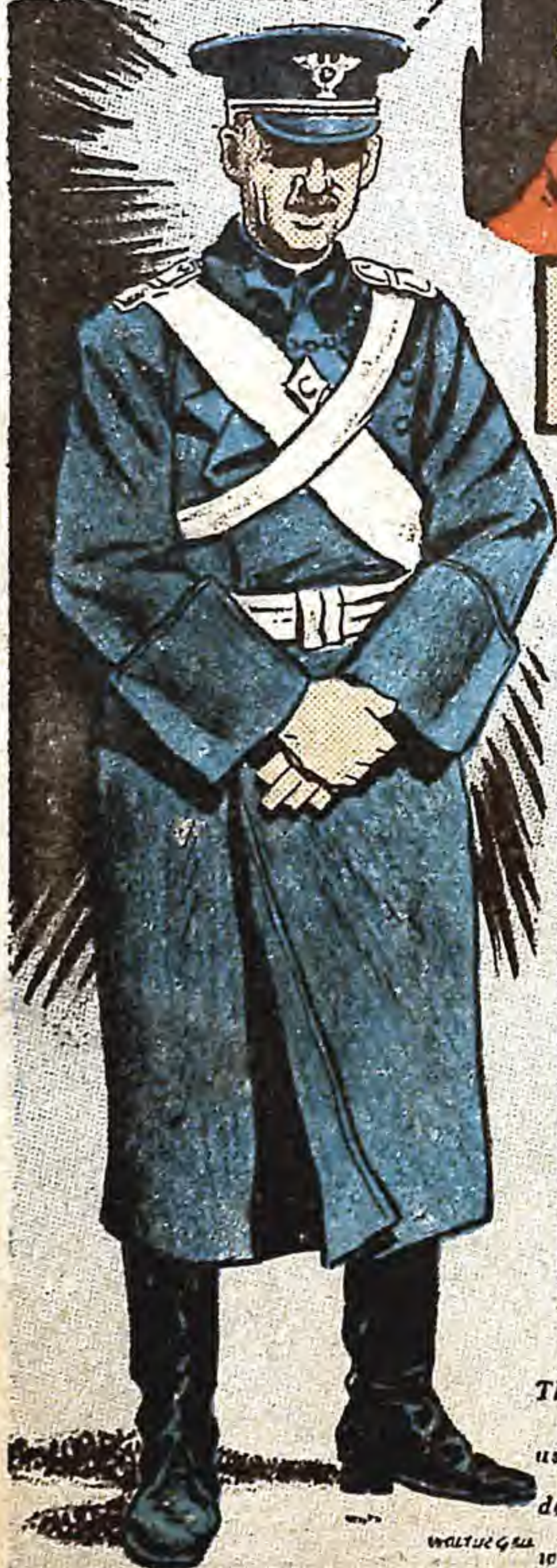
STRANGER *than* FICTION



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS THE ONLY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHO ATTENDED CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY WHILE HE WAS IN OFFICE--ALTHOUGH HE WAS THE ONLY PRESIDENT WHO WAS NOT A CHURCH MEMBER...

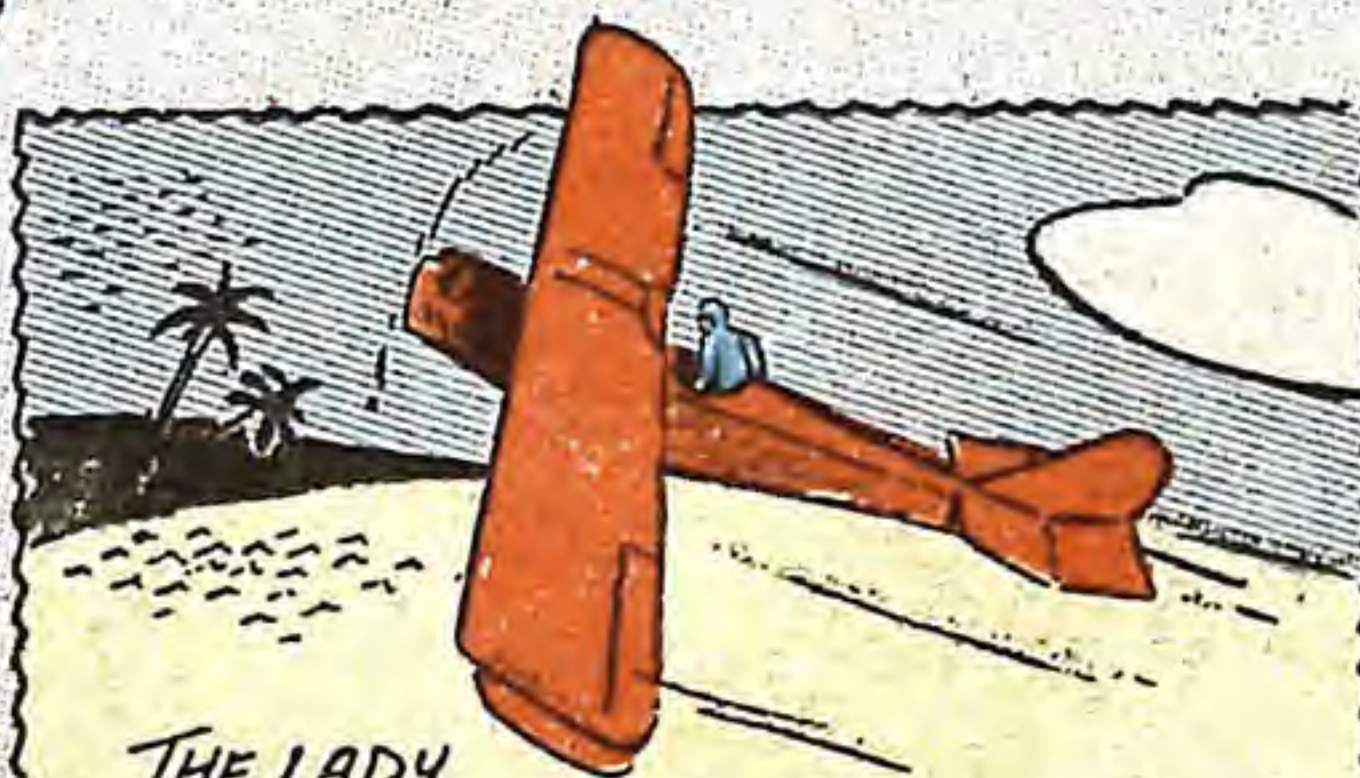
KING CAROL

OF RUMANIA INSISTS ON HAVING TWO GUARDS STAND IN HIS ROOM WHILE HE SLEEPS!



JONAH GOLD WHO DIED IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, ON OCT. 8, 1924, WAS BORN IN TRENTON, NEW YORK, WAS MARRIED IN TRENTON, CALIFORNIA, WAS ADMITTED TO THE BAR IN TRENTON, WYOMING.

IF THE FIVE BOROUGHS OF NEW YORK CITY SHOULD BE DIVIDED INTO SEPARATE CITIES, BROOKLYN WOULD BE THE SECOND LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES--WITH CHICAGO, FIRST...



THE LADY WHO FISHES FROM AN AIRPLANE--CORNELIA PETERSON OF CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA, SHOOTS FISH FROM AN ALTITUDE OF 200 FEET...

RADISHES WERE GROWN IN SNOW--WITHOUT ANY SOIL--BY WORKERS IN THE BIRMINGHAM EXPERIMENTAL STATION, ENGLAND--1931.

The Egyptian police candidates were ordered to keep moving about the ceiling for the entire period. The theory was that the practice would harden them. Seldom were ill effects suffered.

Fish swimming in the ocean are easily seen from planes flying at low altitudes. Miss Peterson, using a hydroplane, shoots a few, then comes down on the water, scoops them up.

The radish seeds were planted in snow that was kept at the same low temperature. The plants developed to maturity in five weeks, little longer time than normal.

King Carol is obsessed with the idea that he will be assassinated. Curiously, many important men who were worried in this manner were killed... Lincoln, McKinley, Huey Long, Cermak.



THE POLICE DOG WHICH HAS BEEN TAUGHT TO ROLLER-SKATE!

"HOLLY," BELONGING TO CLARK HEMPHILL, MONTREAL, CANADA...

IN EGYPT 4,000 YEARS AGO CANDIDATES FOR THE GOVERNMENT POLICE HAD TO SPEND THREE FULL DAYS WALKING UPSIDE DOWN. THEY WERE FORCED TO WEAR HOOK-SPIKED SHOES AND KEEP THEM EMBEDDED IN A WOOD-CEILING.



MRS. ALVIN COOK OF MOCKINGBIRD SPRINGS, GA., IS THE WIDOW OF THREE MINISTERS, HER FATHER AND BOTH HER GRANDFATHERS WERE MINISTERS, AND SO ARE HER EIGHT SONS AND TWO OF HER GRANDCHILDREN.

MISS BARBARA HILL OF HOLLYWOOD, CAL., HAS BEEN AN EXTRA 17 YEARS BUT HAS NEVER SEEN A MOVIE.